

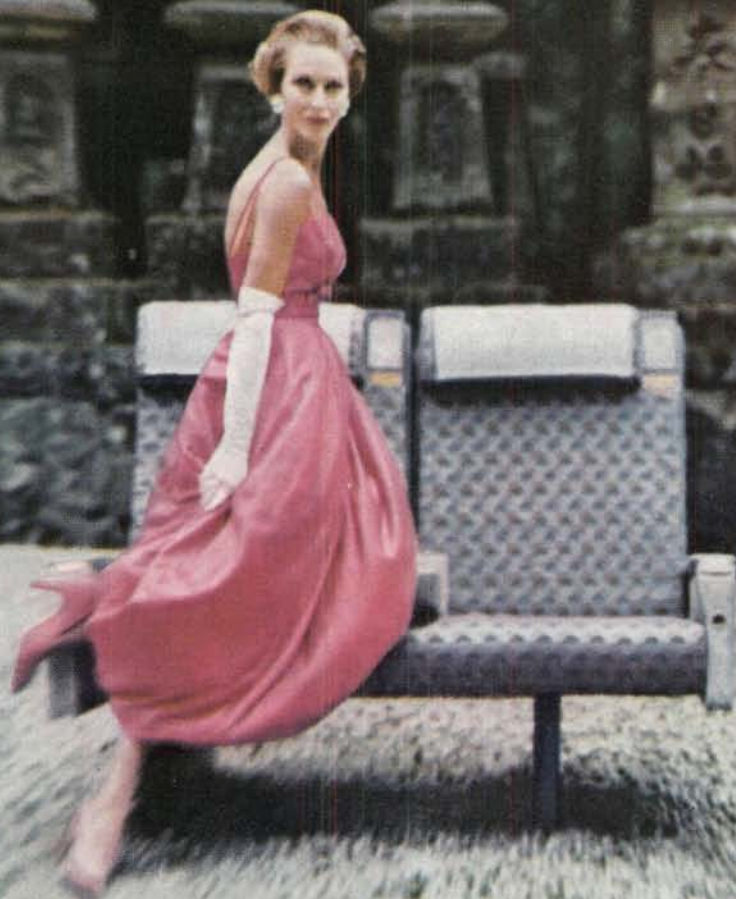
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**TO LIVE
AND DIE
IN DIXIE**

BY
GERALD W. JOHNSON



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NEW JETS
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the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound

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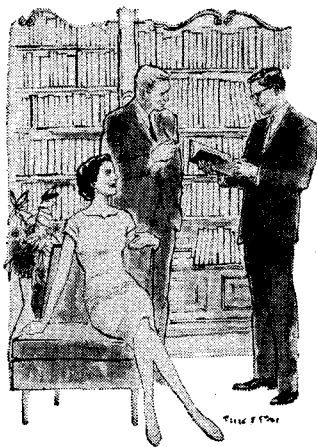
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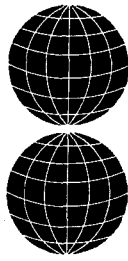
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FARMERS AND POLITICS

LAST year, Merle Brady, who owns a farm near Chickasha, Oklahoma, valued at \$90,000, put his entire 300 acres into the soil bank's conservation reserve. He agreed to leave the farm in the soil bank for ten years, and Uncle Sam promised to pay him \$5000 a year. Brady must maintain the land in grass but neither graze nor cultivate it. He is one of about 200,000 farmers in the United States who have decided that they would be better off to put their entire farm into the soil bank for a period of years than to cultivate it under present circumstances.

The \$5000 which Brady receives — the maximum amount the government may pay on one farm — is a little more than 5 per cent on the present market value of his land. Brady would rather take that than put in long hours of labor which would net him little, if any, more, and possibly less.

The factors which forced Brady to put his farm into the soil bank are driving farmers off the land in almost every county in the southern Great Plains, and the factors are similar in nearly all the farm states. Today there are a million fewer farms than there were a decade ago. The cost-price squeeze is more than many farmers can withstand.

"Farmers who are staying in business are, in effect, living off their capital," Professor Leonard Miller of Oklahoma State University has said. "A study we have made shows that a farm operator typical of farmers in Oklahoma had a net return of \$1.12 an hour for his efforts." The typical farmer had a thousand acres of cropland and an investment of \$150,000 in land and buildings exclusive of his home and machinery.

Professor Miller is feeling the effect of the farm blight in his classrooms. Twenty years ago, the

agricultural department at Oklahoma State had an enrollment of more than 2000 students. Now, with all other college departments crowded to capacity, there are only 1100 agricultural students. They know that opportunities are limited and that a tremendous investment is required to start a farm career — much more than is needed, for example, in medicine or architecture.

In Iowa's Fourth Congressional District, which is in the poorer part of the state near the Missouri border, farmers are moving away in large numbers because of falling hog and cattle prices. Population in the district has declined an estimated 10 per cent in ten years.

The problem is simply that supply has outrun demand. But the solution of the problem is so complex that no two farm organizations agree on what should be done. Consumers, politicians, and farmers are in violent disagreement about farm policy. With Congress dominated by one party and the White House by the other, and with the congressional farm bloc split into many parts, the deadlock is complete. Add to this the fact that the farm population is declining while the urban population is growing, and it can be seen why the farmer's voice is not the power it was a generation ago in American politics.

Automation on the farm

In the Midwest, Democrats blame Republicans, many Republicans blame Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, and taxpayers blame the politicians for the farmers' plight. But however wrong the politicians may be, however remiss city dwellers may be in their appreciation of the major contribution the farmer has made to the high standard of living in this country, however socially unacceptable Benson's proposals may be, the real blame lies elsewhere.

RURAL ELECTRIFICATION...

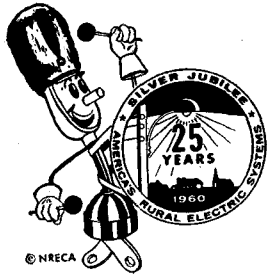
private enterprise with a social conscience

In just 25 years, rural electrification has done more to revolutionize farming and country living than any other social or economic force. Electricity truly has brightened the outlook, and broadened the interests, of rural people.

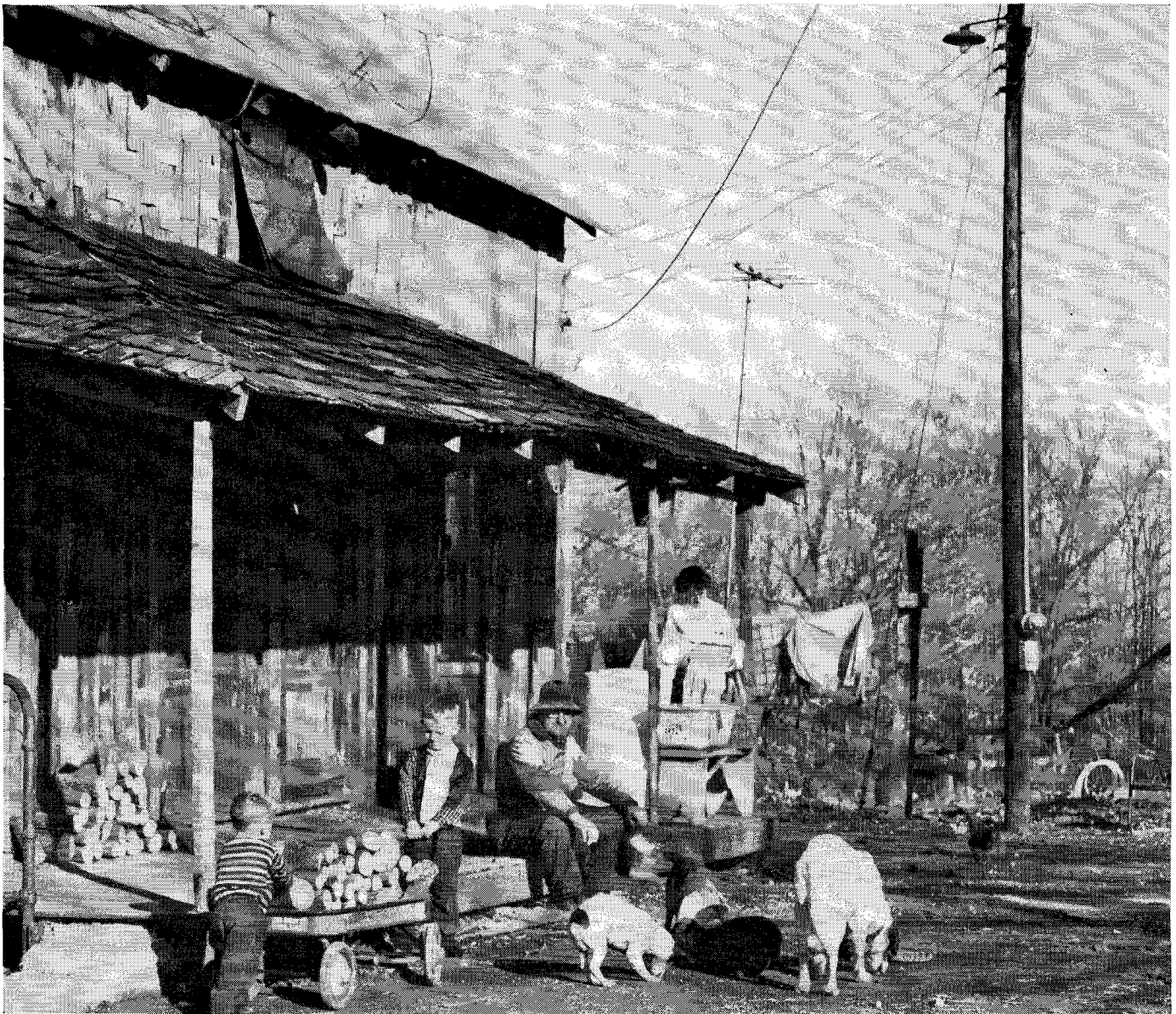
Back of this renaissance in country living have been loans made available through the Rural Electrification Administration . . . created in 1935 on the premise that all Americans—not just city people—should share the benefits of electricity.

Since then, rural people have organized non-profit groups, borrowed capital from REA, and built their own lines . . . the only way most of them could get electricity. These rural electrics are pledged to serve everyone—large or small, near or far—at lowest possible cost. From the start, the law has prevented them from serving towns of over 1,500, and people already being served by other systems.

Today, more than 97 per cent of rural America is electrified. And despite the handicap of scattered consumers, more than 1,000 locally owned and operated rural electric systems—mostly cooperatives—have paid more than \$1 billion in principal and interest on their \$3½ billion REA loans. They have proved rural electrification to be one of the best investments our Nation has ever made.



AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

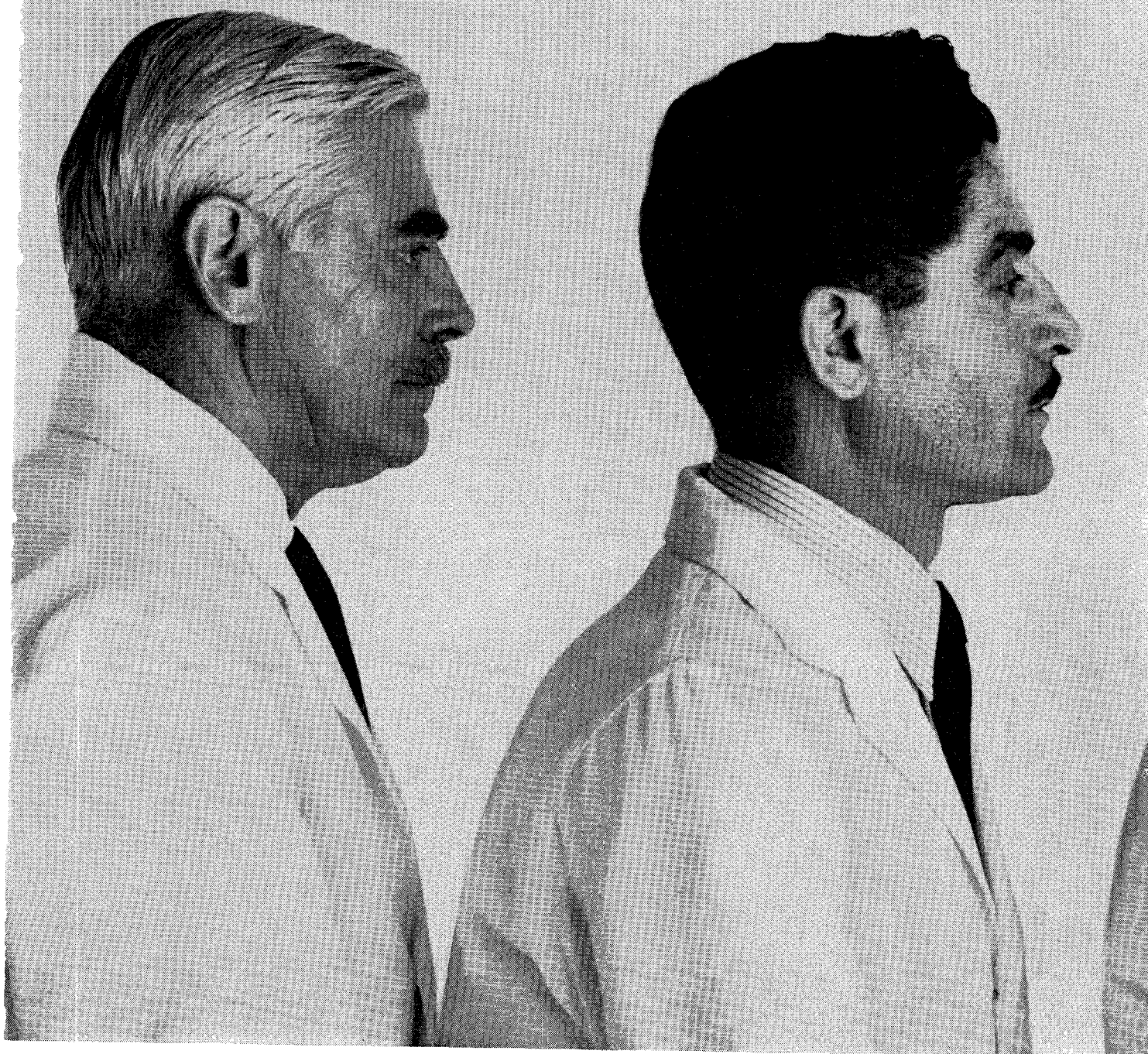


"Mein Herr, jawohl, durch..."

$$\psi(x) = \frac{1}{\sigma(2\pi)^{1/2}} \exp\left(-\frac{1}{2} \frac{x^2}{\sigma^2}\right) \dots$$

"El próximo año

$$P = \frac{A}{A-B} E_{N,A} - \frac{B}{A-B} E_{N,B} \dots$$



7200 idea-exchangers in

Each of ITT's 101 plants and laboratories (a total of 136,000 employees) is, by the nature of ITT's farflung organization, a meeting place for the scientific minds of the world. Ideas pour in, rub shoulders, take off, result in: a fully automated post office in Providence, R. I. ... a multiplier tube that detected water vapor on Venus... a

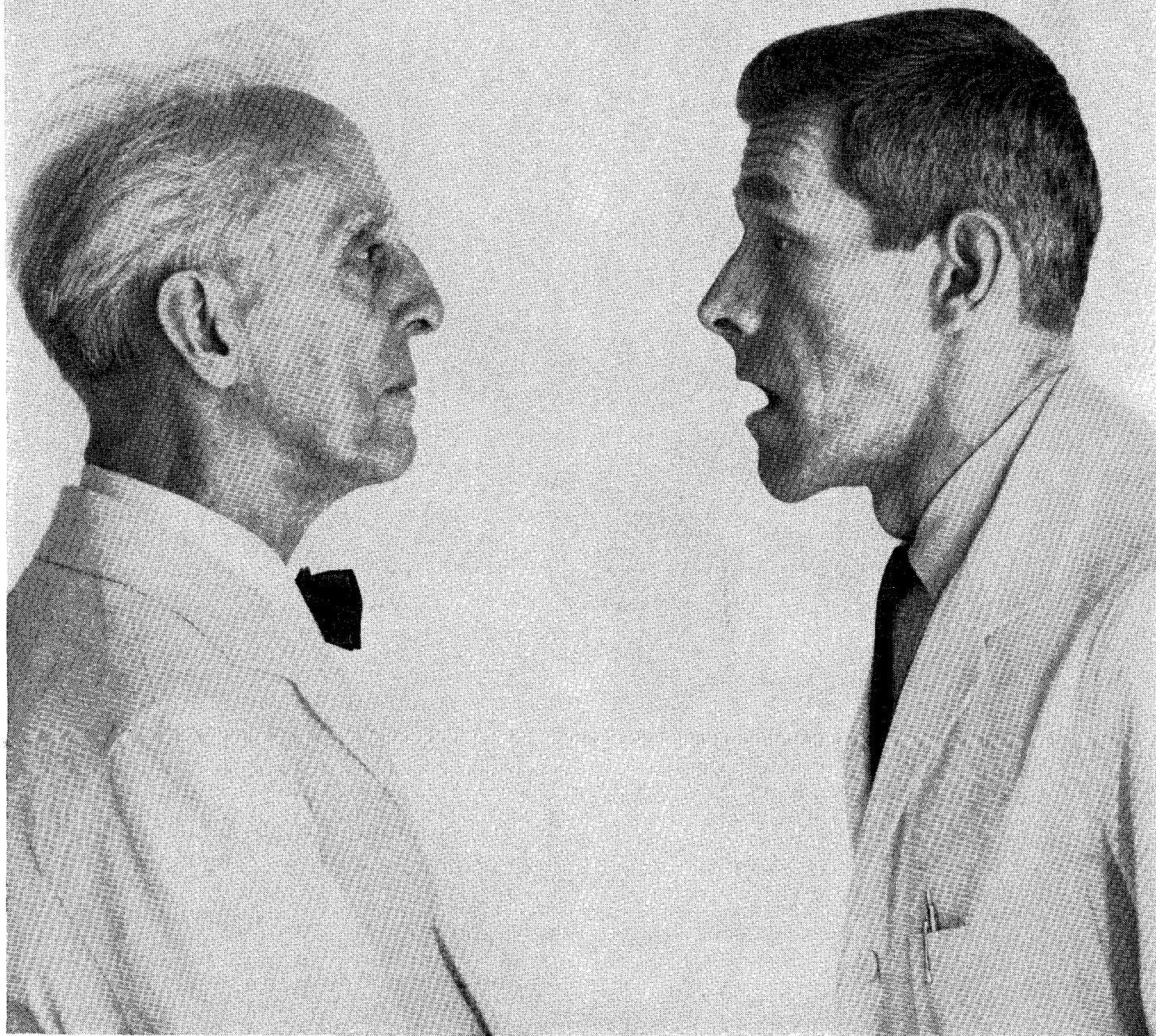
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$$H(x) = -\sum_i^n p_i \log \frac{1}{p_i} = -\sum_i^n p_i \log p_i \dots"$$

"Thank you, gentlemen.
Your experience in
your countries has been
of infinite value to us.
In a few years, I think fully
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to be as American as apple Π ."



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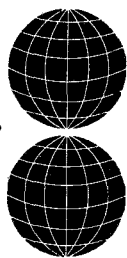
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Farmers and Politics



Technology has created the American farm problem. It has driven millions from the farms. It will overwhelm not only more farmers but many small towns as well. We hear much about the blight of the cities. Many small towns which have been the farmers' service centers are threatened with extinction unless they find other sources of income.

The trouble with the politicians is that Democrats have been too conservative and Republicans too radical. The Democrats have tried to maintain the status quo on the farm by providing a subsidy for all farmers who want to remain on the farm, however uneconomic the whole arrangement may be. The Eisenhower Administration has wanted to let nature take its course, let the market place decide the course of American agriculture, despite the human costs involved.

In 1940, the average American farmer produced enough food and fiber to feed and clothe nearly eleven persons; today he can produce enough for twenty-five persons. In the face of these facts, Benson makes more sense than the Democrats — if it were not for the fact that human beings are involved. Obviously, there must be a movement away from the farms, but measures must be taken to protect the income of those who remain and to preserve the family farm. In Russia, incidentally, the average farmer produces enough for himself and three or four others. The 7.4 million American farm workers produce more than Russia's 33 million farm workers.

Today the American farmer is producing about 50 per cent more than he did before World War II. He is doing so with 30 per cent fewer man-hours of work. Total crop production is the largest on record, although planted acreage is the smallest it has been in more than forty years. Farmers are asking whether they are to be penalized for their achievements and denied all protection in the markets, over which they have no control.

The preoccupation with surpluses

Almost anywhere in Kansas, you can see on the horizon the great prairie castles, the grain elevators. They are monuments to the farmer's genius for production and symbols of his frustration. In Iowa, the horizon is dotted with what

look like sawdust piles but are cribs of surplus corn. The farmer's preoccupation is with surpluses — surpluses which he has not learned to control and which depress prices.

For seven years, Secretary Benson has urged that acreage controls must be abandoned, that the shackles must be lifted from agriculture. Let the farmer be free to produce as much or as little as he wishes, Benson argues, and he will adjust supply to demand and the free market will produce a fair price.

At Ames, Iowa, four professors at Iowa State University conducted a study to find out what would happen if the government got out of agriculture altogether and gave the free market system a chance to operate. They concluded that corn acreage would be increased from 74.6 million acres in 1958 to 84.2 million in 1962 and that the price of corn would drop from \$1.13 a bushel to 65 cents.

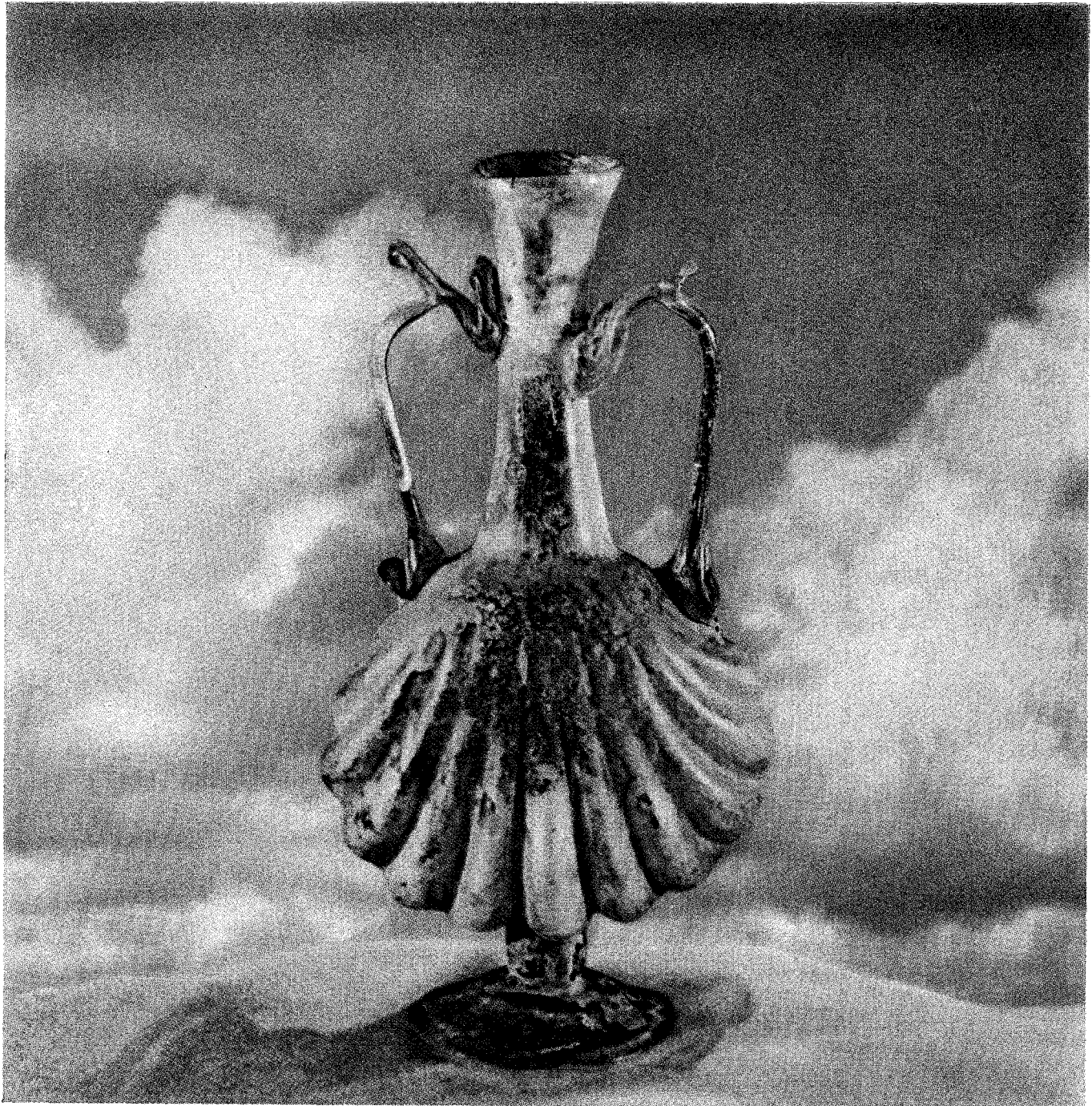
They estimated that the number of acres in wheat would rise from 56.4 million to 65.1 million and that the price of wheat would drop from \$1.81 a bushel to 74 cents. They estimated a decline in hog prices of about 30 per cent; a decline in cattle prices of about 50 per cent; a decline in cotton prices of about 35 per cent.

Adjustment by bankruptcy

The trouble with estimates like these is that, long before prices reached such levels, bankruptcies and foreclosures would produce a national crisis. Farmers agree with Benson that the problem is overproduction and that what is needed is less production. They know that there are too many farms and too many farmers and that fundamental readjustments are required. But a number of farmers, and the leading farm politicians of both parties, call Benson's solution "adjustment by bankruptcy." They do not want anything so abrupt, even when there are cushions like the soil bank, the foreign disposal program, and flexible price supports.

Senator Frank Carlson of Kansas, one of General Eisenhower's original backers and now a leading Republican critic of the Administration's farm policies, recently replied to Benson's arguments by listing three misconceptions about farm policy.

"First," Carlson said, "the evidence does not support the often-made assertions that control programs have been ineffective and that farm price support programs have stimulated greater production. Second, the economic facts do not support the propaganda to the effect that the producers of the non-price-supported products, especially livestock, have demonstrated the superiority

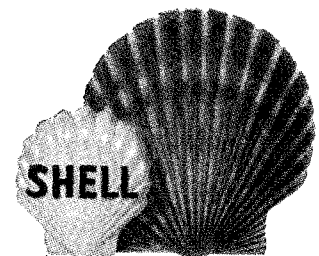


Römisch-Germanisches Museum, Cologne, Germany

How nature and time helped an artist create a masterpiece

Fashioned sometime during the period of the Middle or Later Roman Empire, the soft sheen of this perfume flask is an accident of time — its glowing quality the result of more than fifteen hundred years of aging. Its design, however, is a deliberate — and successful — work of art. Like so many artists before and since, its maker turned to nature in search of a decorative motif. Inspired by the gentle curves and graceful simplicity of the scallop shell, he created a masterpiece in glass.

Scientists, too, turn to nature for inspiration, for it is their task to equate the offerings of nature with the things man can use. At Shell, hundreds of scientists — inspired by one of nature's most versatile natural resources, petroleum — are engaged in turning ideas into substances useful to man. This imaginative research results in products that perform better, last longer and cost less. Millions know these petroleum and chemical products by the sign of the familiar shell.



The Shell Companies

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Shell Chemical Company
Shell Pipe Line Corporation
Shell Development Company
Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.

To Europe With Love

Say your good-byes. It's all ashore that's going ashore.

Suddenly your stateroom empties onto the deck and you're waving from the rail at faces below. A tingling of anticipation touches you as the ship ups anchor, gracefully bows out to sea.

Good-bye land!

Soon the last shapes of earth stretch into penciled lines between sea and sky. Strange feeling.

Gingerly, at first, you try on your new horizon-to-horizon world.

Its peace and quiet fit you well. Scattering the harried minutes of crowded days. Sweeping cares away with the freshness of the air around you.

You breathe deeply. For once. *And then it happens.*

The overpowering sense of *space* comes on you suddenly.

The bigness of the sea around you.

The bigness of the *ship* around you.

Sun decks. Play decks. Lounges.
Dining rooms. Children's rooms.

Living room.

What did the lady say: when does this *place* get to Europe?

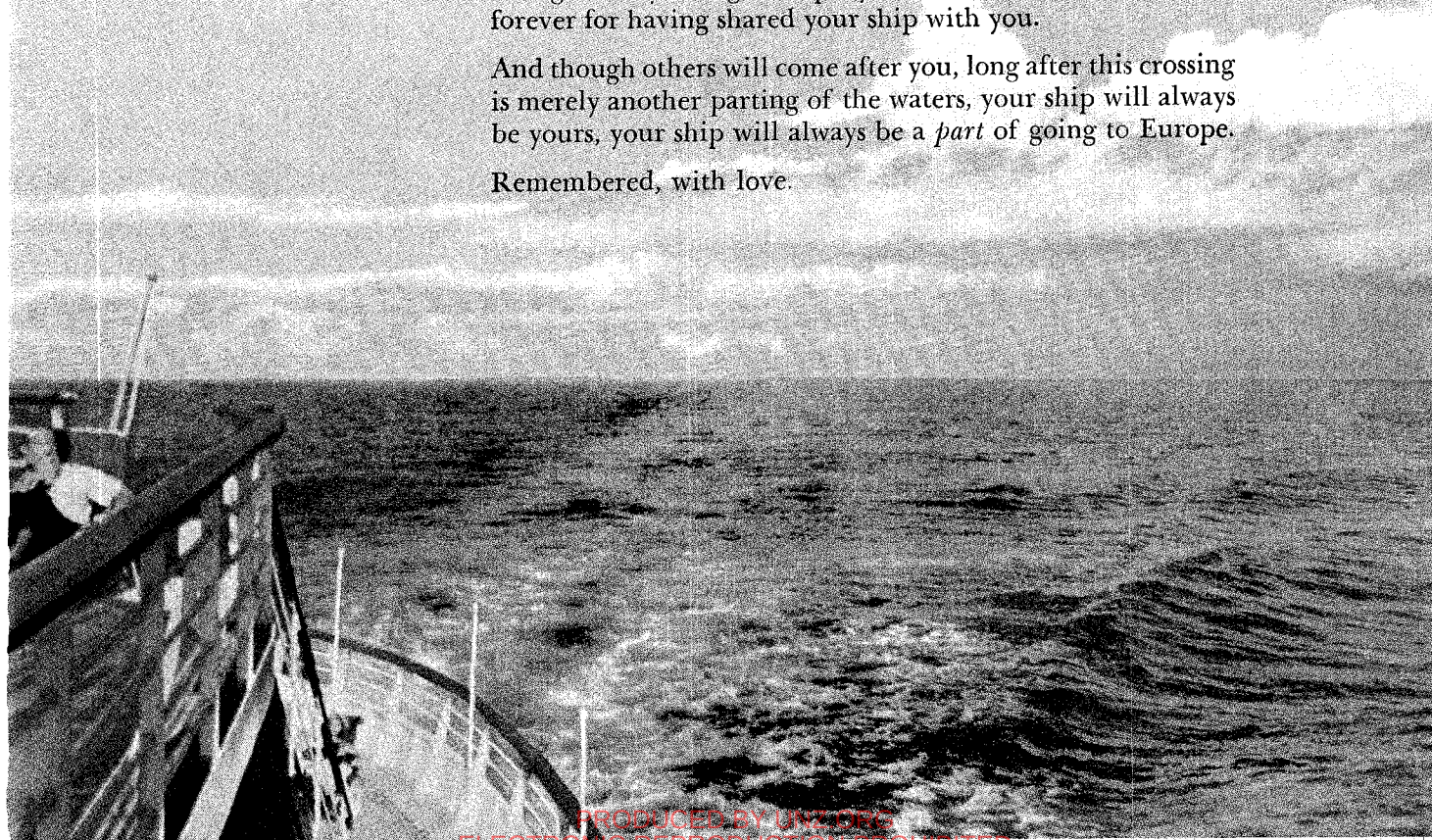
This isn't just *going* somewhere. This is *being* somewhere!

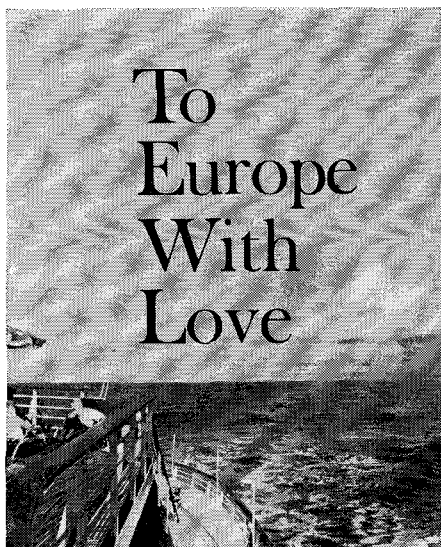
You dream ahead of the sights you'll see when the ship gets in.

But right now your heart is here, as you play, laugh, dine, enjoy your way to Europe with people who were just nameless strangers a skyline ago. People you will remember warmly and forever for having shared your ship with you.

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Farmers and Politics



of free market policies in recent years. Third, the evidence does not support the optimism often expressed regarding the widening of markets which will occur with lower prices. . . . We should be realistic in our expectations."

Benson critics cite additional evidence. From the establishment of the Department of Agriculture in 1862 through the 1953 fiscal year, the department spent a total of \$27.6 billion. In the first six years of the Eisenhower Administration, it spent \$29 billion. The costs are still rising, and the farm depression is growing.

Its effects on the politics of 1960 could be far-reaching. With realized net farm income in 1959 the lowest it has been since World War II, it can be understood why farmers and farm politicians are restless. The parity ratio, which is a fair index of how well farmers are doing, has declined from a high of 107 in 1951 to 80 in 1959. This year it has dropped even lower.

If the price-cost squeeze continues to tighten, more and more farmers will be faced with three choices, according to H. A. Miles of the Farm Credit Administration. They can increase their efficiency by reducing production costs per unit. They can get more off-farm employment. They can give up farming for a full-time job in the city.

In 1950, Miles said, farmers' net income was 41 per cent of their gross receipts. In 1959 it was only 30 per cent. "If these trends continue," he said, "only the most efficient farmers can make a reasonable living."

The most efficient farmers are making a reasonable living today; some of them are doing well. They are the ones who have recognized that agriculture is both a science and a business. They know that modern farming requires specialists and abundant capital. It involves taking great risks with changing and unpredictable weather and with

a market over which the farmer has almost no control.

The reasonably successful farmers are primarily the big farmers, the commercial farmers who account for about 20 per cent of the nation's agricultural producers. Like the other 80 per cent, they are feeling the pinch of rising industrial prices and falling agricultural prices. But it is the 80 per cent who face the darkest future.

Farm politics

Today all the aspiring politicians are searching for a new formula. And there is no pat solution. Vice President Nixon has several teams at work trying to devise for him an original farm program. The vice president remembers that, in 1956, President Eisenhower won over Adlai E. Stevenson by a much bigger margin than he did in 1952, except in the farm states. In thirty-one states, the President's proportion of the total vote was greater in 1956 than in 1952. In only seventeen states did Mr. Stevenson do relatively better in 1956 than in 1952, and most of those states were in traditionally Republican farm areas.

The vice president also is acutely aware of the fact that there are Democratic governors in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Nevada, South Dakota, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. This year, the terms of six Republican senators from leading farm states expire, and each one knows that there is revolt on the farms.

The program which Nixon finally proposes must be different from the Benson approach of no controls over production and low price supports. It must be different from the sterile Democratic promise of high price supports and not too strict production controls.

It will need to embrace a revised soil bank program, an expansion of the foreign disposal program, a more vigorous rural development program, and less flexibility in price supports. It also must contain some surprises aimed at reducing the more than \$9 billion in surplus products now in storage at government expense. If it does, his plan may stimulate important new thinking on a complex problem.



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The Atlantic Report INDONESIA



THE three thousand islands which make up the Indonesian archipelago stretch for 2800 miles in a crescent around the southeast corner of Asia. In known natural resources the country is the third richest in the world, ranking after the United States and the Soviet Union. In population, with approximately 90 million people (most of whom are Muslims), it ranks sixth. It is liberally supplied with petroleum, tin, and bauxite and has extensive but unexploited deposits of coal, manganese, iron, asphalt, phosphate, copper, nickel, tungsten, sulphur, iodine, gold, silver, platinum, and diamonds. It has a huge hydroelectric potential and an abundant, if unskilled, labor force.

Before World War II, under Dutch colonial rule, it supplied about a third of the world's rubber, palm oil, and coconut products, two fifths of the world's kapok, four fifths of the world's pepper, and a fifth of the world's tea, in addition to large quantities of sugar and coffee. The climate is tropical but benign, the soil volcanic and rich. Yet Indonesia, after a decade of independence, is perilously close to both anarchy and bankruptcy.

Many factors have contributed to the decline. With a population that was only 7 per cent literate and an economy which had suffered grievously from the Japanese invasion and the bitter struggle for independence, Indonesia was singularly ill-prepared to run its own affairs when, on December 27, 1949, the Dutch reluctantly signed over all the former territories of the Netherlands East Indies, except West New Guinea. There were almost no trained administrators. Fewer than a thousand Indonesians were attending universities at the start of the Pacific War, and hostilities put an end for nearly a decade to higher education.

By the end of the war, railways, roads, and canal systems had all fallen into disrepair. Many estates had been taken over by squatters who cut down the trees for firewood. Sugar and coffee plantations were in ruins. Even the basic rice crop had fallen off to such an extent that two years after independence Indonesia imported 600,000 tons at a cost of \$140 million.

Boom prices for raw materials gave a deceptively encouraging start. But the handsome surplus in 1951 led merely to a government spending spree and the corruption, graft, and heavy deficits that have plagued Indonesian administrations ever since. Despite a warning in 1953 by Dr. Sjafruddin Prawiranegara, then governor of the Bank of Indonesia, that the state was living on a standard beyond the financial strength of the people to sustain, the reckless expenditure continued.

A munitions factory, imported from Italy, rusted and rotted at Bandung in West Java because there were no technicians to put it together or to run it. Imported prefabricated houses failed to get beyond Tandjung-priok, the port for Djakarta. Grand ideas for social and industrial change collapsed under the weight of governmental inefficiency and inexperience.

The strain on resources

Regional and religious differences showed up in the first weeks of independence. One fanatical Muslim group, the Darul Islam, which had been fighting the Dutch, refused to lay down its arms and continued the fight for the creation of a theocratic state. Large areas of West Java are still terrorized by its forces, which operate in gangs of up to four hundred men; other Darul Islam insurgents are active in the southern Celebes and in the province of Atjeh in northern Sumatra.

The remnants of another early revolt designed to set up a republic of the South Moluccas still exist in East Indonesia on the island of Ceram. In Sumatra and the northern Celebes, Dr. Sjafruddin, with two former prime ministers, a former acting president, and half a dozen of the country's foremost soldiers, leads a force of some 30,000 armed men in a struggle that appears to be much more dangerous now than it was two years ago, when the army all but crushed the seemingly ill-timed revolt.

Though the rebels have no hope of winning by force of arms, their economic squeeze and the cost to the government of maintaining military forces to contain them are combining to bring the country



closer to ruin. By widespread and large-scale smuggling, they are depriving the government of urgently needed finances. Indonesian officials admit that smuggling from dissident areas cost the government \$84 million in 1958.

One bright spot on the economic scene was an increase of \$50 million in foreign exchange reserves. Increased rubber and petroleum sales offset a decline of up to 20 per cent in estate production, and the government, in an effort to repair the damage caused by the excesses of earlier years, enforced a rigid and austere control over imports. But this in turn had inflationary effects. Although industrial raw materials and spare parts received high priority, supply fell far short of requirements, and by the end of the year local industries were working at less than half capacity.

Shortage of goods and money

To the problems caused by acute shortages of essential consumer goods, including rice, dried fish, and textiles, was then added a crisis in distribution as the Indonesian government began to expel Chinese merchants from the rural areas of Java. In theory, the merchants were to be replaced by cooperative village committees. But again, theory and practice did not coincide, since there was no one with the capital, the skills, or the inclination to take over the abandoned stores. By the time government leaders stopped to reckon the consequences, the damage was done.

The panic flight of rupias to Singapore gave the black market its biggest boost ever. Despite the death sentence for such trafficking, the dollar fetched more than ten times the official rate in Djakarta curbside markets. And Peiping, rallying to the defense of its overseas subjects, denounced and threatened the Indonesian government in terms that caused shock and dismay, especially to President Sukarno, whose friendliness with Communist China was implicit in his "active and inde-

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Report on Indonesia



pendent" — that is, neutral — foreign policy.

Sukarno's guided democracy

Out of the crisis, three major and significant forces have emerged: the Communist Party, under the leadership of its stocky, able, twenty-five-year-old secretary-general D. N. Aidit; the decidedly non-Communist army led by General Nasution, who is forty-two; and President Sukarno, fifty-nine, who describes himself as the "champion talker and interpreter of the Indonesian people." The Communist Party, with one and a half million members and candidate members, has the mass organization; the army, with 110 battalions, has the guns; and the President, with his demagoguery and charm, has a following that so far has enabled him to weather repeated threats to his authority.

Since he dissolved the Constituent Assembly and reintroduced the 1945 Constitution with himself as Prime Minister in August, 1959, the President has identified himself with the day-to-day work of the government and also with its failures. His palaces and villas and his immensely expensive round-the-world excursions by chartered Pan American planes no longer come within the exclusive realm of national prestige. And in this there are dangers to his own position. For though he has made himself a dictator, he is by nature a dilettante. He revels in high theory but cares little for hard work.

The President got the idea for "guided democracy" when he visited Communist China in 1956. In vague and generalized terms he announced his *konsepsi* on February 21, 1957. Three weeks later, when Dr. Ali Sastroamidjojo's government collapsed, Sukarno made the first move toward the introduction of the new system by placing the country under martial law, with supreme legal authority in his own hands as commander in chief of the armed forces.

Progress was slow, however. The President's plan to include Com-

munists in the Cabinet; growing political and economic discontent in the outlying islands, where army officers had seized the opportunity presented by martial law to set up semiautonomous administrations; the failure of the General Assembly to recommend negotiations with the Netherlands over the disputed territory of West New Guinea; and the chaos caused by the campaign to nationalize Dutch holdings all helped to precipitate the Sjafruddin revolt early in 1958. Guided democracy went into cold storage while the government fought to survive.

Communist strength

However shaky the President's hold may have been at the beginning of the revolt, his position was soon restored. For this he could thank firm Communist support for his policies and the loyalty and efficiency of the bulk of the army under General Nasution. Both have been rewarded. In his Supreme Advisory Council, which the President personally chose and which he has established as the principal policy-making body in the country, the Communists and their followers are well represented.

In the Cabinet, which the President heads as Prime Minister and which is intended primarily to execute the Supreme Advisory Council's policies, the Communists are not directly represented and the army is well entrenched. In the 261-member, new, partly political, partly functional Parliament, now appointed by the President, the Communists are the strongest single force, with thirty political representatives and forty other members and fellow travelers among the functional groups. The army, on the other hand, has only fifteen members.

Conspicuous by their absence from these and other governmental bodies are official representatives of the Masjumi (moderate Muslim) and Socialist parties, some of whose leaders are identified with the Sjafruddin rebellion. Inevitably this slight has become a new cause for revived regional and ideological tensions, since both the Masjumi Party and the Socialists are strongest in the outer islands, where resentment against populous Java, which contributes so little to the country's exports (17 per cent) while consuming so much

of its imports (71 per cent), remains intense.

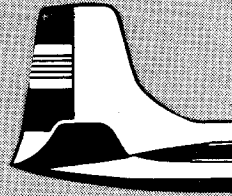
Despite a brief period of unpopularity when they espoused the Chinese cause at the beginning of the year, the Communists remain the strongest and best organized of all parties. If the elections the President has promised for Parliament and the yet-to-be-created People's Consultative Congress are held in 1962, the Communists may emerge as the major political force.

How good is the army?

The question that vexes Indonesia today is whether the army, purged of its Communist elements by General Nasution, would permit such a development. Already the army has forestalled Communist plans to create armed "people's forces," ostensibly to fight against Sjafruddin's rebels and the Darul Islam; and its ban, imposed under martial law, on political demonstrations has affected the Communists more than any other party.

But neither Nasution's disposition nor his personal following in the army suggests that he is the likely leader of a successful *coup d'état*. Moreover, the army, in the civil aspects of its martial law administration, has failed to prove itself more capable or even noticeably less corrupt than the politicians. It gives the impression of having neither the inclination nor the capacity to govern, while the Communists, with the inclination and perhaps the capacity, still lack the means.

Meanwhile, the economic, social, and political decline continues. Though the situation may well seem disastrous to Western observers, it is well to remember that it strikes many Indonesians as only moderately serious. Most government offices have sacks of rice stacked readily at hand, and workers in the civil services and others in the cities who might be expected to suffer most from inflation and the general economic chaos get food handouts and other free supplies. Elsewhere in the largely peasant community, nature's generous hand provides a cushion against total disaster. However bad things may be, most Indonesians know they will not starve or lack for shelter. And in that they are better off than many other Asians.



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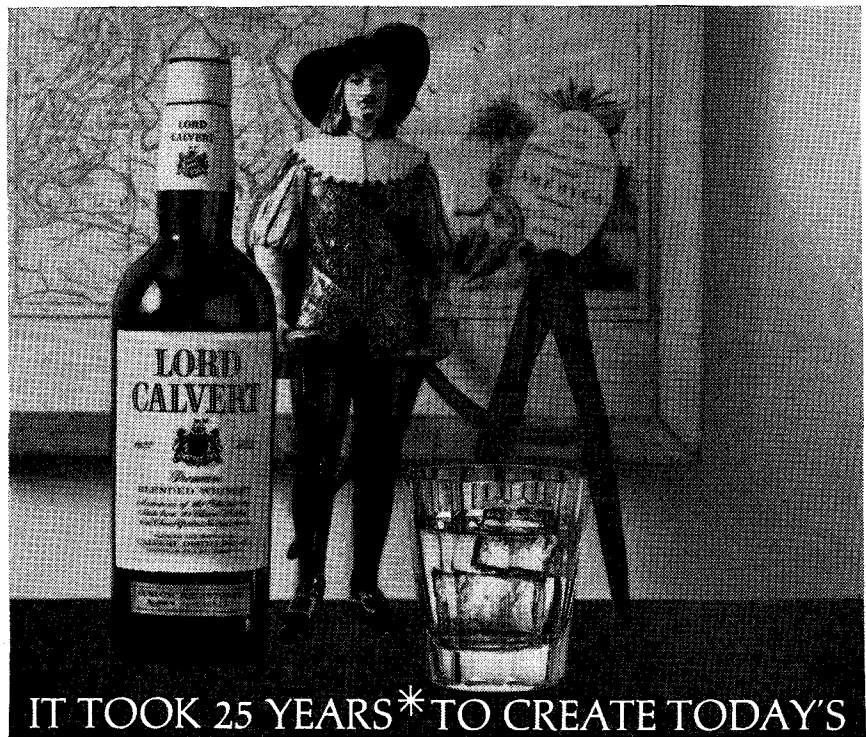
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Two years ago, few would have dreamed that the Belgian Congo would be granted independence in 1960. Indeed, even last year, when the pro-African minister for the Congo, Van Hemelrijk, resigned, it seemed that the Congo would remain Belgian until 1964. Then, at the beginning of the year, came the promise of complete independence on June 30, enabling the Congo, like Nigeria, the French Cameroons, Mali, and the Italian Somali-land, also to shake off foreign rule in this momentous year for Africa. Three quarters of a century of Belgian rule came to a sudden end.

It was King Leopold II, the German King of Belgium, who secured the Congo for Belgium through his agent, Stanley. The King never set foot in the Congo, and he proved a ruthless absentee landlord. The Conference of Berlin (1884-1885) gave him the entire country. Belgians do not like to be reminded of the early despotic years of their rule.

Since 1908 the Congo has been a Belgian colony, and a policy unique in the annals of colonization was evolved. The keynote of the policy has been paternalism. Emphasis has been placed on economic development and social services, so that Africans would live in such a material paradise — by African standards — that they would have no interest in the abstractions of politics. The policy was *dominer pour servir*, and a remarkable success the Belgian government, the companies, and the Church made of it until very recently.

The policy of paternalism reached its peak in the 1950 Ten Year Plan, on which one billion dollars was spent, more than a quarter going to Congolese housing, education, and health. Workers have a guaranteed minimum salary, an eight-hour day, annual holidays, free rations and board, family allowances, medical services, pensions, and disability compensation. There are broad provisions for primary education.

This policy might very well have made it possible for the Belgians to retain their hold over the Congo for decades to come had it not been for

events in the rest of Africa. It became impossible to isolate the Congo once black African states like the Sudan and Ghana got their independence. When De Gaulle made his offer of independence to the French Congolese in 1958 at Brazzaville, no amount of paternalism could thwart political aspirations in the Belgian Congo.

Moving toward independence

Since World War II, a new social group had appeared in the Congo — the *évolués*. These were natives who formed a Westernized, French-speaking middle class. They campaigned for equal wages for equal work, for higher education, and against the color bar. In this way the seeds of political consciousness were sown.

In 1956 the magazine *Conscience Africaine* published a manifesto agreeing to a thirty-year plan for political emancipation. At the end of 1957 there were local elections in Leopoldville, Elisabethville, and Jadotville. When the victorious M. Kasavubu openly criticized the Belgian regime, a study group was sent to examine the political situation. Congolese intellectuals submitted a petition demanding a program leading to independence, and most of the signatories later formed the Mouvement National Congolais (M.N.C.), of which M. Lumumba became the president.

After a political meeting in Leopoldville in January, 1959, serious rioting occurred. Social as well as political grievances were the cause, paternalism having apparently overlooked the hardships suffered by many in the overcrowded city.

Ten days later came the Brussels declaration on the future of the Congo. King Baudouin said in a broadcast: "Our firm resolution is to lead the Congolese populations, without harmful procrastination but also without undue haste, toward independence." Events were moving fast.

When the change of the minister for the Congo came in September, it was thought that there would be a slowing down in the advance toward independence, but the new minister, De Schryver,



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Report on the Congo



after some initial strong moves to suppress rioting, showed that he did not intend to ignore the warning of the outgoing Van Hemelryk: "We have before our eyes the failure of the Dutch policy in Indonesia, which eventually caused a complete break between the two countries." The Brussels Round Table Conference in January and February of this year named the day for independence, and the fears of delay proved unfounded.

Party realignment

New parties have been formed, and old parties have been split. The chief subject for debate is regionalism, and the chief protagonists are now M. Kasavubu ("King Kasa") of L'Association des Bakongo (ABAKO), who wants a federation and a virtually independent republic of the Lower Congo; M. Lumumba of the M.N.C., a national unity party favoring strong government; and M. Bolikango of the Interfédérale, an Upper Congo grouping.

Following the elections, these and the many other parties will enjoy the benefits of a constitution drawn up in Brussels at the beginning of 1960. The first Congolese government will consist of at least one member from each of the six provinces, with the leader chosen by King Baudouin. A cabinet will then be formed, which will need the confidence of Parliament. There are two legislative assemblies, the House of Representatives, elected on May 16, and the Senate, elected on June 15. For every 100,000 of the population there is one representative, a total of 137 for the present. The Senate consists of members nominated by the provincial assemblies, fourteen for each province, including at least three tribal leaders.

Parliaments will last three to four years. The provincial assemblies will be responsible for all local matters in accordance with the consensus of both Congolese and Belgian opinion, which favor a large degree of autonomy for the provinces, with defined frontiers and laws adapted to

their regional characteristics. Only Congolese men over twenty-one will be allowed to vote. Belgium is thus leaving behind it a system of government suited to the West but not so far successful in any emergent nations except India and Israel, which are very special cases.

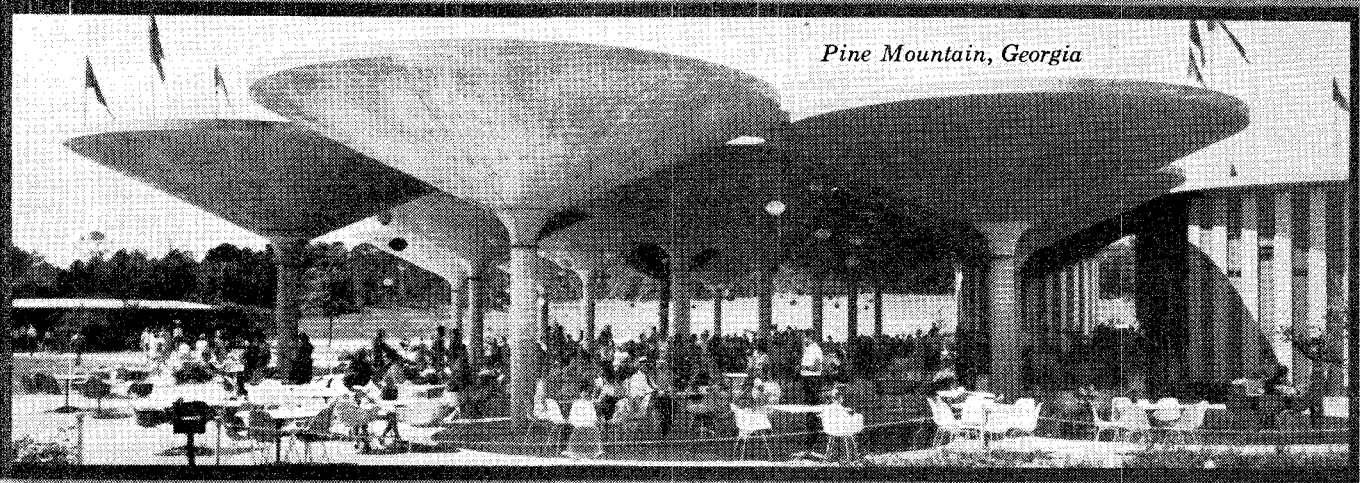
The threats to independence

Some conflict between tribalism and modernism seems inevitable; the communal elections of three years ago reflected tribal loyalties rather than a real interest in policy. Tribal loyalties would tend to obscure loyalty to the national state and might even result in the Balkanization of the country. The present frontiers of the Congo did not, after all, exist before the coming of Europeans, and only the politicians who realize the advantages of a united country will seek to maintain the status quo. M. Lumumba said at Accra in 1958: "Down with colonialism! Down with tribalism!" But not all politicians realize the dangers of tribalism.

There are other indications that the present frontiers of the Congo will be called into question. In March a considerable stir was created when Sir Roy Welensky stated in a press interview that there was some possibility that Katanga province, the southernmost province of the Congo, will be associated with, if not included in, the Rhodesian Federation. M. Tshombe, president of Conakat, Katanga's strongest party, at once declared that the province would never enter any union or federation other than that with the provinces of the Congo or Belgium. Riots and killings ensued.

At about the same time there was another threat to the independence of the Congo. The French government claimed that it had a preferential right to the Congo dating back to 1884, when M. Strauch, president of the International Congo Association, told French Foreign Minister Ferry that France would have the first right to purchase if the association had to sell out.

Belgian Foreign Minister De Wigny has protested strongly against both suggestions on the grounds that Belgium is not disposing of a piece of property and that after working for three quarters of a century for the



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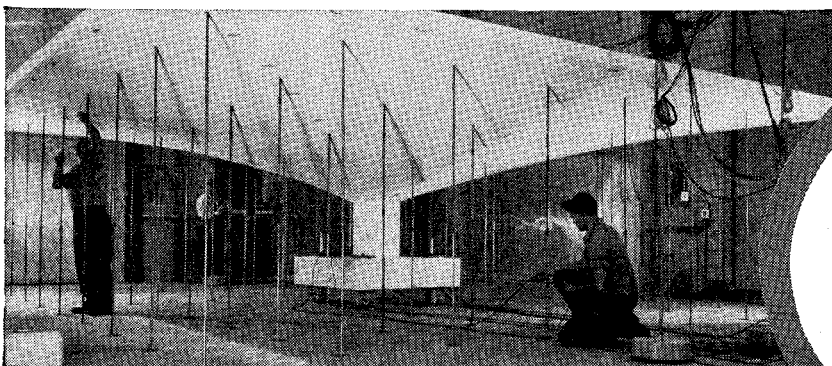


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Report on the Congo



unity of the Congo it is not now willing to make way for foreign domination.

The economic potential

Intact, the Congo has boundless economic possibilities. An immense country, seventy-seven times the area of Belgium, a quarter that of Europe, with a population of over thirteen million (of whom 100,000 are white), its economic potential is the envy of nearly every other developing country. Yet at present the per capita income is 2100 francs, compared with 44,000 francs in Belgium and 91,000 francs in the United States. One third of the palm oil of the world comes from the Congo; it is the leading world producer of cobalt and industrial diamonds, the fourth producer of copper and tin, the sixth of zinc.

In 1958 and 1959 there was some financial weakening due to the world economic recession and local political turmoil, but the economic tide has now turned. In 1960 Belgium is spending 2.5 billion francs on a subsidy; 6 or 7 billion francs from Belgian and international stock markets are to be plowed into the Congolese economy this year. A Congolese government can hardly afford not to cooperate with Belgium in view of the fact that there are ten million dollars of Belgian money invested in the Congo.

Rapid development is essential not only because of the underdevelopment but because the population is expected to double in the next thirty years. In a vast, underdeveloped country, the expansion of the transport system is of the utmost importance. In the last Ten Year Plan, 20 billion francs was spent on transport, and this figure is increased in the current plan. There are only 5000 kilometers of railways in the country—not bad by African standards but far below what is required.

Foreign capital needed

Economically, the Congo will be dependent upon investment from abroad. Having had very little po-

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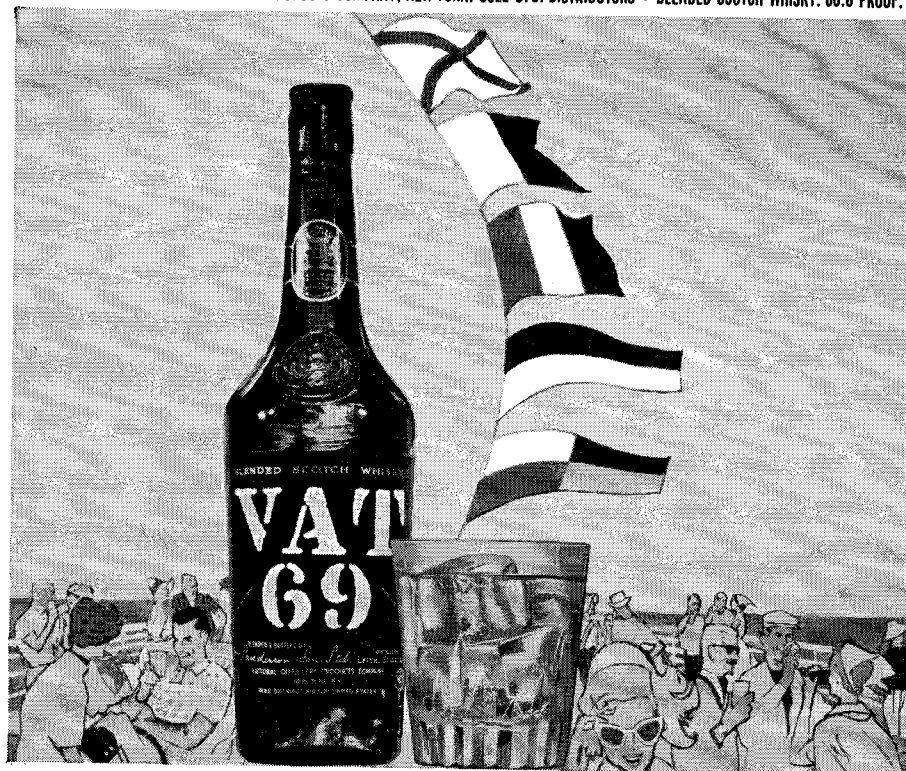
litical training, it will doubtless find the first few years of democracy very difficult. Belgium's policy did not provide for the training of an elite. Before 1958 very few Congolese were allowed to visit Europe, because the Belgian government feared they might bring back with them ideas which would cause political unrest. It was not until 1956 that the first Congolese student graduated from Belgium's Louvain University and the first Congolese university — Louvanium — was opened in Elisabethville.

Every possible form of foreign encouragement and assistance will be needed. There will be a treaty of friendship and cooperation with Belgium, and some Belgian officials will remain, as British officials have in Ghana. The civil service will have to be Africanized gradually; in 1959 there were only 500 Congolese civil servants, and these were nearly all clerks.

As most Congolese leaders owe their education to Christian schools, the question of the future of the Church is an interesting one. In the Congo, many Africans feel that native priests have not been given preferment when they deserved it; the Church has also been accused of being patronizing, and it certainly is closely connected in the minds of many people with paternalism. On the other hand, being closer to the natives than is any other foreign group, the Belgian missionaries have tended to be fairly progressive in their outlook and have often come in for criticism from other whites. Africanization of the clergy, especially the higher offices, will have to be speeded up in an independent Congo with four million black Catholics.

The working of the political system will depend on the Congolese themselves. The big mistake made by prejudiced observers of young countries is to think that the systems of government which have been evolved in the West over a long period of trial and error can be immediate and unqualified successes in countries which have for so long been denied self-expression by both colonial domination and the misfortunes of environment. There will inevitably be a period of adaptation, and this may be both long and painful.

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Detroit's welfare empire

SIR:

Frankly, I have found "Detroit's Welfare Empire" by Ray Moseley (April *Atlantic*) to be misleading and prejudiced. That welfare programs are expensive and that they are often taken advantage of are incontrovertible facts. However, by failing to mention the more meritorious aspects of these programs, Mr. Moseley has done them a great injustice and has fed the fires of bigotry.

I am certain that had Mr. Moseley been so motivated he could have cited many examples of people who had been greatly benefited by such aid. In doing so, he would have shown clearly that these programs are warranted regardless of their cost.

We, of course, cannot expect welfare programs to engender an improved society. They were meant to, and do, serve one purpose, the relief of human misery. This they will continue to do as long as we remain charitable enough to forgo a few luxuries in order to pay for them.

M. G. BOTTICELLI, M.D.
Rochester, Minn.

SIR:

I see no reason why immorality, amorality, and illegitimacy should be subsidized by the taxpayers.

MARY R. BURKETT
Dallas, Tex.

SIR:

The reading of Ray Moseley's description of the proliferation of little bastards in Detroit, with case histories of Charlotte, Maude, and Bernice, leads me to a suggestion:

Adopt legal compulsory sterilization of women of this type, at the expense of the welfare agencies.

It should be possible to frame a practical statute fair to these women and beneficial to taxpayers and the general community.

MAGRUDER CRAIGHEAD
Salisbury, Conn.

SIR:

Mr. Moseley's "Detroit's Welfare Empire" is, it seems to me, both immoral and naïve. It is immoral because it fails to see the underlying causes of welfare problems, and therefore of human problems.

Detroit, like so many other large cities, is paying the price of industrialization. Cities and their industries cannot expect to have a labor surplus available when it is needed without finding some way to take care of it when it is not. Northern cities were quick to lure migrants from rural and semirural areas when their services were needed. They cannot now expect these migrants to return to their former homes to wait until they are needed again.

Mr. Moseley speaks of the slums in which welfare recipients live, yet he fails to see the effect of such living on the human personality, on human pride, on human incentive. The failure of our society to rid itself of this blight, as well as others, has increased the need for public assistance.

Furthermore, many of the people lured, unprepared, to city life with the promise of good wages and steady employment were part of a welfare empire in the areas from which they came.

The fact that public assistance is necessary at all reflects the inade-

quacies of our society. And, I submit, if we did not have public assistance, the cost to taxpayers would be even greater as a result of greater social disorganization.

Whatever the price of human dignity, it is worth it. The little that we are paying for is still costing less than the bombs we are building, which could create the need for a welfare empire beyond our present imagination.

CHARLES-GENE McDANIEL
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

Several studies of delinquent children have shown that the offender was a neglected, unwanted child. Since we cannot legislate mother love, I suggest that we deal with the realities.

If we would legalize abortion and set up free sterility clinics to sterilize people who do not want any, or any more, children, we would have far fewer children growing up to be criminals or other undesirables. Then, if we would give absolutely no welfare aid for illegitimate children, force the natural father wherever possible to support the child, and make abortion an alternative, we will not find ourselves supporting several generations of Toms and Lucys. Admittedly, this suggestion does not create virtue, but it can help stop perpetuating vice.

PRISCILLA EACOCK DUNENFELD
Woodland Hills, Calif.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

Thank you for "The Death of a Gull" by John J. Rowlands (May *Atlantic*). It has been quite some

time since I have encountered a more well-written and moving piece of writing.

At the risk of bringing up a dead issue, I should like to comment that this essay stands as a perfect rebuttal to Professor Bergen Evans and his contemporary American usage ("Grammar for Today," March *Atlantic*). Even the ever-skeptical professor must confess that this work is a fine example of proper English, which has endured over the years and, corrupting influences such as Evans' eliminated, will continue to endure.

MARK D. LEVITZ
Long Beach, N.Y.

SIR:

I was shocked by the idea of Robert Fontaine ("No Fair," May *Atlantic*), who wants to make an amusement park out of an international exhibition. If he is so fascinated by and lonesome for honky-tonk, strip-teasers, razzle-dazzle, and whoop-dec-do, may I suggest that instead of lowering the cultural standards of the forthcoming World's Fair in New York City he take the subway to Coney Island?

ANDREW P. FOLDI
Wilmington, Del.

SIR:

Thoughtfully contemplating *Sorter*, facing page 78 of the May *Atlantic*, I am forced to the conclusion that, alas, a mistake has crept into the pages of your great publication, since obviously the object should be titled *Nude at the Window*, a poetic caption endowed with sex appeal which renders anything else sheer insult to the perpetrator. At the same moment, stretching the imagination a little, it might well be *The Spirit of Hoboken*, or *The Soul of a Mother-in-law*. Many more titles might be offered to choose from — a hundred, all different, out of a hundred persons asked to dub it. It is so very, very abstract!

EUGENE CLEMENT D'ART
Pawling, N.Y.

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TO LIVE AND DIE IN DIXIE

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

Is the South ready to discard the legal subterfuge by which 30 per cent of its people have been politically, economically, and culturally handicapped? GERALD W. JOHNSON, distinguished journalist and man of letters, a Southerner by birth and residence, believes the region must and will respond in the affirmative.

As THE twentieth century swung toward its three-quarter post, the American who felt left furthest behind was probably the citizen of the late Confederacy who was unfortunate enough to be able not only to read the newspapers but to understand something of what was in them.

The ability is not universal, not even, as our semanticist would say, "coterminous" with literacy. All America, but the South especially, seems to be afflicted with great numbers of citizens who apparently do their reading through spectacles equipped with lenses having a special property of fluorescence that enables the reader to detect infrared and ultraviolet where nothing appears to the naked eye except prosaic black and white.

These persons are happily free of any feeling of retardation. On the contrary, they are convinced that they move in the van of civilization and are irate when their certainty is questioned. To me they appear to be insane, but they are not unhappy, and who knows? they may be the only sane people in a mad world. There is profound philosophical penetration in the sweet singer's immortal lines:

See the happy moron;
He doesn't give a damn.
I wish I were a moron —
My God, perhaps I am!

Nevertheless, irrevocably committed to the illusion that I am sane, I see in the antics of the region of my birth in recent years evidence of a cultural lag appreciably greater than that of the rest of the nation, and to say so is to accuse the South of being far behind indeed. When Eisenhower dispatched federal troops to occupy the city of Little Rock, Arkansas, he retreated behind the year 1877, when President Hayes withdrew the last of the army of occupation; but Eisenhower did so because the state of Arkansas had retreated behind the year 1833, when President Jackson embalmed, cremated, and buried the doctrine of nullification.

The genesis of this lag is easily detected. In 1868, the year of its ratification, the Fourteenth Amendment bore no more relation to the facts of human experience than the axioms of non-Euclidean geometries bear to them. The South, living of necessity in a factual world and under compulsion to adjust to nonfactual law, resorted to subterfuge as the only way out of the impasse, and the rest of the country, unable to devise any workable alternative, tolerated the subterfuge for many years.

But the departure from candor bore the fruit that it always bears. In the course of time, the South came to believe its own bunk. The grand-

father clause was written into the constitutions of various Southern states by men who were perfectly aware of its disingenuousness. It provided that the literacy test might be ignored if the applicant for registration as a voter was a descendant of a citizen qualified to vote before 1867, and its purpose was to disqualify illiterate Negroes — at that time, the great bulk of the Negro population — while admitting illiterate whites to the suffrage.

It was frankly a device for defeating the purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment while apparently complying with the letter of the law. In some cases the quality of this device was kept in mind, and when white illiteracy had been sharply reduced, as in North Carolina in 1908, the grandfather clause, having served its purpose, was abrogated. But in other states it remained until it was struck down by the Supreme Court of the United States. By that time, its essential fraudulence had been forgotten and it was regarded by many not as a doubtful expedient to gain time until the Negro could be prepared for full citizenship but as the embodiment of a sacred principle; to wit, the principle that the Negro should not ever be admitted to full citizenship.

Acceptance of a fraud inevitably involves some deterioration of character. In that sentence is compressed the political history of the South since Reconstruction. Its exegesis is the whole corpus of William Faulkner's work, admittedly the greatest artistic achievement of the South in this century. The tale that Faulkner tells in many volumes is that the very section in which once the concept of honor was so highly esteemed that for even a fantastic idea of honor men did not hesitate to sacrifice life itself has now accepted fraud for three generations and has become, as one critic put it, "tricky and mean." It is a tragedy worthy of the novelist's genius, tragedy on a more than epic scale.

Yet I have never encountered a white Southerner without pride in his heritage. Some no doubt exist, but they are invisible, presumably because they conceal their Southern nativity. For the rest, the danger in which they stand is not that of losing their pride of birth but that of permitting it to swell into a foolish and offensive arrogance. Men whom ambition or economic or professional necessity drove out of the South decades ago still tend to proclaim, rather than to conceal, their origin. Even those who fled from the intellectual sterility of their early environment realize that its emotional wealth is prodigious; they may be able to think better almost anywhere else, but nowhere else can they feel as intensely, so they are aware that their voluntary exile is not all gain.

On the face of it this is a paradox, and to resolve it should be interesting and possibly instructive. That it can be done completely is incredible, but even a partial resolution may contribute somewhat to a clearer understanding of the continental confusion that is the United States of America today.

THE greatest enemy of the late Confederacy was certainly not Ulysses S. Grant, or even William T. Sherman. They were, in fact, its political and economic liberators — a trifle rough in their methods, careless of life in Grant's case and of fire in Sherman's, but in the end highly effective. They had a job to do, and they did it; the modern South has no just cause to regard either with anything but a somewhat grim yet very real respect.

Far more lasting damage was done it by men whom the South adores: at the head of the list, Stephen Collins Foster, the Pennsylvania magician who betrayed the South into hugging the delusion that melody is all in all, in complete disregard of the tonic value — nay, the harsh necessity — of counterpoint. Deceivers of the same kind were orators of Henry Grady's school and a long procession of literary gents, beginning with John Pendleton Kennedy and culminating in Thomas Nelson Page.

They meant no harm, and, to do them justice, they told no lies. But a lie does not have to be told; by what they did not tell, these fictioneers propagated the titanic lie that Keats has preserved in the amber of great poetry:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

The South believed it, and since the South is beautiful, it developed a complacency that has wreaked more permanent devastation upon it than Sherman perpetrated all the way from Atlanta to Savannah and thence up to Durham Station, where Johnston surrendered. Atlanta was soon rebuilt on a greater and finer scale, and before they died, such great ladies as my old friend Mrs. MacMaster, of Columbia, had acquired other spoons. That damage was temporary. But to this day there remain far too many otherwise intelligent Southerners with an implicit faith that the beauty of the South compensates for all else that it lacks.

Precisionists will promptly argue that when these Southerners say "beautiful," what they mean is "pretty." There is some force in the objection, but not much. Even the geographical South defeats it; to call pretty the Valley of Virginia, or the view from Mitchell, highest peak east of the Mississippi, or old Charleston, or the enclosed

gardens of New Orleans would be to perpetrate a semantic crime. The magnificence of Daytona Beach, the sullen menace of Hatteras, the Potomac before Mount Vernon, and Old Man River himself command reverence, not delight. Even the magnolia, which cynics have made almost a term of disdain, is superb — somewhat spectral, perhaps, but far beyond mere prettiness.

It is beauty of a different type, however, that worked the ensorcelling of the modern South and, like Vivian's spell upon Merlin, put its strong magic to sleep. It is the beauty of the legend, informing and irradiating the landscape but distorting the vision and paralyzing the will. It is the fashion of the moment to denigrate that beauty, calling it sickly sentimentalism; but beauty it was, and is, and ever will be — Circean, indeed, but real.

From Kennedy's *Swallow Barn* to Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind*, just a hundred years apart, it has enchanted men of every section and undoubtedly will continue to enchant them as long as the telling of tales delights the human heart. It is, in fact, a recrudescence of the Arthurian legend, of loyalty, love, and derring-do all compact — in short, romance. Tara and Red Rock were never built of brick and stone but of the same dream stuff that composed the walls and towers of Camelot; yet when all is said and done, it is the only building material that is utterly indestructible.

A man from Iowa or Maine can read this legendry with no sense of personal involvement, therefore with no more damage than he sustains from reading the exploits of the Round Table. Who in his right mind would seriously claim blood kinship with Gareth or Pelleas? But in the South, all this is told as of grandfather's day; it is close, it is intimate: hence, the Southerner is moved by a dangerously strong impulse to maintain the legend, and "that way madness lies."

Nevertheless, the beauty is there, it is real, and it is imbued with potent sorcery. It involves the three great verities, poverty and love and war, whose acquaintance every man must make if he is to be completely educated; and no amount of abuse by the mawkish and the maudlin can destroy it. The calamity of the modern Southerner is that of Don Quixote — his wits were already lost before the curate arrived to sort out the meretricious from the sound.

But the South is in fact beautiful, whether you construe the South as meaning the land or the legend, and the memory of its beauty grips the emotions of its sons, no matter how long they may have been away. The misfortune is that all too many Southerners believe Keats not only when he says truthfully "that is all ye know," but also

when he lies by adding "and all ye need to know."

However, nothing absolute can be said of forty million people, not even that they all exist; for within the time that it takes to make the statement some will die and others will be born. Not all Southerners have succumbed to Vivian's spell, and relatively few have succumbed entirely. O. Henry's former Confederate colonel turned editor of *The Rose of Dixie* is a recognizable type that survives to this day, but even fifty years ago his obsession with the legendary South was recognized as an oddity which was not to be taken seriously.

As recently as the spring of 1960, the British critic D. W. Brogan considered it worthy of note that, although when he began reading American history as a boy in Scotland he sided with the South, after he became a mature man he realized that "the right side won" the Civil War. As I am some years older than Mr. Brogan, it may interest him to learn that, as a boy in North Carolina, I heard and heeded an uncle who had served the Confederacy faithfully and well but who told me, "Yes, they had more men, and more artillery, and more rations, and more everything else, but, boy, don't you ever believe that that was what whipped us. We lost that war because God Almighty had decreed that slavery had to go."

Mr. Brogan is quite right in noting that, although the legalists, citing Abraham Lincoln as their chief witness, have proved conclusively that slavery was not the issue, the fact remains that the war was about slavery because the legal issue, secession, arose out of slavery. But Mr. Brogan is quite wrong in assuming that the South had not realized that as early as fifty years ago. It was known in North Carolina that the right side won, even when boys in Scotland were still siding with the South.

THE argument against the South that would be conclusive, if it were sustained by fact, is that having appealed to the arbitrament of the sword, the South refused to abide by the judgment it had invited, and so was forsworn. But the argument is only doubtfully sustained by the fact. The undisputed fact is that the judgment was that slavery had to go, and it went. Even the furiously reviled Black Codes of Mississippi and Louisiana did not attempt to re-establish legal slavery and were less rigorous than the apartheid legislation of South Africa ninety years later. If the North, victorious but stung by grievous wounds, imposed, after hostilities had ceased, new conditions not nominated in the bond, who was then forsworn? It is a pretty question, one that has given Southern casuists their opportunity.

After so many years, however, even to admit the argument to debate is casuistry in the pejorative sense. Attempts at the attribution of blame hinder, do not help, the search for a solution of current problems, most of them arising from the refusal of the South to grant the Negro all the rights and privileges appertaining to the status of first-class citizenship.

Note well the phraseology: "to grant him the rights" — not "to recognize his status"; for the latter is a refusal based on the simple and solid fact that, taken in the mass, the Negro is not a first-class citizen. There is no convincing evidence that he is biologically inferior, but even Gunnar Myrdal admits that there is every evidence that he is culturally inferior. Two hundred and fifty years of bondage have left their mark, which ninety-five years of freedom have not erased.

The casuists of the South contend that this is in itself evidence of the Negro's irremovable inferiority. Those of the North contend as fiercely that it is evidence only of the irremediable wickedness of the white South. Both contentions are empty gabble, innocent of logical consistency or historical perspective. Logically, the existence of this republic can be justified only on the assumption that the status of a freeman is favorable to the development of political competence; were it not so, we should have done better to adhere to some other system. Historically, Runnymede, starting point of the English-speaking peoples' struggle for political liberty, is nearly seven hundred and fifty years in the past; yet he who thinks that we have perfected our competence is an optimist indeed. Shall we then brand the Negro as inferior because he has not accomplished in ninety-five years what the white man has not completed in more than seven centuries? Or shall we brand the white South as wicked because it has not performed the miracle of endowing another race with qualities it is still struggling to develop in its own character?

Citing individual exceptions is no rebuttal. Certainly to call Ralph Bunche a second-class citizen would be as preposterous as to call King Arthur a second-class Briton. Thurgood Marshall is a first-rate lawyer, Marian Anderson a first-rate artist, and so it goes down a long and scintillant roster. But these are examples of what the Negro is capable of becoming, not of what he presently is; and what he presently is determines his influence upon the situation existing here and now.

The difficulty of the South is that, although it sees clearly enough what is directly before it, its distant vision is blurred. It is weak in applying the logic of its own experience to test the hypothesis now presented. It is beyond belief that many Southerners will concede that their political history since 1776 has been so complete a failure

that they have made no advance in the art of self-government. It may be admitted that they have produced no masters of the theory of government superior to Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Clay, and Calhoun, but the masses certainly know more about the management of public affairs than their great-great-grandfathers knew, and the development of their skill they owe to long practice under political freedom.

The hypothesis now presented is that the same conditions will produce in Negroes the same effect. The method of testing it is, of course, to proceed as if it were true. The objection to applying that method is the necessity of risking the whole social structure upon the outcome. For this a courage is requisite that to many Southerners seems temerity, not to say foolhardiness. Their opinion is perfectly honest and could be correct. The sole answer to their objection is Danton's advice to the Convention, that audacity is the only way out.

Above and beyond all this, there is a psychological, or perhaps a biological, block, ignored by the thoughtless, but formidable nevertheless. It is the primeval impulse, not monopolized by man but shared by bird and beast and creeping thing, to equate "alien" and "enemy." Jeremiah, who antedates the Confederacy by a very considerable time, took note of the speckled bird that "the birds round about are against her." Whatever is not of our kind is *ipso facto* objectionable, and a definite exercise of the intelligence is required to neutralize the repugnance. The Negro merely by his coloration is, of all other races, the one most completely alien to the white man, hence the one surest to arouse — and to reciprocate — this ancient hostility. The primitive, or in ordinary parlance, the natural relation of black and white is one of dislike.

This is no defense, but it is a partial explanation of such policies as segregation. Morality may be defined as the conscious suppression of destructive biological urges, and the advance of civilization is measured by the success of that suppression, so the appearance of any instinctive reaction is a slip backward toward Neanderthal man. But that such reactions do appear constantly is attested by trials everywhere and every day for homicide, theft, rape, and abduction. It will be a very long time before they are eliminated. Race prejudice will not be eliminated soon; the hope is not to eliminate it but to prevent its expression in race injustice, at least as far as the forms of law are concerned.

The theory cherished by idealists that race prejudice is exclusively the product of miseducation and bad environment is only about 90 per cent true. There is a residue that can be traced back certainly into prehistory, and the attitude of the

animals toward a variant strongly suggests that it can be traced back into prehumanity. However well suppressed, the thing exists, in Detroit as certainly as in New Orleans, in Massachusetts as in South Carolina. Latent everywhere, it needs only a certain combination of evil chances to become manifest. And its existence is one more complication added to the other troubles of the South.

THis adds up to a dismal sum. The odds are plainly against the South, and if the region survives as more than a mere Boeotia, as an effective participant in American civilization, it will be only by dint of bitter travail, for it contends against itself as well as against adverse outward circumstance. The passions and frailties common to all humanity are doubly dangerous to the South, made so by the peculiar course of its history; while it must also contend with all the dangers and difficulties that bring woe to other regions, because they are inherent in the democratic process.

What, then, is the reason, if there is a rational reason, for a Southerner's pride in his birthplace? Why, its difficulties, of course.

"I," said Saint Paul when they taunted him with being a nobody from nowhere, "am a citizen of no mean city." Every Southerner knows how he felt. We are sons of a land that has paid its way. For a century, in fact, it has been paying not only its own debt but that of the whole nation, first incurred in 1619 when that Dutch ship of evil omen cast anchor off Jamestown and, among other items, sold the Virginia colonists "twenty negurs"; and that was augmented for the next hundred years by the middle passage of New England shipmasters, running rum to Africa, bringing slaves to Southern ports, and thence carrying molasses to Medford to make more rum.

For their part in that crime the North and the West were let off at the price of four years of blood and agony a century ago. But the South paid that price, and in addition to it, ten years of military occupation, thirty years of poverty and grinding toil, ninety years of harassment, anxiety, frustration, and moral deterioration. The South has been granted no favors. The South has paid in full.

Every historian is aware that, up to about the year 1900, it labored in economic thralldom under a fiscal system that exploited it ruthlessly for the profit of the industrialized sections, but that loss was merely monetary. Far more galling to intelligent Southerners has been the inevitable result of the acceptance of fraud as a legitimate device in politics. Heaven knows, fraud is no stranger to the politics of any part of the country, but else-

where it enters furtively and is killed by exposure. It is a vice that pays to virtue the tribute of hypocrisy. But in the South the grandfather clause and, later, innumerable tricky registration laws were adopted for the open and avowed purpose of doing indirectly what the Constitution forbade being done directly. Political leaders otherwise of good repute publicly justified this course, and in order to sustain it did not hesitate to appeal to every villainous prejudice and passion in the lowest elements of society.

The inevitable result was the reduction of the political process to a level so ruffianly that it became a national scandal, and this in the very region that in the early days had produced more brilliant thinkers on the art of government than came from any other part of the country. The South that had once graced the halls of Congress with Pinckneys, Randolphs, Clays, and Calhouns now sent Heflins, Bleases, Bilbos, and Eastlands. The South that had given to the presidency the Virginia dynasty — Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe — could furnish only one President in ninety-five years, and that one by first having him processed by twenty years' residence in New Jersey.

The South has paid in money. It has paid in toil and trouble and anxiety and humiliation. But it has paid in full, and it still survives. More than that, even as it staggered under its backbreaking load, it has accomplished a feat unparalleled in the history of the white race. In less than a century, it has brought a formerly illiterate and servile population numbering many millions from tutelage to a point so close to the van of civilization that they are now ready to assume the most difficult citizenship in the world, that of responsible members of a self-governing nation that is also a great power.

In this, the white South did indeed have assistance, but not from the victors of the Civil War. It was the assistance of the Southern Negro himself, who wrought the major part of his own transformation and therefore is entitled to the major part of the credit. But not to all. The ignorance, prejudice, and stupidity that would have blocked the Negro's advance have always been combated valiantly and not without success by Southern whites.

The very Alabama that produced Tom-tom Heflin also produced, and in the same generation, Edgar Gardner Murphy. The same Georgia that is in sorage to the Talmadges also tolerates Ralph McGill. "Our Bob" Reynolds flourished in North Carolina, but so did Howard W. Odum, and so do Frank P. Graham and Jonathan Daniels. If it can ever pay off its debt to the past, the South still has the germ plasm to produce great men, and they will be tempered and toughened by the tribulation through which they have come.

With the eyes of a child I once saw the process at work, although it was many years before I understood what I had seen. At the age of perhaps ten, I was one midsummer noon at the house of a kinsman when he came in to dinner from the cornfield where he had been stripping fodder, one of the nastiest jobs attached to farming in those days. This man had taken his degree at the University of North Carolina just in time to spend the ensuing four years as a trooper in Wheeler's Cavalry, C.S.A. But as he stepped up on the back porch that day there was nothing about him suggestive of either the scholar or the soldier. The oven heat of the cornfield had had sweat rolling off him all morning, and the black soil's powdery dust had settled and caked until he was inky except for his teeth and the whites of his eyes. On the shady porch I pumped, and he held his head and then his arms under the spout for a long time before it became evident that he was actually a white man.

But his comment on his own state has rung in my ears ever since. When he had mopped his face and was toweling his hands and arms, he looked at me with a sardonic grin and broke into the thundering strophes of one of the *Georgics* of Virgil: *O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, agricolas* — O most happy farmers, if only they knew their good fortune!

The small boy was merely startled by the rolling Latin measures, but an aging man knows now that he had there before his eyes the South triumphant. The soldier had returned from the war ruined, like everybody else. Like everybody else, he had miled through thirty years of a depression that made the episode in Hoover's time a trifle by comparison. Not for his own fault, but by the ruin of his country, he had been sentenced to hard labor for the term of his natural life, with small hope of ever achieving ease, none of achieving luxury. Yet in the stifling heat of the cornfield, in a land of poverty and defeat, so far was he from broken that the ear of his mind could hear a great poet singing and his stc it heart could laugh at the absurdity of human fate.

The small boy gaped, but the aging man remembers how Desdemona found "'twas strange . . . 'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful. She wish'd she had not heard it . . . yet she wish'd that heaven had made her such a man." I, too, Desdemona, would to God I were such a man!

But he was my kinsman. However far I may fall short of his strength, we are of the same blood,

of the same origin, we are of the South. Therefore, I would be ashamed to fall into despair because the rising generation in our land is hard put to it to cope with the same problem, unchanged except in the degree of its urgency. Time is running out, and the South must not only lift itself by its own bootstraps, but lift suddenly. The problem is what it has always been — to raise 30 per cent of the population, now handicapped, to the level of the rest, politically, economically, and culturally; the change is that it must be done more quickly than most of us had believed was imperatively necessary.

But to accomplish the feat, the white South must first lift itself to a moral and intellectual level higher than it has ever attained, or than has been attained by any dominant race anywhere in the world. It is a formidable task. It is so formidable that the Southern lower classes — lower, even though some have millions and pedigrees of enormous length — have shrunk back and renounced it. But the lower classes have always failed in every great emergency, so Faubus and Eastland and Talmadge are not of any great significance. The men who will count are the saving minority, unbroken and unbreakable, men who can respond to a challenge after the fashion of sturdy old Pierre-Samuel, the original Du Pont de Nemours. In 1816, when a swarm of troubles seemed about to overwhelm the new republic, he wrote to his old friend Jefferson: "We are but snails, and we have to climb the Andes. By God, we must climb!"

The South will climb. A romantic illusion? Possibly, but a living faith at this moment, nevertheless, and one not destroyed by reports from Little Rock, or even Poplarville, not shaken when presumably sane men talk of interposition, of concurrent majorities, of the compact theory of the Constitution. For it is precisely by wrestling and overthrowing the giants of madness and despair that the thews and sinews of the South will regain their old-time power, endowing it with the moral and intellectual vigor to become again the great instructor in political philosophy that it was when our history as a nation began.

I am a Southerner, and I wish the fact to be known; for the land of my birth is right now enduring the discipline that makes a nation great. So, in the midst of its current tribulation, I can think of it as my toilworn kinsman did, and can echo his chant: *O fortunatos nimium*, O most happy, land!

HAROLD OBER, Literary Agent



a personal reminiscence by

CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

The duties and helpfulness of literary agents are often unappreciated by those outside the writing profession. CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN, versatile and eloquent biographer, tells of her warm and inspiring association with the late Harold Ober, one of the greatest literary agents.

HE WAS tall and lean, with deep-set, serious blue eyes, a big nose, a high color, and, when I first knew him, a head of handsome gray hair which he wore parted on one side and carefully brushed down. He had the figure of a polo player; his clothes and his elegant big brown shoes were made to order on Bond Street and he was apt to carry a rolled umbrella. He looked, in short, like nothing in the known world of New York literary business; he was neither slick nor shaggy and the wonder was that with his disposition and natural propensities he managed to develop one of the biggest and best-known literary agencies in the world. An agent spends half his time reading manuscript; Harold even had a defect of vision — without his glasses he saw two trees where only one stood. Once, driving two neighbor children and me, he ran spang into a car standing by a Scarsdale curb.

What with the rolled umbrella and the Bond Street clothes, his London partner, Edmund Cork, liked to say that Harold was more British than a duke. Actually he was as New Hampshire as

the town of New Ipswich (population, four hundred), where his roots lay. He used four syllables for the word “pneumoni-a”; his *a*’s had more than a touch of the flat Maine *ah*. He said the name Ober sounded like a German cornet player; actually it was French and had originally been spelled Aubert. Physically, Harold was strong and not a little vain about it. He was born nearly eighty years ago; the legend is that when young he walked on Sundays from Tenth Street, New York, where he lived, out to Scarsdale for lunch with Paul Reynolds. In his late sixties, Harold was still skiing every winter with his sons. I remember when at sixty-four he broke a leg on the slopes and told me irritably that a middle-aged woman came down the mountain and crashed into him. He persisted in climbing ten flights to the office floor; he said it strengthened his leg muscles. His partners were afraid he might collapse on the way; at the appointed time one of them would sneak out and stand guard at the stairwell.

He never liked the word “agent”; he said it sounded as if he made soap or sports cars. Thirty years ago, when I first came to him, the heading on his office paper read “Harold Ober, Authors’ Representative.” Later on it changed to plain

"Harold Ober Associates," without the "Representative." But he was right about those words: neither of them came near to describing his function. His clients ranged from Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner, John Gunther, Faith Baldwin, Adlai Stevenson, Paul Gallico, Walter D. Edmonds, Philip Wylie, Agatha Christie, Agnes de Mille, J. D. Salinger, Dean Brelis, John Brooks, Berton Roueché to the newest recruit who had walked in with a manuscript which the partners considered promising.

It was quite a stable to keep in order. Aside from actual business and the making of contracts, Harold looked after certain of his authors as if they were his children — stood up at their marriages, helped them through their divorces, got them to the doctor when they were sick, and lent them money out of his own pocket when they were broke. Once I saw a pile of laundry in the office hallway; Harold said it belonged to a woman writer who lived in the country — she picked it up on Thursdays. The only thing Harold would not do was take his authors to psychiatrists when they needed it. "I don't believe in that stuff," he would say. He was very stiff about it; he said people should be able to discipline themselves and not pay somebody twenty-five dollars an hour to do it for them. With the license of an old association I used to try to argue him out of this. I said it was antediluvian and no wonder his ulcer kept coming back; his kind of self-discipline was bad for ulcers. But I got nowhere.

IT WAS seldom, I believe, that any of us spoke to Harold about himself; always the relationship was the other way around. For my part it was Harold Ober who advised me whether or not to send my thirteen-year-old son to boarding school, helped me decide on colleges for my son and daughter, told me what to do when my springer bitch whelped, what to say to the neighbors when a community storm blew up, and whether to marry my second husband. ("If you marry this doctor, do you think you will keep on writing?") I don't know how many years Scott Fitzgerald was Harold's client, but it is well known that Scott's daughter, Scotty, lived with the Obers in Scarsdale and also that before Fitzgerald died Harold had given him not only a long and loyal friendship but had lent him, in all, twenty thousand dollars.

One afternoon in the early thirties I ran into Harold Ober in the Pennsylvania Station. He looked frantic and said there were two authors in the building, both drunk; he had been trying to get them out and home. One of them was Scott

Fitzgerald. Harold worried more about Fitzgerald than any other author he ever took care of, and with reason. Yet even when Fitzgerald's drinking had brought him to near ruin, Harold kept on with him, hoping against hope. Once I walked into the office at 40 East 49th Street and found Harold at his desk, reading manuscript and looking depressed, a condition unusual with him. When I asked the reason, he passed me some typed sheets and asked what I could make of them. The pages were interlined, written over in red ink, blotched, almost illegible, and made no sense at all. Harold said that was the way Scott's stories had been coming in lately. He got up and stood with his back to me, looking out the window; I saw him take out his handkerchief and blow his nose. I think it was as though one of his own sons had defected and gone past the point of no return.

I have met many literary agents, and Harold was markedly different from the rest of them. I do not mean to stress here his elegance, because that had a sturdy New England quality, altogether without affectation. But there was no city push or rush about him, no smooth manipulative techniques; he never pressured his authors. His office reflected this attitude. One met there no chrome or sling-backed chairs, no hurry and noise of typewriters, though much business flowed through this place. When you needed to talk to Harold you sat in his quiet corner room, where books were shelved to the ceiling and the telephone did not ring. Agents and publishers are forever asking writers to go out and speak at book and author lunches, preside at book fairs, attend literary cocktail parties, or in other ways show their faces in public. Harold operated the other way around. When an author was engaged in a book that Harold believed in, he simply sheared away petty annoyances or business responsibilities and left the writer in a vacuum until the work was done. "You don't have to make that speech or attend that meeting," he would say. "Just give me the telephone numbers and I'll get you out of it." The miracle was that Harold accomplished these missions without offense at the other end. It was the business of a writer to write, Harold maintained. Let publishers take care of the advertising.

In 1937, after six hard-working and entirely obscure years with Harold's office, I published a biography of Tchaikovsky which was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club. I must have been feeling my oats, because I asked Harold if he didn't think it a good thing for a writer to be part of the general literary scene. What was the use of my languishing in the Philadelphia suburbs, and would he please introduce me to some New

York authors? The answer was in the negative and, for Harold, very eloquent. The gist of it was that most New York writers sat up all night talking their books instead of writing them, and I had much better stay in Bryn Mawr, where I belonged. Didn't I realize how lucky I was to have a decent roof over my children's and my heads, plenty of daylight writing time, and no pressing need to go out and get a job teaching or copy reading? Actually, I had once tried for a job with the *Woman's Home Companion*; at my insistence Harold had even made me an appointment with Miss Roberts, one of the editors. Miss Roberts said she couldn't hire me; they didn't need anybody. But she commissioned me to write six articles on music at a price I had never before commanded, and I went out of the place on wings. Years later, Harold confessed that he had asked Miss Roberts not to take me on. "I knew in the end you'd do better financially, writing books," he said blandly.

I THINK Harold was the only survivor in the New York literary business who called people by their last names. He always referred to his partners as Miss Olding and Mr. Von Auw, even when everybody else was calling them Dorothy and Ivan. There was an old-fashioned courtesy about him even when he was young. Yet Harold could take a writer down with aim as deadly as the legendary Tell. He was impatient with the prima donna type. More than once I have heard him say that writers were an egotistical, maddening breed and he wondered how he had happened to get mixed up with them in the first place. As a matter of fact, I wondered a little myself. His early education had been in the New England public schools, from whence he had gone in due course to Harvard, where he stroked the varsity crew. After that he went to Paris for a year. When I asked him why he went abroad and stayed so long he told me, looking embarrassed, that he had wanted to be a writer, and in those days people who wanted to be writers went to Paris.

Harold was a shrewd trader, with the mark of worldliness about him; when bargaining was in process one rejoiced to be on his side. I think there was something in him which disarmed publishers and editors, even when they had known him for a long time. Perhaps "deceived" is the better word, though the deception was unconscious on Harold's part. He carried in his bearing no hint of Madison Avenue and the hard tough marts of trade. Indeed it seemed scarcely right to mention money to Harold at all. When John Gunther first came over to the agency he asked me one day if Harold Ober wasn't perhaps too much

the gentleman to be a good businessman. I repeated this to a magazine editor, at a moment when his magazine was settling terms with Harold for a feature article they wanted me to write. The editor made a loud derisive noise. "Harold Ober, too much the gentleman to drive a bargain?" he said. "Has he told you what he is getting out of us, in his gentlemanly way, for your piece?"

The lunch table is, of course, the confidential conference place of the publishing world. Yet Harold Ober was offish about inviting people to lunch, though on occasion he would favor old clients or out-of-town authors. I first met Harold in 1930. I had come from Easton, Pennsylvania, where I then lived, and I had never been to lunch in a New York restaurant in my life. I carried three notebooks I had brought along, with pieces of paper stuck in, about things I wanted to write next. Harold led me into a restaurant, and we were ushered to our seats. I got out the notebooks and put them on the table in front of me; the pieces of paper fell out, and Harold helped me pick them off the floor. Then he smiled and said, "Suppose we wait till we have something to eat?" I put away the notebooks, ate my oysters, and looked around. The walls were oak-paneled, but the room was bright; there was an air of ease and gaiety. I said, "Where are we, Mr. Ober, what is this place?" He said, "This place? Why, this is the Ritz."

At once I felt reassured; in fact I felt wonderful. Nobody, I reasoned, gets fed at the Ritz unless he is worth something to the person who feeds him. Mr. Ober had read the manuscript of my novel; he must think it pretty good. He hadn't said so, it was true, but then he hadn't said much of anything. Harold, I was to discover, possessed a genius for knowing just how much encouragement and discouragement to give a writer, how much of what William James called "No no!" — and how much of comfort. With the latter he was chary. I remember when my first novel was published in 1934, Harold said kindly that perhaps I would like to walk down with him to Putnam's and see my book on the stands. But he felt he must tell me something: When an author's first novel comes out, the author thinks it is going to change the world. And then it doesn't. Nothing happens. "Actually, the world pays very little attention to first novels."

Long afterward, when other books of mine had been published, I thanked Harold for that remark. He said he remembered it well and that he had hated saying it. But it was better to be frank with beginning authors; it saved them worse suffering in the end. In thirty years of association, I remember just three letters of professional comment that Harold showed me. All

three had a profound effect, and there is no doubt that Harold knew they would and had calculated it out to the last twinge. The first came from Fanny Heaslip Lea, the novelist and short story writer, who had introduced me to Harold after reading the manuscript of my novel. My manuscript had amateurish places in it, Fanny's letter said, but she thought that I could learn to write. The juxtaposition of those two remarks was enough to set a writer off like a time bomb and Harold knew it. I took the letter home with me and went to work.

The second letter came a few years later and it was from Frederick Lewis Allen, then editor in chief of *Harper's* magazine. I was trying to write personal essays, eventually to be published as a small collection called *Friends and Fiddlers*. But the unfamiliar form crippled me; I was stiff and self-conscious. Harold offered two of the essays to *Harper's*, which already had published several things of mine. The essays were rejected. Harold sent them back with a brief note saying that he was enclosing Fred Allen's covering letter, which I was not supposed to see. But he thought it might be wise to send it on. "What is the matter with Mrs. Bowen?" Allen's letter said. "She writes like a disgruntled schoolteacher." I put that letter on the floor beside my typewriter, where it stared up at me. In anger and chagrin — all stiffness knocked out of me — I began to rewrite. Once again, Harold had known exactly what he was doing.

The third letter I mention because Harold Ober's accompanying note was so characteristic. The letter had come to Harold from Hamish Hamilton, my English publisher, who had just received the manuscript of my biography of Chief Justice Sir Edward Coke, on which I had been at work for six years. Hamilton was pleased with the book and said so. "When you read this you won't turn into a conceited author, will you?" Harold wrote. I used to tell Harold he was just like John Adams. If on Saturday night there was joy, on Sunday morning Adams turned it into cause for sober thought and future self-improvement.

HAROLD was indeed so reserved that I wondered, sometimes, how he managed in conference with publishers and with the lawyers who took care of his clients' income tax returns and plagiarism suits and all the tangled affairs of the literary business. When he did take an author to lunch, he could sit for ten minutes straight without anybody saying a word. One morning I told the same Miss Roberts of the *Woman's Home Companion* that I was to lunch at noon with Mr.

Ober. She shook her head and inquired what on earth we would find to talk about. "That New Hampshireman can say nothing for longer periods than the great Buddha." Yet, as soon as one found out that these silences did not make Harold Ober uneasy, they ceased also to make other people uneasy. After the smooth volubility of editors and publishers, Harold's silence had a reassuring quality.

In politics he was liberal, a strong supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and thereby fell into difficulties with his far-to-the-right neighbors of Westchester County. At a big Scarsdale dinner party the talk became viciously anti-Semitic. Harold endured it as long as he could. ("I didn't know what to say, it's hard to break into a conversation like that.") Finally he put his napkin on the table, got up, and left the dining room and the house. "My wife came along later," he told me vaguely. When I asked if he had mentioned the incident afterward to his host and hostess, called up or anything, Harold said No, what would there be to say?

We didn't talk about business much, though we discussed at length what I was currently writing and what I had better plan to write next. Harold plainly considered me feeble-minded where money was concerned. He told me sharply never to make terms with editors or publishers, but let him do it for me. Once he astonished me with a check for \$5000 from Hollywood; he said it was an option on *Yankee from Olympus*. The option covered eighteen large single-spaced pages, and it specified that the production could include singing and dancing. The notion of Justice Holmes *en ballet* charmed me (even aside from the \$5000), and I begged Harold to complete the deal. How did the office think I'd do in Hollywood? Harold said he would think it over.

I never heard another word about Hollywood and Holmes. Before I knew it I was deep in a biography of John Adams. Looking back, I am sure it was no accident that this pattern kept repeating itself, and that for thirty years under Harold's direction I wrote straight out of one book into another. Sometimes, at the end of a book, I would inquire if any publishers had sent in ideas for a new biography I might write. Last time I asked was just after *The Lion and the Throne* was finished. Harold said Yes, he had a list of a dozen or so ideas from different publishers; he had held them back until I finished writing. Actually I never saw the list because I started right in on a new book of my own choosing.

I don't know how it was with his other authors, but for me the greatest service Harold did was to keep me at work. Of course every writer is confronted, sooner or later, by false prophets who

urge him to change publishers or agents. The farthest pastures are greenest, and look how much that new agent, Harry Smithers, made for So-and-so on his last novel, what with digests and paperbacks. I remember one remark of Harold's that alone was worth thirty years at 10 per cent. We were walking along Forty-ninth Street toward his office. At this particular time I wanted to break away from books on music, of which I had published three, and write about Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Most authors overtalk their points. I had talked mine down to incoherence, tormenting myself with obvious logic against the venture, arguing counter to my own desires and then demanding of Harold why he didn't say something. Was it that old Yankee caution? What did he really think — should I try this book about a judge and the law? Suppose I ended up, five years later, flat on my face?

Harold did not pause in his stride or glance around. He looked straight ahead, and he was frowning. "People should gamble on their abilities," he said. He repeated it. "Kitty, you must gamble on yourself."

It was the sheer integrity of his character, I think, that made Harold's pronouncements so impressive — when he made them. Again, he was sparing of that kind of thing. His letters were triumphs of reticence. "Dear Kitty: Here is your Chapter 21 and it is a very nice one. Any comments I have are inconsequential. Filacer and prothonotary on page 17 stumped me but perhaps lawyers will know them. Isn't *fenny* a little far fetched, wouldn't marshy do as well? Sincerely, Harold."

That was in 1955, when I was writing the biography of Sir Edward Coke, with fourteen chapters still ahead of me. Long before, in 1941 or 1942, I remember sending Harold the first seven chapters of *Yankee from Olympus* — about twenty-five thousand words which were concerned entirely with Justice Holmes's ancestors and his father and mother. I waited anxiously for Harold's reply. "I am sure," he wrote, "that your book is going to be very interesting. Your books are always interesting. But how can I judge seven chapters of a biography when the hero isn't even born yet?"

Authors are exigent; there is no end to the sympathy they need and can absorb. A good agent knows it. During the final year of my successive biographies, my telephone would ring at exactly the right moment in the morning's work. "How is it coming?" the cheerful, even voice would ask. Plainly, Harold Ober was not worried about my book, so why should I be so everlastingly anxious? He was strongly against hurry in writing — a trait unusual in a profession which is forever sighting

deadlines and whipping up ideas for books that can be written in six months, articles that can be produced in two weeks. "Never mind if the publishers are pushing you," Harold said. "Take another five months if you need it. Take another year. Good books aren't written in a hurry."

It was my great good fortune to have a literary agent with a passion for history. Harold thought the writing of biography was "worth while," and he did not hesitate to use that comfortable, out-moded phrase. As he grew older, Harold stayed much in New York and let his young partners make the necessary trips to see his Hollywood and



Harold Ober at Beach Haven, New Jersey, reading manuscript of *THE LION AND THE THRONE*.

London affiliates. For his writers it was marvelous to know that Harold was in New York and available. Most agents and publishers seem forever to be somewhere else — flying to Paris to round up French authors, to England for play contracts. Or it is August and they are in Maine. For an author with a manuscript to be read, these absences are unreasonable, unforgivable, and altogether crushing.

As he grew older, Harold became more exacting about the quality of manuscripts submitted. It must have been hard on his partners. He told me ruefully that he could no longer judge the magazine fiction that came to his office. "I take home

a serial, and next day I tell Miss Olding it's horrible, not fit to print. Then she reads it and sells it to some woman's magazine for thirty thousand dollars." In his last years he read much for his own pleasure: history, philosophy — Carlyle, Froude, Santayana, Trevelyan, Burckhardt. He said he had given up reading manuscript on the commuters' train and read printed books instead. Right up to the end he continued to work in his Scarsdale garden. He had wonderful strawberries, and four thousand gladioli which he crossbred for new species; his wife, Anne, complained that he would break his back digging trenches for asparagus.

Harold did not like getting old; the fact of it seemed to embarrass him, as if he had done something a bit off-color that ought to be suppressed. Over the rafters in his living room was the big oar he had won as stroke at Harvard, with his name and class painted on it; he kept it rolled over so no one could see the date. When his sons came home from college for the holidays, they used to turn the oar around, to tease him. "Yesterday was my birthday," Harold would announce, standing in the office hallway. "I am getting very old." He would look quickly to see what we would say. I always made the same reply. "Harold, I know exactly how old you are. I have known for thirty years." This seemed at the same time to surprise and relieve him. "Why, I had no idea you knew my age!" he would exclaim.

Beginning in 1956 he had several heart attacks, one of which sent him to the hospital. But he never talked about his health. Some months after the first attack, I ventured to ask Harold how he had really felt about it. From his manner one would think heart attacks were part of normal daily life. Hadn't he been under any strain at all? Was he scared, apprehensive?

Harold shook his head quickly. "I felt humiliated," he said.

The summer before he died, some of us had driven down through New Hampshire with him and had prevailed on him to stop at New Ipswich and call on his Cousin Caroline. Cousin Caroline was eighty-five; she lived in a brick-ended clapboard house not far from the common. We drove up to the back door after the New England fashion; Miss Caroline was in the kitchen putting up beans. She had on a big apron and a cap which entirely covered her hair; she lived alone and she spoke with Harold's exact accent. We sat in the front room while the two of them talked, exchanging stories. Obviously there was mutual affection and respect. Miss Caroline showed a quick interest in everything pertaining to the world of books. It was the only time I ever heard Harold expand into anecdote — homely stories about the region, about his grandfather's friend, for instance, who was up shingling the roof and all of a sudden called out, "By the gods, I'm going to fall!" Then he said, "By the gods, I'm falling!" And then, "By the gods, I've fallen!" And he picked himself up and limped off.

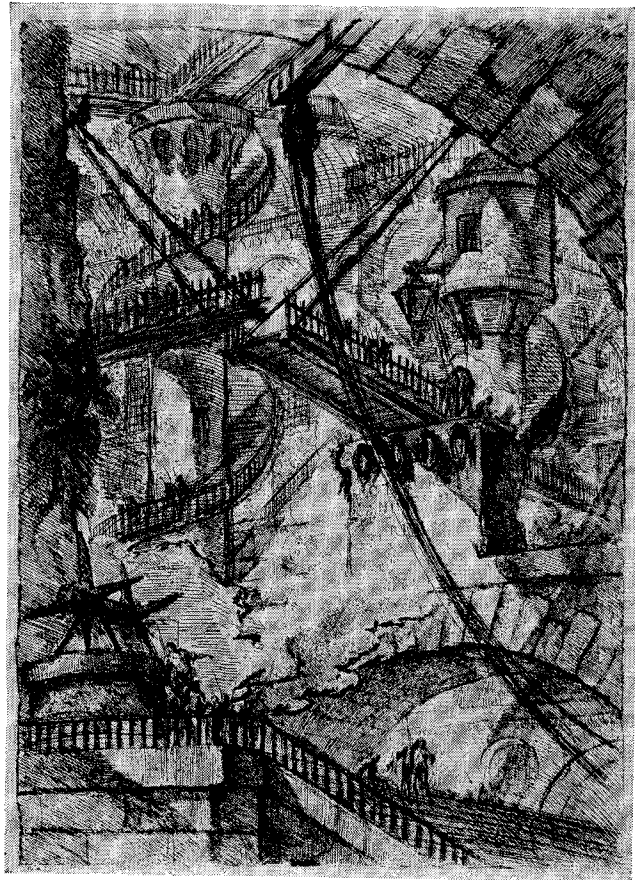
We left Miss Caroline and walked along a tree-lined road to the cemetery. Four stones bore the name of Ober; they were small stones, and they looked out over the valley and hills to the south. There was a big pond in the cemetery; boys were fishing in it. As we drove out of town we passed a little house, very old and set deep in a green slope. Harold said it had belonged to his great-grandfather.

All of us were glad, afterward, that we had gone there and seen the gravestones, Cousin Caroline, and the old house built in the green bank. They explained Harold Ober, defined him as New York City and Scarsdale could never define him: spare and kind, cautious yet believing, a gentleman of the old school who kept his sights high and his bargaining wits about him — above all a man country bred, in whose hands an author could feel safe.

JUDGE
DAVID L. BAZELON

A judge for the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia circuit since 1949, JUDGE DAVID L. BAZELON has had repeated opportunity to reflect upon the effect of punishment upon the criminal—and upon society. The article which follows formed the gist of the Brandeis Lecture which Judge Bazelon delivered at Brandeis University this spring.

THE IMPERATIVE TO PUNISH



IN THE administration of the criminal law today, we desperately need all the help we can get from modern behavioral scientists, before trial, during trial, and after trial. The law by itself, without these workers, is cast in the hopeless role of a socially isolated, traditional bulwark against the welter of personal, social, and economic forces which create today's problem of crime and the so-called criminal population. And, in this losing struggle, the law—by which I mean police, judges, lawyers, and prison guards—would have at its disposal a limited set of concepts honored largely by time alone. In brief, the law would have the *lex talionis*, the idea of retributive punishment based on absolute moral principles of purportedly universal application. By itself, the law would dispose of both the problem of crime and the criminal himself with the one idea of punishment. The program would be: Repress crime and all antisocial behavior by punishment alone; rehabilitate the offender by punishment alone; achieve social understanding of wrongdoing and the wrongdoer by the sole mechanical response, "Punish them—they deserve it!"

If these remarks seem intemperate, it is, of course, because they do not describe our actual system of criminal law. For one thing, stern retributive justice has always been tempered by mercy and forgiveness, by the ubiquitous impulse to afford the transgressor a second chance. This

Prison scene by Piranesi.

happens in practice even when it is not allowed by theory. We simply find it too difficult, too non-human to punish, punish, punish, even though we may hold most seriously the moral imperative to punish, and even though we may feel that we are wrong when we do not. And, for another thing, the behavioral scientists, along with their facts, ideas, and methodology, have, as a matter of fact, increasingly intervened at many stages of the administrative process. Social workers, clinicians, welfare agencies, even the police, as well as many others, attempt to deal constructively with the juvenile delinquent before he is sent to a reformatory to begin his professional training as the criminal of the future. The psychiatrist comes to court, and sometimes his presence there does have something other than a ritualistic effect on the outcome of the proceeding. He and his co-workers are more and more frequently consulted in the course of sentencing, probation, parole, and rehabilitation. And occasionally all of this activity finally has its effect in a judicial decision, even one delivered from an appellate bench.

Clearly, our criminal judicial system is a very mixed affair—some would say a very mixed-up affair. But things are happening; there is agitation and movement, much heat, and a certain amount of light. To put it simply, ours is a system in transition. We are painfully and slowly coming to a clearer understanding of alternatives and neces-

sities, and we are also making some progress in working out institutional and administrative means. Much of the intellectual ferment has centered around the wording of the jury instruction when the defense of insanity has been raised.

For more than a century, both in England and in most American jurisdictions, the jury instruction has been based upon the M'Naghten rules. The M'Naghten formula emphasizes the rational capacity of the mind and excuses from criminal responsibility only the individual who at the time of the crime "was laboring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know" what he was doing or that it was wrong. However this test *might* have been interpreted — volumes have been written on the possible meanings of the words — it has in fact worked to exclude medical evidence. I am almost tempted to say that under M'Naghten practice the psychiatrist appears in the proceeding only to testify to the irrelevance that the law has already decided upon. It assigns to the psychiatric expert in court a sacrificial role in a ritual of condemnation. The expert is asked a question which, most leaders of the profession inform us, cannot be answered within the terms of their discipline. And unless the rules are breached, as they frequently are on the trial level, the psychiatrist is not permitted or encouraged to address himself to the clinical questions, which are the only ones he is truly expert in answering.

A broadened insanity test was adopted by the United States Court of Appeals in Washington in 1954, one designed to relax the rigors of M'Naghten and to welcome the relevant facts and insights of modern scientific psychiatry presented in its own terms. The Durham test, substantially following the rule adopted in New Hampshire in 1870, simply asks whether the accused was suffering from a mental disease or defect and inquires as to the relation between any such condition and the criminal act. It has not yet been adopted outside the District of Columbia.

THE controversy over how to instruct a jury on the insanity defense is, in my opinion, only the peak of an iceberg visible above the water line. The peak is chiefly important as an indication of the general whereabouts of the much more significant eight ninths lurking beneath the surface. It is foolhardy to take the visible peak for the whole massive obstruction.

Well, what is this iceberg? If our system is in transition, then the question properly arises, Transition from what to what? From M'Naghten to Durham? Hardly. Certainly from M'Naghten,

but not just from that ritualistic phrase, except perhaps symbolically. And Durham, even viewed as a concept, as an approach — which is the way I prefer to view it, rather than as nineteen words of a jury instruction — is merely one way of welcoming the psychiatrist into the courtroom. It is a beginning, not an ending, and it relates to the insanity defense, which is only that visible one ninth of the iceberg.

I believe that the subsurface part of the iceberg consists of the retributive urge to punish irrespective of effect and the accompanying intellectual justification of this primitive urge, the so-called theory of deterrence. A deep emotion and a complicated rationalization.

Wherever one turns in an effort at reform in the treatment of offenders, one comes up against this need to punish and its defense by the theory of deterrence. Of course, there are many other arguments put forward at various times in justification of the present system, with its great emphasis on punishment for its own sake or punishment as the answer to all problems. For example, both Judge Learned Hand in this country and Lord Justice Denning in England, the first sadly and the latter more firmly, have referred to the *public's* demand that the sinner shall suffer. Judge Hand stated that he did not "share that feeling, which is a vestige . . . of very ancient primitive and irrational beliefs and emotions." Lord Justice Denning spoke more strongly by saying:

It is a mistake to consider the objects of punishment as being deterrent or reformatory or preventive, and nothing else. . . . The truth is that some crimes are so outrageous that society insists on adequate punishment, because the wrongdoer deserves it, irrespective of whether it is a deterrent or not.

I can assure you that similar views are frequently expressed from the bench in courts throughout our land, and often enough when the crime is no more "outrageous" than juvenile car theft. Sometimes the court, in relieving itself of these sentiments, will refer to society's demand for retribution, communicated to the court by some unknown intermediary, or perhaps so obvious as not to require communication.

So it is still the need to punish that confronts us, although at times not my need, but somebody else's. All this, as Judge Hand suggests, is highly irrational. I am sure that we must recognize this irrational need as a social fact, but I cannot see that we must abandon attempts at reform because of it. After all, the public that needs to punish also needs to forgive, and it especially needs to be given, for its own protection and well-being, the most rationally effective administration we can devise for it. It is not getting that now. The excessive emphasis on punishment, with the consequent

neglect of genuine rehabilitation, is accompanied by a disastrously high level of recidivism. In federal prisons, for example, the rate increased from 61 per cent to 67 per cent from 1949 to 1958. In this same period, the number of serious offenders who have had two or more previous commitments grew from 39 per cent to 46 per cent. Please realize what these figures mean: In two thirds of the cases, punishment neither reforms nor deters the prisoner when given one chance, and on the second time around, it fails again in nearly half of the cases.

THIS being the case, why is there such persistent, irrational emphasis on it? I think one reason is the deep, childish fear that with any reduction of punishment, multitudes would run amuck. It seems to me that this fear must be based on exaggerated notions of the role of punishment we had when we were children. The reasoning is: "We are good adults because we were punished when we were bad children; any adult who is bad should get some more of what we got when we were children. Transgressors must be punished to reconfirm our adulthood and our goodness, to distinguish us from them." But most of us who have been good for many years — or at least haven't been caught — have not maintained our high estate because of witnessing frequent public hangings and whippings or stopping to observe a malefactor being drawn and quartered on the corner of a busy intersection. Quite the opposite. According to the famous Warden Lawes of Sing Sing Prison, this is especially true of the prosecutors and judges who so zealously take upon themselves the rhetorical burden of carrying out society's need to punish. He sent invitations to the appropriate officers of the law to attend each of the 114 executions carried out at Sing Sing while he was warden. Not one ever found time to attend.

Perhaps one should be encouraged by the fact that the modern urge to punish is no longer so immediately personal. I suppose we should all be pleased by the recent report from Saudi Arabia announcing an important reform in criminal law administration, that hereafter a thief's hand will be cut off by an "expert surgeon" using anesthetics rather than by an amateur with a hatchet. An accompanying reform is that adulteresses will no longer be stoned to death, as in Biblical times. As Saudi Arabia enters the modern era, they will now be shot.

So there is something like progress in these matters. I would remind you that, not half a century before the M'Naghten rules were enunciated,

more than two hundred crimes were punishable by death in England. It is an interesting speculation whether England could possibly have become the civilized place it is today if the number of capital crimes had not been reduced. But Lord Justice Denning still believes in punishment for its own sake — or still believes that society believes in it.

The belief in punishment at a distance was strikingly illustrated by a report from South Africa last April. It seems that the caning of offenders was being carried out in a magistrates' court located near the center of Cape Town. Sentences of up to ten cuts were inflicted on malefactors, beginning with eight-year-old boys, in that particular jurisdiction. The matter became newsworthy when the public began to object to the practice. The objection, however, was not to the punishment itself but to the uncomfortable circumstance that it was administered in the business district of the city. One citizen complained, "We can clearly hear the swish and smack of the cane and the pleadings and screams of people being beaten." It appears that this noise was upsetting women office workers. Not only the women were disturbed. One man "said that his conversations with important clients had been interrupted by the 'howling of somebody being thrashed.'" The problem was solved by police assurances that the beatings would thereafter be administered in a basement, where they would not disturb the public.

What has to be explained, and finally understood, is the really frightening scope of the irrationality of our notions and practices regarding punishment. It seems that we just do not know how to be practical about the matter. For example, most of us, I imagine, have achieved major control over our own aggressive and vindictive impulses. We would be revolted to watch a hanging or a beating, and even more to participate in one. When we are personally called upon to administer punishment or any form of serious deprivation, we take the task as a heavy duty and think very hard to make certain that we do no more and no less than we feel to be necessary and effective in the circumstances. This is so in the disciplining of our own children or any other subordinates. But when it comes to the administration of crime, we hand the whole matter over to a distant bureaucratic machine, and we want to hear no more about it. Our attitude is, Let the state take care of them.

In other words, our personal resolution of the issue of vindictiveness seems to be achieved at the cost of our human capacity to identify with the offender. Isn't it strange that the criminal law tradition, which not so long ago was based on the supposedly deterrent spectacle of public pun-

ishment, has come full circle around and now can be said to be based, in effect, on the distance and even the secrecy of actual punishment?

I WONDER how many of my readers have ever seen the inside of a prison. What you would see there can be justified only on the assumption that the prisoners are less than human and that therefore the obviously dehumanizing process they are undergoing is appropriate for them. Because they have stolen property or committed acts of violence, they are outside the pale of human society, and that is the end of the matter. But, of course, after having further brutalized them, after having failed to deal with the causes of their behavior and having failed to effect any serious rehabilitation, we then release them into society, where they can experience their second or third or fourth opportunity to fail. As Karl Menninger has said, these people are failures first and criminals later. To be a criminal is not, strictly speaking, merely to have committed a crime. It is a social branding plus penitentiary training, all of which serves only to confirm the initial personal failure which led to the first antisocial act. As I speak of crime and the criminal, I should emphasize that I am thinking of the delinquent car thief, the mugger, the amateur burglar and armed robber, the sex offender, the man who commits assault and other crimes of violence; my attention is not directed toward the special problems represented by the criminal elite, consisting of competent professionals, the organization men of the syndicates, or the whole separate area of white-collar crime.

It is as if society cooperates with certain human beings who are social failures to create this object called the criminal. Our present system of punishment is an essential part of *this* process, not of any process that can be called reforming or rehabilitative. Why does society go to all the trouble and expense of creating this special class of human beings? I think chiefly because we really do not comprehend what we are doing, because we do not want to deal with the facts of social failure to begin with, and because we are not prepared to follow out the logic of our attitude and dispose of these failures outright. There results a sort of halfway house, neither disposal nor rehabilitation, but a new class of human beings to mirror society's confusion on the profound issue of failure in the educative process and reliance on punishment to cure or cover over all such failure.

What I am suggesting is that the criminal serves as a scapegoat. And this, as much as anything, is impeding obvious and sorely needed reform in the treatment of offenders. I use the word "scape-

goat" in the specific sense in which it has become a key term in the psychosociological analysis of prejudice; that is, a deeply held, unrealistic, projective image of a minority group indulged by members of a dominant group. The essential fact in this form of prejudiced perception is that the member of the dominant group refuses ordinary human identification with representatives of the minority group, sometimes for lack of opportunity, sometimes because of a deeper unwillingness.

But, as the analysis of prejudice has revealed, there is a very meaningful, if distorted, identification nevertheless: Just as the Jew is avaricious and the Negro lazy and lascivious, so the criminal is violent and impetuous in trying to achieve his ends; he has been foolish (if caught), has lost control over himself, and has done what he wanted to do just when he wanted to do it. Don't you and I have these impulses? Doesn't the anti-Semite envy the Jew as he imagines him, and doesn't the Negrophobe believe that the Negro has more primitive pleasures in his life? First we bestow upon them our repressed desires, then we place them outside the pale, thus neatly disposing of them *and* our forbidden impulses.

But, of course, it doesn't work. Eventually one meets and gets to know a Jew or a Negro. The Jew may be poor, the Negro deprived and unhappy, and in any event, both are recognizably and disturbingly human — that is, "like us." Likewise the criminal. We can see that he would like to master his impulses, and we see that we might have responded as he did to his provocations, to his miserable social and psychological background. We identify on a one-to-one human basis, if we retain the capacity to do so, and behold! the whole complexion of the problem has changed. He is like us, only somewhat weaker, and he has failed in a primary obligation of the mature citizen. He needs help if he is going to bring out the good in himself and restrain the bad. But first we must stop treating him as a pariah, as a person who is entitled to punishment and only punishment, because if we treat him that way, he will become that way.

Another point to be understood about punishment is that it is not a universal solvent. Different people react differently to it. This is perfectly obvious with regard to children and needs no elaboration. Our response to punishment is like anything else we learn; some learn better than others, and some learn the same lesson differently from others. In this broad sense, the criminal is the person who has been miseducated with respect to punishment and the threat of punishment. His re-education must consist of something in addition to just more of the same, more punishment. To conceive otherwise would be like giving harder and harder lessons in algebra to a

student who has already evidenced his inability to absorb the basic lessons. Only an incompetent teacher, a man of ill will or one with very limited resources, would go about destroying a student in such a fashion. But that is just what we do with so many people who, if they had had the proper capacity to respond to punishment, would not have got into trouble in the first place. We confirm all of their wrong feelings about punishment. And so we create a class of hopelessly recidivistic criminals.

I THINK that all I have been saying about punishment can be summed up under the headings: Punishment without thinking, Punishment as a mechanical and exclusive response, Punishment unaccompanied by a rational view of its purpose and effect. As the late George Dession, one of the most careful, creative legal thinkers about these matters, has said, "Punishment is never good in itself." That proposition is perhaps the first step toward wisdom in thinking about the criminal law system.

I would not want to give the impression that I am opposed to all measures of punishment or deprivation. I recognize the obvious utility of punishment, and its necessity: what I object to and wish to dissociate myself from is the all-or-nothing attitude which seems to characterize so much thinking in this field. Let me illustrate. When the Durham case was decided in the District of Columbia, a hue and cry was raised that great numbers of vicious criminals would soon be roaming the streets. Many people felt that either offenders are punished by execution or a penitentiary term or they, in fact, get off scot free, that *all* of them must be punished to protect society. Nothing could have been more off the mark, as subsequent events have shown. Persons acquitted by reason of insanity are confined to a mental hospital until it is determined that they are no longer a danger to the community. Such commitments may, therefore, continue for a longer period than would have been served in a penitentiary for the offense charged. They are clearly a deprivation, a negative sanction, and in this sense punishment, but with the very important difference that this form of punishment is not retributive, it is no more than may be necessary, and it is subordinate to the purpose of rehabilitation.

Some people seem to feel that whenever trained workers, including psychiatric therapists, supplement the work of police and prison guards, or play any independent role at all, the offender will be mollycoddled, and consequently society's bulwark against crime will crumble. This is nonsense, but the attitude persists.

Dr. Melitta Schmideberg of the Association for the Psychiatric Treatment of Offenders is one of the most devoted and distinguished workers in her field. I am not competent to underwrite the validity of her views, but she is a richly experienced therapist in this special and rather neglected area of treatment. She believes in a strongly directive therapy and understands that the threat of loss of liberty — of going to jail or going back to jail — plays an important part in her work with probational offenders or recidivists. This threat is an ever-present backdrop to her efforts to help the patient get along with his probation officer, to stop breaking the law, to get a job and hold it, and so on. She feels that "Fear of punishment and guilt keep normal people in check, but an overdose of anxiety can react in the opposite direction on criminals." She states the problem as follows: "If the therapist condemns the offender out and out, he cannot treat him; if he condones his offense, he cannot change him." This is certainly not a mollycoddling approach. On the other hand, she objects eloquently to the psychological effect on offenders of a period in the usual penitentiary. She feels that one of the most imperative uses of therapy is to help the ex-convict overcome the effects of prison. Now, does it strike anyone as sensible to deny early treatment of first offenders, send them to a penitentiary where their dangerous problems will be dangerously augmented, and then end up with an infinitely more difficult problem-personality to deal with later on?

WHY do we do it? Why do we treat offenders this way? Any adequate answer will probably be found to lie very deeply indeed, probably at the core of man's inhumanity to man, in each of us and in the history of all of us.

But when we transcend our emotional urge to punish and begin to think seriously about crime and the criminal without such undue reliance on the one idea of punishment, we come up against an intellectually much more formidable barrier. And that is the ubiquitous theory of deterrence. On the intellectual level, this theory turns out to be the greatest barrier to progress in the criminal law.

This theory proposes that actual malefactors be punished in order to deter potential malefactors. Now, clearly, the convicted prisoner was not deterred by the prior punishment of others from committing the crime which placed him in prison. And to speak of deterring him from committing another offense later takes us back to the previous discussion of the effectiveness of punishment and concerns rehabilitation, not deterrence. So the

theory, properly considered, involves only the justification of punishment because of its show effect, its supposed effect on others.

Logically, of course, the more we witness the pains of punishment, the more likely we are to be deterred from crime (that is, if active fear deters). Originally, this logic was a part of the deterrence theory. But in our day it is not. To illustrate this, I should like to quote from the 1953 report of the Royal Commission of Capital Punishment:

In the first half of the nineteenth century executions still took place in public. This indeed was thought to be an essential part of the deterrent value of the death penalty. But public executions, though the publicity was deterrent in intention . . . became in practice a degrading form of popular entertainment, which could serve only to deprave the minds of the spectators.

Parliament ended the practice in 1868. The report also suggests that the method of hanging was invented and found favor because of its "advertisement value." But at the hearings before the commission, "witness after witness" defended hanging because it was the most humane method of execution! The report notes this "surprising inversion" succinctly as follows:

Thus a method of execution whose special merit was formerly thought to be that it was peculiarly degrading is now defended on the ground that it is uniquely humane.

So, clearly the deterrence theory is not quite so logical as it used to be.

A common argument offered in support of deterrence is this: The ordinary citizen would not obey traffic signals if sanctions were not imposed on all drivers for breach of the rules. This argument depends for its persuasiveness on a supposed identity between a traffic violation and murder, assault, and grand theft, all these being "breach of the rules." Although I suppose they all do come under this category, the empirical differences are more impressive to me than the abstract similarity. But more important, because of the precondition of licensing, the persons to whom traffic rules are addressed are a select group to begin with; those who are incompetent to conform to the rules, for whatever reasons, are weeded out before the sanction system is applied. And that is an important point. Although traffic rules have very little moral force behind them, the system works tolerably well just because reliance is not placed solely on sanctions but also on the judgment of competence.

I think we all understand that the maintenance of public order must be backed up by a system of sanctions, deprivations — punishments, if you please. Neither law nor morality can sustain

itself, from generation to generation, without the threat of some form of punishment. But the difficult point to be comprehended here is that the system requires the *threat* of punishment, not punishment itself. An internal control system generated by our mores and received beliefs keeps most of us from stealing. For those who require external controls, it is the threat of going to jail, not actual time spent there, that keeps them from illegal acts. Actual sanctions are needed, as far as the system is concerned, only to give substance to the threat, to keep it from being reduced to impotence. The problem really posed by the question of deterrence is: How much actual punishment, and what kind of actual punishment, is required in order to sustain the threat of punishment at an effective level? Or, stated inversely, now looking at the problem from the point of view of the individual rather than the system: How much nonpunishment, how much besides punishment, can be allowed in treatment of the individual without inviting a breakdown of the system of sanctions?

I do not propose to solve this problem here, even stated in such fashion. But I do want to make a few observations about this critical and perplexing question. First of all, I believe that in the absence of decisive empirical data, we should take a developmental approach; that is, we should view the issue historically and not assume that any particular status quo is ultimate and unalterable. I will confess that I am subjectively distrustful of proponents of deterrence who answer the question: How much punishment is necessary? with the quick reply: Exactly as much as we now have. And those who use the necessity of deterrence to justify the scandal of our prison system also earn my suspicion.

Punishment has a role to play in the education and re-education of the individual. The threat of some form of deprivation is, of course, essential in the functioning of any moral or legal system, and the threat must have substance. But these basic requirements of the criminal law have been used — I will say misused — to justify the present system, which contains a preposterous predominance of senseless punitive elements. The theory of deterrence, as too frequently applied, results in degrading the individual for a purported social purpose — contrary to the democratic ethos. In doing so, in casting the individual offender in the role of a scapegoat, it begs the entire question of justice. And while no socio-legal system can reach a perfect incarnation of justice, none can survive in the hearts of the

people which bypasses or does not engage the issue seriously.

If we were not so set on punishing the offender for the sake of punishment, if we did not justify this practice by reference to its deterrent effect, we could understand that rehabilitation lies at the spiritual heart of any vital moral system. The alternative can only be destructiveness. Even the violent corporal punishments of the past were designed to rehabilitate the wrongdoer's soul, which was held to be of much greater concern than his body. In our secular age, we have lost sight of this spiritual truth. But we still punish, without hope of reformation, without belief in saving the soul by damning the earthly body. And our entire moral system suffers thereby.

Would it really be the end of the world if all jails were turned into hospitals or rehabilitation centers? The offender would then, just as the committed mental patient is today, be deprived of his dearest possession, his personal liberty. Punishment enough, I should think, to satisfy our punitive urge and to induce a deterrent fear. The offender's purpose in such a rehabilitation center would be to change his personality, his very style of responding to life. I should like to suggest, quite seriously, that this is the greatest sanction of them all. And it is, indeed, the true command of all religion and all morality.

The difference between the offender and the mental patient and the rest of us happily normal citizens is that they have a special problem and need special help in living up to society's expectations. A few of us have had special problems in the course of our lives, but we were lucky enough to get the help we needed or strong enough to get by on our own. We are entitled to congratulate ourselves on the superiority of our endowment or good fortune but not, I think, to celebrate our triumphs by degrading our less fortunate neighbors. Is it in any way necessary for our own benefit to perpetuate the shame of our penitentiaries, where a youthful offender, having been processed through the homosexual auction block, will be taught the ways of crime and perversity by a hardened expert?

Among the many serious issues I have not discussed, prominent mention should be made of

the current and future limits of that omnibus grouping called the behavioral sciences. How much of the promise is valid hope; how much wishful thinking? We can only find out by trying, by experimenting. Take the question of psychiatric treatment, for example. It seems clear that new, more sophisticated techniques will have to be developed with more pointed relevance to the problems of offenders. But where are the experimental clinics, where are the budgets to attract competent staffs, where is the administrative approach that would welcome and facilitate this urgent work? Blocked, I have suggested, by the belief in punishment.

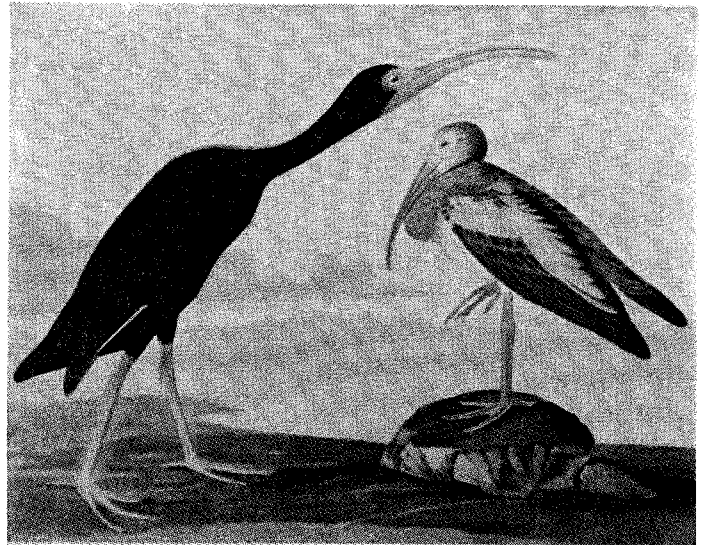
Many critics of the reforming attitude in criminal law administration fear the unknown contours of a future dominated by the experimental ideas of rehabilitation. Reformers may share some of these fears, but they are motivated even more by fear of the consequences of continuing our present practices. I am deeply disturbed by the whole question of the indeterminacy of the period of incarceration, which is a very serious problem today and will undoubtedly grow in importance as reforms favoring rehabilitation are instituted. The image of one class of experts administering the lives of another class of unfortunates has some very disquieting aspects. I comfort myself with the thought that images of the future are frequently discomfiting, and that early surgery, for example, was probably greeted with the same disquiet.

New problems have a way of begetting new solutions, and in this instance, solutions may be found which will be consonant with our traditional concern for civil liberties. I, for one, have no intention of advocating permanent incarceration for behavior not seriously dangerous to society.

Crime and criminals belong very much to their particular time and place. They grow out of very specific social settings. Moreover, any system of sanctions and any system of rehabilitation apply to and within a society; they do not substitute for one. And these systems cannot be much better than the society in which they exist. On the other hand, they should not be worse. I leave you with the question of whether they in fact are.

THE SCARLET IBIS

After training as a chemical engineer, JAMES HURST switched directions and studied singing at the Juilliard School of Music and in Rome. After a brief and unsuccessful fling at an operatic career in New York, he settled down as a bank clerk at night and a writer during the day. His stories have been published in small reviews, but this touching story of a boy and his crippled brother marks Mr. Hurst's first appearance in a national magazine.



A STORY BY JAMES HURST

IT WAS in the clove of seasons, summer was dead but autumn had not yet been born, that the ibis lit in the bleeding tree. The flower garden was stained with rotting brown magnolia petals and ironweeds grew rank amid the purple phlox. The five o'clocks by the chimney still marked time, but the oriole nest in the elm was untenanted and rocked back and forth like an empty cradle. The last graveyard flowers were blooming, and their smell drifted across the cotton field and through every room of our house, speaking softly the names of our dead.

It's strange that all this is still so clear to me, now that that summer has long since fled and time has had its way. A grindstone stands where the bleeding tree stood, just outside the kitchen door, and now if an oriole sings in the elm, its song seems to die up in the leaves, a silvery dust. The flower garden is prim, the house a gleaming white, and the pale fence across the yard stands straight and spruce. But sometimes (like right now), as I sit in the cool, green-draped parlor, the grindstone begins to turn, and time with all its changes is ground away — and I remember Doodle.

Doodle was just about the craziest brother a boy ever had. Of course, he wasn't a crazy crazy

like old Miss Leedie, who was in love with President Wilson and wrote him a letter every day, but was a nice crazy, like someone you meet in your dreams. He was born when I was six and was, from the outset, a disappointment. He seemed all head, with a tiny body which was red and shriveled like an old man's. Everybody thought he was going to die — everybody except Aunt Nicey, who had delivered him. She said he would live because he was born in a caul and cauls were made from Jesus' nightgown. Daddy had Mr. Heath, the carpenter, build a little mahogany coffin for him. But he didn't die, and when he was three months old Mama and Daddy decided they might as well name him. They named him William Armstrong, which was like tying a big tail on a small kite. Such a name sounds good only on a tombstone.

I thought myself pretty smart at many things, like holding my breath, running, jumping, or climbing the vines in Old Woman Swamp, and I wanted more than anything else someone to race to Horsehead Landing, someone to box with, and someone to perch with in the top fork of the great pine behind the barn, where across the fields and swamps you could see the sea. I wanted a brother. But Mama, crying, told me that even if William

Scarlet ibis by John James Audubon.

Armstrong lived, he would never do these things with me. He might not, she sobbed, even be "all there." He might, as long as he lived, lie on the rubber sheet in the center of the bed in the front bedroom where the white marquisette curtains billowed out in the afternoon sea breeze, rustling like palmetto fronds.

It was bad enough having an invalid brother, but having one who possibly was not all there was unbearable, so I began to make plans to kill him by smothering him with a pillow. However, one afternoon as I watched him, my head poked between the iron posts of the foot of the bed, he looked straight at me and grinned. I skipped through the rooms, down the echoing halls, shouting, "Mama, he smiled. He's all there! He's all there!" and he was.

WHEN he was two, if you laid him on his stomach, he began to try to move himself, straining terribly. The doctor said that with his weak heart this strain would probably kill him, but it didn't. Trembling, he'd push himself up, turning first red, then a soft purple, and finally collapse back onto the bed like an old worn-out doll. I can still see Mama watching him, her hand pressed tight across her mouth, her eyes wide and unblinking. But he learned to crawl (it was his third winter), and we brought him out of the front bedroom, putting him on the rug before the fireplace. For the first time he became one of us.

As long as he lay all the time in bed, we called him William Armstrong, even though it was formal and sounded as if we were referring to one of our ancestors, but with his creeping around on the deerskin rug and beginning to talk, something had to be done about his name. It was I who renamed him. When he crawled, he crawled backwards, as if he were in reverse and couldn't change gears. If you called him, he'd turn around as if he were going in the other direction, then he'd back right up to you to be picked up. Crawling backward made him look like a doodlebug, so I began to call him Doodle, and in time even Mama and Daddy thought it was a better name than William Armstrong. Only Aunt Nicey disagreed. She said caul babies should be treated with special respect since they might turn out to be saints. Renaming my brother was perhaps the kindest thing I ever did for him, because nobody expects much from someone called Doodle.

Although Doodle learned to crawl, he showed no signs of walking, but he wasn't idle. He talked so much that we all quit listening to what he said. It was about this time that Daddy built him a go-cart and I had to pull him around. At first I just

paraded him up and down the piazza, but then he started crying to be taken out into the yard and it ended up by my having to lug him wherever I went. If I so much as picked up my cap, he'd start crying to go with me and Mama would call from wherever she was, "Take Doodle with you."

He was a burden in many ways. The doctor had said that he mustn't get too excited, too hot, too cold, or too tired and that he must always be treated gently. A long list of don'ts went with him, all of which I ignored once we got out of the house. To discourage his coming with me, I'd run with him across the ends of the cotton rows and careen him around corners on two wheels. Sometimes I accidentally turned him over, but he never told Mama. His skin was very sensitive, and he had to wear a big straw hat whenever he went out. When the going got rough and he had to cling to the sides of the go-cart, the hat slipped all the way down over his ears. He was a sight. Finally, I could see I was licked. Doodle was my brother and he was going to cling to me forever, no matter what I did, so I dragged him across the burning cotton field to share with him the only beauty I knew, Old Woman Swamp. I pulled the go-cart through the saw-tooth fern, down into the green dimness where the palmetto fronds whispered by the stream. I lifted him out and set him down in the soft rubber grass beside a tall pine. His eyes were round with wonder as he gazed about him, and his little hands began to stroke the rubber grass. Then he began to cry.

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter?" I asked, annoyed.

"It's so pretty," he said. "So pretty, pretty, pretty."

After that day Doodle and I often went down into Old Woman Swamp. I would gather wildflowers, wild violets, honeysuckle, yellow jasmine, snakeflowers, and water lilies, and with wire grass we'd weave them into necklaces and crowns. We'd bedeck ourselves with our handiwork and loll about thus beautified, beyond the touch of the everyday world. Then when the slanted rays of the sun burned orange in the tops of the pines, we'd drop our jewels into the stream and watch them float away toward the sea.

There is within me (and with sadness I have watched it in others) a knot of cruelty borne by the stream of love, much as our blood sometimes bears the seed of our destruction, and at times I was mean to Doodle. One day I took him up to the barn loft and showed him his casket, telling him how we all had believed he would die. It was covered with a film of Paris green sprinkled to kill the rats, and screech owls had built a nest inside it.

Doodle studied the mahogany box for a long time, then said, "It's not mine."

"It is," I said. "And before I'll help you down from the loft, you're going to have to touch it."

"I won't touch it," he said sullenly.

"Then I'll leave you here by yourself," I threatened, and made as if I were going down.

Doodle was frightened of being left. "Don't go leave me, Brother," he cried, and he leaned toward the coffin. His hand, trembling, reached out, and when he touched the casket he screamed. A screech owl flapped out of the box into our faces, scaring us and covering us with Paris green. Doodle was paralyzed, so I put him on my shoulder and carried him down the ladder, and even when we were outside in the bright sunshine, he clung to me, crying, "Don't leave me. Don't leave me."

WHEN Doodle was five years old, I was embarrassed at having a brother of that age who couldn't walk, so I set out to teach him. We were down in Old Woman Swamp and it was spring and the sick-sweet smell of bay flowers hung everywhere like a mournful song. "I'm going to teach you to walk, Doodle," I said.

He was sitting comfortably on the soft grass, leaning back against the pine. "Why?" he asked.

I hadn't expected such an answer. "So I won't have to haul you around all the time."

"I can't walk, Brother," he said.

"Who says so?" I demanded.

"Mama, the doctor — everybody."

"Oh, you can walk," I said, and I took him by the arms and stood him up. He collapsed onto the grass like a half-empty flour sack. It was as if he had no bones in his little legs.

"Don't hurt me, Brother," he warned.

"Shut up. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm going to teach you to walk." I heaved him up again, and again he collapsed.

This time he did not lift his face up out of the rubber grass. "I just can't do it. Let's make honeysuckle wreaths."

"Oh yes you can, Doodle," I said. "All you got to do is try. Now come on," and I hauled him up once more.

It seemed so hopeless from the beginning that it's a miracle I didn't give up. But all of us must have something or someone to be proud of, and Doodle had become mine. I did not know then that pride is a wonderful, terrible thing, a seed that bears two vines, life and death. Every day that summer we went to the pine beside the stream of Old Woman Swamp, and I put him on his feet at least a hundred times each afternoon. Occasionally I too became discouraged because it didn't seem as if he was trying, and I would say, "Doodle, don't you *want* to learn to walk?"

He'd nod his head, and I'd say, "Well, if you don't keep trying, you'll never learn." Then I'd paint for him a picture of us as old men, white-haired, him with a long white beard and me still pulling him around in the go-cart. This never failed to make him try again.

Finally one day, after many weeks of practicing, he stood alone for a few seconds. When he fell, I grabbed him in my arms and hugged him, our laughter pealing through the swamp like a ringing bell. Now we knew it could be done. Hope no longer hid in the dark palmetto thicket but perched like a cardinal in the lacy toothbrush tree, brilliantly visible. "Yes, yes," I cried, and he cried it too, and the grass beneath us was soft and the smell of the swamp was sweet.

With success so imminent, we decided not to tell anyone until he could actually walk. Each day, barring rain, we sneaked into Old Woman Swamp, and by cotton-picking time Doodle was ready to show what he could do. He still wasn't able to walk far, but we could wait no longer. Keeping a nice secret is very hard to do, like holding your breath. We chose to reveal all on October eighth, Doodle's sixth birthday, and for weeks ahead we mooned around the house, promising everybody a most spectacular surprise. Aunt Nicey said that, after so much talk, if we produced anything less tremendous than the Resurrection, she was going to be disappointed.

At breakfast on our chosen day, when Mama, Daddy, and Aunt Nicey were in the dining room, I brought Doodle to the door in the go-cart just as usual and had them turn their backs, making them cross their hearts and hope to die if they peeked. I helped Doodle up, and when he was standing alone I let them look. There wasn't a sound as Doodle walked slowly across the room and sat down at his place at the table. Then Mama began to cry and ran over to him, hugging him and kissing him. Daddy hugged him too, so I went to Aunt Nicey, who was thanks praying in the doorway, and began to waltz her around. We danced together quite well until she came down on my big toe with her brogans, hurting me so badly I thought I was crippled for life.

Doodle told them it was I who had taught him to walk, so everyone wanted to hug me, and I began to cry.

"What are you crying for?" asked Daddy, but I couldn't answer. They did not know that I did it for myself; that pride, whose slave I was, spoke to me louder than all their voices, and that Doodle walked only because I was ashamed of having a crippled brother.

Within a few months Doodle had learned to walk well and his go-cart was put up in the barn loft (it's still there) beside his little mahogany

coffin. Now, when we roamed off together, resting often, we never turned back until our destination had been reached, and to help pass the time, we took up lying. From the beginning Doodle was a terrible liar and he got me in the habit. Had anyone stopped to listen to us, we would have been sent off to Dix Hill.

My lies were scary, involved, and usually pointless, but Doodle's were twice as crazy. People in his stories all had wings and flew wherever they wanted to go. His favorite lie was about a boy named Peter who had a pet peacock with a ten-foot tail. Peter wore a golden robe that glittered so brightly that when he walked through the sunflowers they turned away from the sun to face him. When Peter was ready to go to sleep, the peacock spread his magnificent tail, enfolding the boy gently like a closing go-to-sleep flower, burying him in the gloriously iridescent, rustling vortex. Yes, I must admit it. Doodle could beat me lying.

Doodle and I spent lots of time thinking about our future. We decided that when we were grown we'd live in Old Woman Swamp and pick dog-tongue for a living. Beside the stream, he planned, we'd build us a house of whispering leaves and the swamp birds would be our chickens. All day long (when we weren't gathering dog-tongue) we'd swing through the cypresses on the rope vines, and if it rained we'd huddle beneath an umbrella tree and play stickfrog. Mama and Daddy could come and live with us if they wanted to. He even came up with the idea that he could marry Mama and I could marry Daddy. Of course, I was old enough to know this wouldn't work out, but the picture he painted was so beautiful and serene that all I could do was whisper Yes, yes.

ONCE I had succeeded in teaching Doodle to walk, I began to believe in my own infallibility and I prepared a terrific development program for him, unknown to Mama and Daddy, of course. I would teach him to run, to swim, to climb trees, and to fight. He, too, now believed in my infallibility, so we set the deadline for these accomplishments less than a year away, when, it had been decided, Doodle could start to school.

That winter we didn't make much progress, for I was in school and Doodle suffered from one bad cold after another. But when spring came, rich and warm, we raised our sights again. Success lay at the end of summer like a pot of gold, and our campaign got off to a good start. On hot days, Doodle and I went down to Horsehead Landing and I gave him swimming lessons or showed him how to row a boat. Sometimes we descended into the cool greenness of Old Woman Swamp

and climbed the rope vines or boxed scientifically beneath the pine where he had learned to walk. Promise hung about us like the leaves, and wherever we looked, ferns unfurled and birds broke into song.

That summer, the summer of 1918, was blighted. In May and June there was no rain and the crops withered, curled up, then died under the thirsty sun. One morning in July a hurricane came out of the east, tipping over the oaks in the yard and splitting the limbs of the elm trees. That afternoon it roared back out of the west, blew the fallen oaks around, snapping their roots and tearing them out of the earth like a hawk at the entrails of a chicken. Cotton bolls were wrenched from the stalks and lay like green walnuts in the valleys between the rows, while the cornfield leaned over uniformly so that the tassels touched the ground. Doodle and I followed Daddy out into the cotton field, where he stood, shoulders sagging, surveying the ruin. When his chin sank down onto his chest, we were frightened, and Doodle slipped his hand into mine. Suddenly Daddy straightened his shoulders, raised a giant knuckly fist, and with a voice that seemed to rumble out of the earth itself began cursing heaven, hell, the weather, and the Republican Party. Doodle and I, prodding each other and giggling, went back to the house, knowing that everything would be all right.

And during that summer, strange names were heard through the house: Château Thierry, Amiens, Soissons, and in her blessing at the supper table, Mama once said, "And bless the Pearsons, whose boy Joe was lost at Belleau Wood."

So we came to that clove of seasons. School was only a few weeks away, and Doodle was far behind schedule. He could barely clear the ground when climbing up the rope vines and his swimming was certainly not passable. We decided to double our efforts, to make that last drive and reach our pot of gold. I made him swim until he turned blue and row until he couldn't lift an oar. Wherever we went, I purposely walked fast, and although he kept up, his face turned red and his eyes became glazed. Once, he could go no further, so he collapsed on the ground and began to cry.

"Aw, come on, Doodle," I urged. "You can do it. Do you want to be different from everybody else when you start school?"

"Does it make any difference?"

"It certainly does," I said. "Now, come on," and I helped him up.

As we slipped through dog days, Doodle began to look feverish, and Mama felt his forehead, asking him if he felt ill. At night he didn't sleep well, and sometimes he had nightmares, crying out until I touched him and said, "Wake up, Doodle. Wake up."

It was Saturday noon, just a few days before school was to start. I should have already admitted defeat, but my pride wouldn't let me. The excitement of our program had now been gone for weeks, but still we kept on with a tired doggedness. It was too late to turn back, for we had both wandered too far into a net of expectations and had left no crumbs behind.

Daddy, Mama, Doodle, and I were seated at the dining-room table having lunch. It was a hot day, with all the windows and doors open in case a breeze should come. In the kitchen Aunt Nicey was humming softly. After a long silence, Daddy spoke. "It's so calm, I wouldn't be surprised if we had a storm this afternoon."

"I haven't heard a rain frog," said Mama, who believed in signs, as she served the bread around the table.

"I did," declared Doodle. "Down in the swamp."

"He didn't," I said contrarily.

"You did, eh?" said Daddy, ignoring my denial.

"I certainly did," Doodle reiterated, scowling at me over the top of his iced-tea glass, and we were quiet again.

Suddenly, from out in the yard, came a strange croaking noise. Doodle stopped eating, with a piece of bread poised ready for his mouth, his eyes popped round like two blue buttons. "What's that?" he whispered.

I jumped up, knocking over my chair, and had reached the door when Mama called, "Pick up the chair, sit down again, and say excuse me."

By the time I had done this, Doodle had excused himself and had slipped out into the yard. He was looking up into the bleeding tree. "It's a great big red bird!" he called.

The bird croaked loudly again, and Mama and Daddy came out into the yard. We shaded our eyes with our hands against the hazy glare of the sun and peered up through the still leaves. On the topmost branch a bird the size of a chicken, with scarlet feathers and long legs, was perched precariously. Its wings hung down loosely, and as we watched, a feather dropped away and floated slowly down through the green leaves.

"It's not even frightened of us," Mama said.

"It looks tired," Daddy added. "Or maybe sick."

Doodle's hands were clasped at his throat, and I had never seen him stand still so long. "What is it?" he asked.

Daddy shook his head. "I don't know, maybe it's —"

At that moment the bird began to flutter, but the wings were uncoordinated, and amid much flapping and a spray of flying feathers, it tumbled down, bumping through the limbs of the bleeding

tree and landing at our feet with a thud. Its long, graceful neck jerked twice into an S, then straightened out, and the bird was still. A white veil came over the eyes and the long white beak unhinged. Its legs were crossed and its clawlike feet were delicately curved at rest. Even death did not mar its grace, for it lay on the earth like a broken vase of red flowers, and we stood around it, awed by its exotic beauty.

"It's dead," Mama said.

"What is it?" Doodle repeated.

"Go bring me the bird book," said Daddy.

I ran into the house and brought back the bird book. As we watched, Daddy thumbed through its pages. "It's a scarlet ibis," he said, pointing to a picture. "It lives in the tropics — South America to Florida. A storm must have brought it here."

Sadly, we all looked back at the bird. A scarlet ibis! How many miles it had traveled to die like this, in *our* yard, beneath the bleeding tree.

"Let's finish lunch," Mama said, nudging us back toward the dining room.

"I'm not hungry," said Doodle, and he knelt down beside the ibis.

"We've got peach cobbler for dessert," Mama tempted from the doorway.

Doodle remained kneeling. "I'm going to bury him."

"Don't you dare touch him," Mama warned. "There's no telling what disease he might have had."

"All right," said Doodle. "I won't."

Daddy, Mama, and I went back to the dining-room table, but we watched Doodle through the open door. He took out a piece of string from his pocket and, without touching the ibis, looped one end around its neck. Slowly, while singing softly *Shall We Gather at the River*, he carried the bird around to the front yard and dug a hole in the flower garden, next to the petunia bed. Now we were watching him through the front window, but he didn't know it. His awkwardness at digging the hole with a shovel whose handle was twice as long as he was made us laugh, and we covered our mouths with our hands so he wouldn't hear.

When Doodle came into the dining room, he found us seriously eating our cobbler. He was pale and lingered just inside the screen door. "Did you get the scarlet ibis buried?" asked Daddy.

Doodle didn't speak but nodded his head.

"Go wash your hands, and then you can have some peach cobbler," said Mama.

"I'm not hungry," he said.

"Dead birds is bad luck," said Aunt Nicey, poking her head from the kitchen door. "Specially red dead birds!"

As soon as I had finished eating, Doodle and I hurried off to Horsehead Landing. Time was short, and Doodle still had a long way to go if he was going to keep up with the other boys when he started school. The sun, gilded with the yellow cast of autumn, still burned fiercely, but the dark green woods through which we passed were shady and cool. When we reached the landing, Doodle said he was too tired to swim, so we got into a skiff and floated down the creek with the tide. Far off in the marsh a rail was scolding, and over on the beach locusts were singing in the myrtle trees. Doodle did not speak and kept his head turned away, letting one hand trail limply in the water.

After we had drifted a long way, I put the oars in place and made Doodle row back against the tide. Black clouds began to gather in the southwest, and he kept watching them, trying to pull the oars a little faster. When we reached Horsehead Landing, lightning was playing across half the sky and thunder roared out, hiding even the sound of the sea. The sun disappeared and darkness descended, almost like night. Flocks of marsh crows flew by, heading inland to their roosting trees, and two egrets, squawking, arose from the oyster-rock shallows and careened away.

Doodle was both tired and frightened, and when he stepped from the skiff he collapsed onto the mud, sending an armada of fiddler crabs rustling off into the marsh grass. I helped him up, and as he wiped the mud off his trousers, he smiled at me ashamedly. He had failed and we both knew it, so we started back home, racing the storm. We never spoke (What are the words that can solder cracked pride?), but I knew he was watching me, watching for a sign of mercy. The lightning was near now, and from fear he walked so close behind me he kept stepping on my heels. The faster I walked, the faster he walked, so I began to run. The rain was coming, roaring through the pines, and then, like a bursting Roman candle, a gum tree ahead of us was shattered by a bolt of lightning. When the deafening peal of thunder had died, and in the moment before the rain arrived, I heard Doodle, who had fallen behind, cry out, "Brother, Brother, don't leave me! Don't leave me!"

The knowledge that Doodle's and my plans had come to naught was bitter, and that streak of cruelty within me awakened. I ran as fast as I could, leaving him far behind with a wall of rain dividing us. The drops stung my face like nettles, and the wind flared the wet glistening leaves of the bordering trees. Soon I could hear his voice no more.

I hadn't run too far before I became tired, and the flood of childish spite evanesced as well. I stopped and waited for Doodle. The sound of rain

was everywhere, but the wind had died and it fell straight down in parallel paths like ropes hanging from the sky. As I waited, I peered through the downpour, but no one came. Finally I went back and found him huddled beneath a red nightshade bush beside the road. He was sitting on the ground, his face buried in his arms, which were resting on his drawn-up knees. "Let's go, Doodle," I said.

He didn't answer, so I placed my hand on his forehead and lifted his head. Limply, he fell backwards onto the earth. He had been bleeding from the mouth, and his neck and the front of his shirt were stained a brilliant red.

"Doodle! Doodle!" I cried, shaking him, but there was no answer but the ropy rain. He lay very awkwardly, with his head thrown far back, making his vermilion neck appear unusually long and slim. His little legs, bent sharply at the knees, had never before seemed so fragile, so thin.

I began to weep, and the tear-blurred vision in red before me looked very familiar. "Doodle!" I screamed above the pounding storm and threw my body to the earth above his. For a long long time, it seemed forever, I lay there crying, sheltering my fallen scarlet ibis from the heresy of rain.

EPITAPH

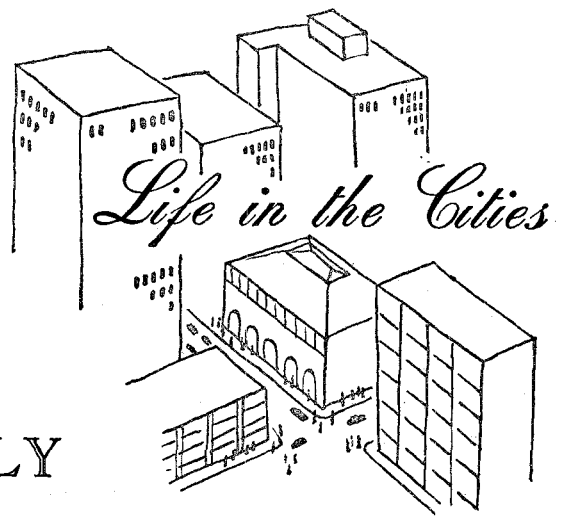
For a Lady in a Tapestry

BY II. E. CRITO

If beauty be its own perfection,
Then so were her emerald eyes,
And so her bashful feet
That were wont to dance upon mellow dreams.

If beauty be its own delicacy,
Then so were her slender wrists,
Her fingers swift as unicorns,
Longing and pale and red with rubies.

As beauty is its own absolute,
So were her thoughts serene;
And her songs were simple as stars,
They were rich and crystal as sea depths are.



THE LAST WHITE FAMILY ON THE BLOCK

BY MARVIN CAPLAN

MARVIN CAPLAN is a reporter for the Washington bureau of Fairchild Publications and covers Capitol Hill. He is also president of Neighbors, Inc., a recently formed organization of white and Negro residents in his section of Washington, which is working to improve relationships among the people and to preserve, if possible, the integrated character of the area.

ON HOW many white and how many Negro skins does integration depend?

J. Lindsay Almond, governor of Virginia, believes the presence of a single Negro child in a student body of a thousand is unconscionable mixing. Until the courts stopped him, he shut down any school threatened with racial blemish.

Morris Milgram, the Philadelphia builder who specializes in integrated suburban developments, set a quota in his first project of 55 per cent white and 45 per cent Negro. In subsequent ones, the proportion has varied, but he has kept them about two thirds white.

"Percentages, percentages," says my wife. "It's all a matter of percentages." She thinks Governor Almond is absurd. But she looks with favor upon Mr. Milgram.

The neighborhood we live in was a white one for about thirty years. Five years ago, Negro families began moving in and soon occupied about half the houses. Perhaps by now the percentage has shifted in their favor. That's too many, says my wife. She says it with a heavy sense of confusion. For she wants integration. She welcomed the U.S. Supreme Court school decisions. With a feeling of pride and rightness we saw our oldest child go off to a recently integrated elementary school. But the first year that she went, the school was 56 per cent white. Last year it was 70 per cent Negro. This year it is about 85 per cent.

When the Negro families first appeared, many white families fled into the surrounding suburbs. We came here three years ago, attracted by the roominess of an old house, after the first panic had subsided. White families are still moving out, but at a slower rate, circumspcctly, as if their moving now is a betrayal of those old neighbors who still remain. The PTA loses three white board members during the school term. The publicity chairman resigns (shamefaced) from the Citizens Association. Membership drops in the white churches. Percentages shift.

"If only a white family would move in," an old resident cries, as a marooned person cries for the sight of a sail. "I have nothing against the Negro. Some of the families moving in are lovely. But if only a white family would move in!"

Like most good middle-class city neighborhoods, ours has a serene, substantial look. The houses, one family, with large porches for the most part, stand back upon well-tended lawns. Old trees shade the yards and sidewalks.

The advent of Negro families has made little change in the physical appearance of our streets. Houses are still painted regularly. Grass is cut. The pavements are swept, the gardens cherished. The streets are empty in the summer. An occasional child, no matter what his color, will look well cared for. And if he is Negro, he is almost certain to be particularly well dressed and neat.

Even our next-door neighbor, a stanchly Southern widow of seventy-five who has lived most of her adult life here and can recall when the high school across the street was vernal wilderness where you picked huckleberries in the summertime and went ice skating on the creek in the winter; even she concedes that the four Negro families on our block are not objectionable. She hated to see them move in. "But," she says, with a strange pride, "*our* Negroes are different."

Then what is it that we fear? Why does the heart of almost every white person drop when a For Sale sign goes up? Speak to an old-timer in our block, or down the street, where the change has been more rapid, and almost invariably, except for an occasional complaint about the increase in children's noises, since most of the newcomers have young families, you will hear stories of how industrious and considerate our new neighbors are, what good care they take of their homes.

Yet each small disturbance is magnified in the wide eyes of fear. A new neighbor has a noisy party, cars drive up late at night, people appear on the street talking loudly or laughing, or two boys, or two gangs, one white and one Negro, get into a fight, and rumor runs through the neighborhood like fire. That's what we fear! Negro turbulence. Where is it? Next door? It is seldom next door. But it's down the street, next to old Mrs. Grandy, who lives there all alone, poor soul. Or it may not even be in our neighborhood. It may be blocks away in a poorer one. It doesn't matter. Each loud or violent incident is premonition. *Our* Negroes are different. But who knows who will follow them?

Sometimes, like a thunderbolt, the violence does strike next door, or near enough to frighten us. Four doors away, an elderly white widow is raped by a Negro burglar. It does not quiet my neighbors to read of a white suburban burglar who perpetrated the same crime upon his victim.

Live for the moment, I tell my wife. The trick is to learn to live with the Negro family next door to you (as yet, there is none). You simply cannot keep your reason if you try to live next door to every Negro in the neighborhood and next to everyone that may move in throughout the years we live here. It is good advice, but neither of us can quite accept it.

THERE are two things, among others, that we white families fear: overcrowding — two or three families, evacuees, as a rule, from the city's redevelopment projects, friends, cousins, sisters, aunts, pooling their meager salaries in order to move

into a modest one-family house; and profanity and violence on our quiet streets.

Yet a friend of ours, in a section of the city whose complexion is still unchanged, tells us with composure that in the big old houses on her block retired white couples have begun, illegally, to take in boarders. But they are all one color there, and no one reports them or moves away because of the proliferation of unlicensed rooming houses.

Another friend, who lives in a fashionable suburb, tells us with helpless amusement of the old bachelor who bought the house next door to hers and installed his mistress. Nothing stirs in there till after sundown. Then there are quarrels, curses, screaming all night long. But he is a well-known *roué*, scion of an old Virginia family, whose pranks have furnished the neighborhood with gossip for many years. My friend tells the story as a dinner joke, perhaps even with a touch of pride at having a local celebrity for her neighbor. She does not plan to move.

In our city it has become fashionable to live in the mid-city slums. Young professional couples, often with a child or two, buy a tiny cramped row house in the oldest section of town and proceed to remodel at great expense. They furnish it with the skimpy, compact furniture that is one of the triumphs of contemporary living, scatter a pound of grass seed on the tiny plots out front and back, and settle down contentedly across the street from the still unregenerate, stinking lairs of Negro drunkards, thieves, and prostitutes.

In our neighborhood the houses were built by generous hands. The rooms are generally lofty and well proportioned. We have porches and fireplaces. The kitchens are light and large enough to eat in. The yards are big and rarely without old trees. Yet it is a rare young white couple that will consider moving into one of these houses. And when a Negro moves in — usually a government worker, a pharmacist, or a teacher — consternation grips white families for blocks around and For Sale signs sprout on the front lawns.

If a strange man walked up to you on a public street and spit in your face and yelled, "I hate your guts!" you and everyone around would have a right to think he was insane. Yet white people do that to Negro families in my neighborhood every day and no one pays any attention to it.

Why? Surely you know why! Behind the appearance of middle-class respectability is the specter of Porgy and Bess, Catfish Row, and sex. Intermarriage is the abruptly blurted fear. We white people think it and voice it in our attempts to fathom the situation we are in. Beneath those clerky, neat exteriors the untamed African nature may still be lurking. Or it may not lurk at all.

We are caught either way. Either intermarriage is wrong because of racial traits and racial inferiority, or it is wrong — But there we stop, and reason evaporates in the air.

"It is all right for them to go to school together, but they should not play together," a teacher in my daughter's school says firmly.

"Why not?" asks my wife.

"Because then they'll grow up thinking there is no difference."

Well, noise and sex aside, aren't there other reasons for moving? Like calls out to like. "You know they would rather be with their own kind," a Jewish woman who is moving said to me. Graciously. Magnanimously. And what could I say to her? You shouldn't have to tell a Jew what is wrong with ghettos.

I'm Jewish, and sometimes I feel as if I'm standing on my head. We, the people of the Book, who have been oppressed by quotas, wish, if only there were quotas! We, the people who have been choked in restrictions, want to see movement into this neighborhood restricted. We who profess to hate hatred now find cause to hate.

Whose fault is it? Who is to blame for racially changing neighborhoods? The Negroes who precipitate the change? But they come because they desperately need houses and there are very few open to them, and it is our communal will to herd them into one neighborhood at a time rather than let them move freely wherever they please. The real estate dealers who find homes for them? Some of them try to scare us into selling our homes. But they say they only carry out our wish for homogeneous neighborhoods. They want to make money, and if white people allow rumor, panic, and causeless hatred to override their common sense, the dealers can't be held entirely responsible. The white families, then, that run without knowing their neighbor? But their animus was bred into them as children; they flee not out of prejudice alone but to escape the terrible tension of living with an unknown people. The city that does nothing? The school that does nothing? The church that does nothing? Blameless, blameless, we are all to blame.

Sometimes I wonder why any Negro wants to live among us. I asked a Negro neighbor, "Would Negroes be happier in an all-Negro neighborhood?" He thought they would, for he at least did not welcome the strain created by the presence of white people. But, he said, if there are no whites around, the police will begin to think of our neighborhood as a Negro district, the real estate brokers will think so, the teachers and the trash man. And gradually the experienced teachers will ask for transfers. The policemen will appear more rarely. The broken street lamp will

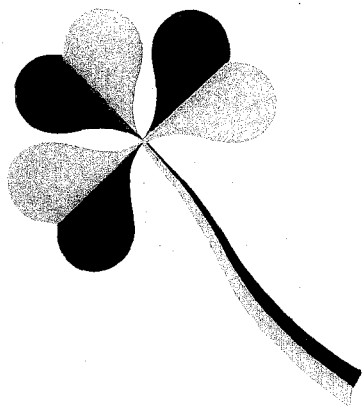
go unrepaired. The gutters will be unswept. And the awful stench of the slum ghetto that the Negroes are trying to escape will begin to haunt our streets. And even if, physically, nothing in our neighborhood should change except the complexions of the home owners, still the Negroes there will know they have failed again; they approach the center of the American community as one goes toward fool's fire in deep woods or toward the mirage in the desert, only to find no warmth, no drink, and nothing but the limbo he has always known. And yet the approach to the center will still be made.

Of every thoughtless, frightened white person who moves from this street I should like to ask one question: What will you do when the first Negro family appears in your new neighborhood? For, of course, that family will appear. Those of us who run from integration run in a circle. The time we gain by our evasion is only the time it takes to run off and around until we come suddenly face to face with the problem once again.

Having asked my question, where am I then? With the best will in the world, how can we stay? The neighborhood is "tipped," as real estate dealers like to say. Even though there is a larger number of white than Negro families here, few white families will move in; only Negro families will come readily, and it seems to us, in our moments of despair, that we are only a few years away from living in a Negro neighborhood. "Yes, yes," a liberal suburban friend says to my wife. "I understand. It isn't that you're prejudiced. It's just that you don't want to be the last white family on the block."

How reasonably she puts it. Who can dispute the soundness of what she says? Yet, even as she speaks, an old question nags me. Is it skin that matters? What about personal worth? If Mahatma Gandhi were alive today and moved into my block, some of my white neighbors would take one look at those sheets, those bare feet, and those ragtag disciples, and their homes would be up for sale by nightfall.

Still the questions keep flooding back, addressed to me personally. Do I believe in brotherhood? Do I believe we are all born free and equal? Do I believe in the sacredness of the individual? Suddenly I am pushed beyond easy platitudes into that difficult and stony place where we are forced to take a stand for our professed convictions or abandon them. I can't abandon them. Governor Almond is right. Integration can depend upon a single person. And if I am sick of prejudice, if, as a Jew, I know in my blood and bones what it means to be stamped "Refuse" and thrown out on the garbage heap, I have no choice. I must remain.



BORDER INCIDENT

BY JOHN D. STEWART

Author and playwright, still in his thirties, JOHN D. STEWART devotes his leisure time to writing and his working days to the British civil service. For the past nine years he has been stationed at Gibraltar, where he wrote his memorable article "Vulture Country," published in the ATLANTIC last year. But this lighthearted story of Irish shenanigans belongs to a mistier clime.

JANUARY, a lot of years ago, and a night like black glass; ice splintering and crackling under the tires, and no other sound; the soft purring of the engine had long since ceased to be a sound. Nothing to be seen beyond the blade of light dancing on the gray road and the bare silver trees trimming it. Then the doctor saw a red spark far away in front and a distant flicker of black-and-white barrier poles.

"Customs," he said gently, shifting his left shoulder to waken his wife. She groaned and nestled deeper in the rugs. He dropped his heavy gloved hand from the wheel to her knee. "Wake up, girl. They're after your new Shetland twin set and your Yankee lingerie." She struggled upright as the car crunched to rest beside the customs hut.

"Tell them you're a doctor, Denis," she said. "Tell them you're a doctor in a hurry."

"Ah, no," said he, smiling and shaking his head over her, "that I cannot say."

He reached across and turned down the window at her side. A lamp appeared; above it, dimly, a cap with a shiny peak and a golden harp; below the peak, a red and serious face tufted with sandy eyebrows.

"Good night to you," said the doctor.

"Good night, sir. Your papers, please. Where are youse bound for?"

"For Belfast."

"Are youse normally resident in Belfast?"

"We are. Here's my triptyque and all that goes with it. Isn't it a crying shame, the trouble this border gives Irishmen to travel about their own country?"

"Och, it throws a bit of employment," said the customs man. "I can't complain of it, myself. Youse are normally resident in Belfast"—he was scanning the documents. "Just up to Dublin, likely, for a bit of a holiday, doctor?"

"To visit friends," said the doctor. "Just a bit of a weekend to visit friends and relations and renew old acquaintances."

"Ah, surely. And this lady, now — she will be the wife?"

"She is," said the doctor; although she may look more like a daughter, he thought. The customs man thought so, too, for he hesitated for a fraction of a second. But he did not so much as twitch the lamp to throw more light on her face.

"Surely. Did you make any purchases now, ma'am, when you were in Dublin? Did you do any shopping now, as is customary, or purchase any new or dutiable article? Have you anything to declare?"

"No," she said. "Er, nothing, really — a few minor purchases."

"Ah. And what would you be considering a minor purchase, ma'am? Would you tell me that?"

"Oh, some chocolates." The rugs opened, and a large, half-empty box appeared.

"Ship's stores," said the doctor, heartily. "Ship's stores for the crew's own personal consumption on the voyage. Same as this here."

"Liquor, now. I was about to inquire about that."

"Opened," said the doctor, holding the bottle up to the light. "Opened and part consumed."

"I'd be afraid that would hardly do, doctor. Sure, a man might bring sixty bottles up to me here, and the whole lot of them opened and a drop taken out of each one. How would that be?"

"That would be ridiculous. But I have just one. I always carry a drop, in my profession."

"Ah, but you wouldn't call this a medicinal quantity, would you now? A noggin or so, maybe, for an emergency or the like of that. But a pint, now, doctor — that's a festivity, surely."

"Some people in this country need more than a noggin," the doctor said, smiling, to provide himself with retreat. "They have what you might call a tolerance to it."

"You're a great joker, doctor, but whisky's whisky, and the law takes a serious view —"

"Och, man, if you never see anything bigger than that."

"I'm afraid I'll have to confiscate it, doctor. My orders is —"

"I'll question it, sir, with all the good will and respect in the world."

"You'd question it, would you, now, doctor? Would youse come into the office a moment, both, and discuss that with the superintendent? Bring in all youse have with youse in the car."

"Tch, tch, tch!" said the doctor. "The lady'll get her death of cold."

"I'm sorry to have to cause you any inconvenience, ma'am."

The customs officer flashed his torch around inside the car after she got out and took two small parcels from the pocket in the dashboard. Then he strode to the hut door, opened it, and stood back. The doctor and his wife went inside. They stood blinking in the golden light of an oil lamp and gasped the dry heat, the gripping smell of coke, the heavy scent of plug tobacco, and the odor of scorched cloth. A very big man sat on a tilted chair with his feet up, warming his buttocks over a very small stove.

"Good evening, now," said the big man, rising, gathering up his features, scowling slightly at his subordinate.

"The doctor here has a bottle of whisky on him and disputes confiscation."

"Doctor? Ah, he does? You do, doctor? See here, now, the regulations —" He led them over to a wide notice pasted on the wall. "Look here,

now." He ran his finger down columns of print. "Whisky!" he said triumphantly. "Here it is."

"I declared it," said the doctor, "and I'm willing to pay the duty on it."

"You can't pay the duty on anything after five thirty, doctor. Preventive officers are only empowered to collect duty in certain specified circumstances. You wouldn't be having an export form by any chance?"

"Not at all, man dear. An export form for a bottle of whisky! What the devil is this country coming to?"

"Well, then, doctor, I'm afraid I must ask you to surrender the bottle."

"See here, now, superintendent, it's part consumed. It couldn't be resold like that, so it's not export."

"Aha!" The big man laughed. "You wouldn't like me to give you a lecture on medicine."

"It's for consumption on the road," the doctor insisted. "Bona fide, an ancient traveler's privilege. Would you take a packet of sandwiches off us because they were buttered with Free State butter?"

"Sandwiches is different — necessary sustenance. Sure, you know right well, doctor, a man in your profession, that it would be illegal, almost, for you to drink a bottle of whisky on the road, and you driving that big motorcar along in the frost."

"Not necessarily. I might be a three-bottle man, for all you know. And couldn't my wife here be responsible for a drop of it?"

"I love it," she said, and she smiled at the superintendent. Her face was flushed with sleep and the warmth of the hut; her hair hung over her face, and her eyes were gleaming in the lamplight. The big man smiled back at her. The doctor looked from one to the other and smiled to see them smiling; articles more serious than whisky lay undeclared in the parcels on the table.

"I'll tell you what," the doctor said. "We'll share it out amongst the four of us, here and now, and settle the argument."

"There is no argument. You can't argue with the law of the land," said the big man, but he had hesitated. She smiled at him again. "Whose land is it?" she asked. "Who lives in it?"

"It's against all regulations," said the superintendent. "Against all the customs regulations as laid down in —"

"There are older customs than those in this country," she said.

"Is there a cup about the place, Sean?" the big man threw over his shoulder. But his junior was on his way back from the cupboard with four. "Keep a lookout on the road, Sean, while I entertain the doctor and his lady."

"We have an inspector in this district without a laugh in his whole body. Born in a frost and slewed in a thaw. Him and a lady searcher, a pair. They wouldn't give you fresh air — and that's the only thing plentiful in Ireland."

"That and sociability," said the doctor, uncorking. "Would there be a drop of hot water, now, to embellish the whisky with?"

"Right here," said the big man, stepping nimbly to the stove. "It'll be hot in a minute."

"Any sugar?"

"Sugar, surely." The superintendent took a blue paper bag from the top of a wall of bags stacked against the side of the hut. "No shortage of sugar here." They sat around the stove waiting for the kettle to find its voice.

"By Holy!" the watcher shouted from the window, and they all swung around to him. "By Holy, it's them all right! The car, Gerald, the inspector! Gather up. Gather all up."

"Aye, gather up quick," said the big man, putting the sugar back on the stack and running for the cups. "All out, now. I'm sorry, doctor. Ah, the miserable sour man that couldn't leave

us a moment's peace even on a night like this."

"And the lady searcher's with him," said the window watcher. "Come on, now, doctor, come on. You've no idea the trouble we've had with this pair already." He now stood by the door, ready to open it. "Have you everything with you?"

"We have, we have, I think. You, girl?"

"These parcels?" she asked, pointing to the table.

"Ah, take them, take them, ma'am. They're only trifles, I'm sure."

"Good night, now, and safe home," said the big man sadly, looking at the bottle in the doctor's hand.

"Good night to you," said the doctor, corking it. They stood silent for a second; then, "Here, have it, the two of you."

"Ah, no, indeed. We couldn't do that. Not at all. It wouldn't be polite, doctor."

"Take it," said the doctor. "I never carried drink out of a party yet."

"Well, then, God bless you, doctor. You're a gentleman. And God bless your good lady, too!"

LYRIC

BY ROBERT HILLYER

"Here I am, though you're past caring,"

Sang the bird on the bough,

"Daft in the dawn, despairing,

With cold dew on your brow,

Afraid she has failed you now.

I'll sing her a welcome — hark,

Such notes as never were heard,

And she'll say, 'What is that bird?

No thrush or meadowlark,

No nightingale or dove,

No phoenix flaming by,

Or a swan winging to die —

It must be the bird of love!"

"She's coming, although you gave up hoping,"

Sang the bird from the tree,

"And you'd have gone off moping

To hang yourself maybe

If it had not been for me.

Beauty the day adorning,

More than the heart can hold,

She moves through a maze of gold,

Dear mistress of the morning.

Go to her, run, young lover,

Although your running seem

Cumbered as in a dream,

Go, for my song is over!"

THE SINKING OF THE BISMARCK

AN EYE-WITNESS REPORT

BY GEORGE WHALLEY



GEORGE WHALLEY writes about his experience at the sinking of the BISMARCK: "I was twenty-five, a sub-lieutenant serving with the Royal Navy; it was less than a year since I had joined the service. My point of view was therefore not that of anybody taking a controlling part in the action, but my letter stands as a private record of the sensation of actual warfare."

IT WASN'T much like farm boys hunting rats in a barn with pitchforks. The German battleship *Bismarck*, at about 42,500 tons, with a main armament of eight fifteen-inch guns, was the most powerful battleship in the world when she completed working up in the Baltic in March, 1941. On 18 May she sailed from Gdynia with the new eight-inch gun cruiser *Prinz Eugen* in company and refueled in Korsfjord just south of Bergen: it was clear then that she intended to break through the British blockade into the Atlantic. The commander in chief, home fleet, Sir John Tovey, had already made cruiser dispositions to cover the variants on that probability; he now sailed the battle cruiser *Hood* and battleship *Prince of Wales* and waited for final developments. On the evening of 21 May, air reconnaissance found the anchorage at Korsfjord empty, and at 10:45 that night the main British fleet sailed from Scapa Flow — *King George V*, five cruisers, and five destroyers.

This prompt action was soon rewarded. At 7:22 on the evening of 23 May, the patrolling cruisers *Norfolk* and *Suffolk* sighted the *Bismarck* and *Prinz Eugen* passing through the Denmark Straits. The cruisers, shadowing with great skill in extremely difficult conditions, delivered *Bismarck* for destruction into the hands of *Hood* and *Prince of Wales* in the early morning of 24 May. But *Hood* did not survive the accurate savagery of *Bismarck's* shooting, and *Prince of Wales*, dam-

aged, was obliged to break off the engagement. *Bismarck* continued to the south, and the shadowing continued with the object of delivering her to C.I.C.'s fleet. And so, steaming farther to the south on other matters, the battleship *Rodney* was drawn into the pursuit and finally into the kill.

The *Rodney* was long overdue for a refit; she had sailed from the Clyde for Boston at one P.M. on 22 May, escorting the liner *Britannic* and escorted by four tribal destroyers of the 6th Flotilla — *Somali*, *Tartar*, *Mashona*, and *Eskimo*. According to more than one printed account of the *Bismarck* action, *Tartar* was not in at the end and could not have seen what happened. But we were and did. In evidence: this letter written on 11 June, 1941, by myself as a twenty-five-year-old sublieutenant of the Royal Canadian Volunteer Reserve, appointed ten weeks earlier to *Tartar* additional and for training as a watchkeeping officer.

In wartime, Prime Ministers and Presidents can perhaps allow themselves the luxury of large public indiscretions; junior people, though less likely to possess crucial information, were enjoined to a strict secrecy, were forbidden to keep diaries or to write in letters any factual detail of places, times, events, units, ships, targets. No doubt the enemy thereby were kept in ignorance of much that would neither have profited them nor amused them; surely it has deprived us altogether of many vivid and strange records that otherwise would have been set down.

Etching by Charles H. Woodbury. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

In 1941, when all things were desperate, most of us, impressed by the importunity if not the example of our seniors, were for the most part silent, not sure that a piece of writing would be worth another man's life. But every now and then an event would occur so notorious that even the enemy said he knew about it or politically so praiseworthy that reticence would have been superhuman, and some more or less accurate information was made public. Then journalists would come on board and drink our gin with an engaging enough grace. I hope we weren't discourteous, but I don't think we ever welcomed them in the manner customary to wardrooms. We would answer their questions, but with a clumsy and suspicious evasiveness, perhaps not because they were journalists but because they were outsiders and because they had not taken part in the experience and so could not be expected to understand it. As a result, their accounts, with the best will in the world, were often unfocused and awry; the central facts were often right enough, but not the color and tone.

Yet, as long as the papers published some information — names of some ships, losses, positions, times — these could harmlessly be repeated to provide a not entirely ghostly matrix within which a personal account could take shape. The impulse was neither to record nor to express but to release into the hard crystals of words the mordant and impacted sense of horror and awe and beauty, to make the human token of a few gale-tormented sea-weary days and nights and the terrible spectacle of a major naval gun action.

ABOARD H.M.S. TARTAR JUNE 11, 1941

When the first word of the sighting of *Bismarck* [by *Suffolk*] came through, we were already at sea with *Rodney*. Already it had been a disgusting trip as regards weather. We were rolling through a great angle and pitching as well. After the second day we did not bother to stand up the wardroom chairs unless we wanted to sit in them.

The news of the sighting of *Bismarck* came not long before we were due to turn back. [At noon, 24 May, *Eskimo* was detached with *Britannic* and our] speed was at once increased to *Rodney's* maximum, which, although not a great increase, made the discomfort even greater. At that time, with the fleet dispositions as they were, it seemed most unlikely that we should be any more than an also-ran. We plugged on.

It seemed to me always to be night. I was only standing night watches [on the bridge]; for the rest of the time on cypher watch in the W/T office. There it was like watching a gigantic chess game with the whole North Atlantic as

board and each unit with the freedom of movement of a queen but without her devastating disregard for distance. The problem resolved itself into the question whether the shadowing cruisers could keep contact until dawn on Sunday morning [25 May]. Already the Fleet Air Arm [actually Coastal Command], *Prince of Wales*, and *Hood* had had a crack at *Bismarck*. The enemy was damaged and her speed slightly reduced. *Hood* had suddenly disappeared. [The signal sent out at six A.M. on the twenty-fourth simply said, "Hood has blown up."] It still does not seem possible that such a big ship, with beauty and speed in her lines, should suddenly have gone, that our ship's company taking their ease on deck will no more eye her with satisfaction and delight. A new grimness and determination entered the pursuit. If before it had been important to engage *Bismarck*, it was now a necessity. It was up to the cruisers, who so far had survived great danger in shadowing her through the diabolical visibility of the Greenland Sea.

I had the first watch on the Saturday night in the W/T office, also the middle. We thought we were going into action the next day. The seas were mountainous, so that we rolled down with a slow wounded motion, once or twice to fifty degrees in the morning watch, and on the bridge it felt as if she would never come back. Unpleasant weather for high-speed maneuvering for torpedo attack.

The sighting signals [from the cruisers *Suffolk* and *Norfolk*] came through rapidly, checked, improved again. Our spirits rose and fell according to the contents of those signals. The dawn would be early; only two or three more hours of successful shadowing by the cruisers, and *Bismarck* would be trapped and brought to action. At 3:06 A.M., 25 May, the cruisers lost contact and failed to regain it. We hoped to find her in the first light, but as the day wore on and no report came, a lethargy of disappointment spread through the ship. The storm had been easing. Now we turned and ran back into it again. There was little to cheer the men on mess decks flooded with water and rearing like a horse with an unpredictable motion. There was time for sleep for some, and sleep brought fresh hope.

I have lost track of the days. It seems, in looking back, like one long twilit day punctuated by meals that would scarcely stay on the table long enough to be eaten. There was an added anxiety, in that we had already steamed a good distance: if the action did not materialize soon, we should have to turn for home, ignominiously. The chase was now eastward, the right direction for us. It was at this time that one of the petty officers remarked how lucky we were to get the port anchor

secured the first night out. It had walked back on its slip and was banging badly. There had been a period of five minutes while altering course [as soon as we left harbor] when the forecastle was fairly dry. A party rushed forward and secured the anchor. It was very wet; at any other time up till the time of battle no man could have even attempted to reach the anchor.

Then the sighting reports came in again [at 10:30 A.M., 26 May]. The correct estimation had been made of the enemy's movements; he was actually on the suggested track our captain had drawn the night contact was lost. We started again to think in terms of hours of darkness. All disappointment was forgotten now. The net was closing rapidly. The Fleet Air Arm [aircraft for the carrier *Ark Royal*] were attacking; their torpedoes slowed her down. There was no escape for *Bismarck*. But it was an anxious afternoon while we waited for the air reports.

[Since early afternoon, *King George V* had been approaching us on a converging course; we joined her at six P.M. *Somali*, late in the afternoon, had to return to harbor to fuel. *Tartar* and *Mashona*, though very short of fuel, were given permission to remain as the only escort to the two battleships, *King George V* and *Rodney*.]

The dusk came, and the darkness. We went to action stations in a ship moving wildly through a heavy sea. The mess decks were wet and slippery. The various crews and supply parties stood to their stations, deriving what comfort they could from wet duffle coats. It was in the early dark of that night that the other tribals [of the 4th Flotilla, from Gibraltar under Captain Viaw] delivered their torpedo attacks under heavy fire. *Bismarck* was hit, slowed down, stopped once. [From nine P.M. on she was steering erratic and illogical courses — north northeast, northeast, north — away from her harbor at Brest.] We were closing her rapidly, and the dawn would see the action.

IN THE first light we maneuvered for position. The course took us to the westward. Our fuel problem was acute. [Shortly before sunrise and] before *Bismarck* was sighted, we left the battleships and shaped away, our hearts in our boots. [The commander in chief, since midnight, had been steering north northeast to north and working around to the westward to get *Bismarck* against the eastern sky at dawn. The destroyers could not possibly any longer steam away from harbor.] To have come so far, the only destroyers to engage in the hunt from start to finish, and then to have to turn back within an hour or less of the battle. . . . The battleships were only six or seven miles

astern when we saw them turn toward us again. We met and spoke a cruiser [*Norfolk*] who gave us a sighting report: In a rain squall to the southward was *Bismarck*, about ten miles away.

All this I saw from the bridge. The others were below in the wardroom (all who were not on watch), most of them asleep in the chairs, although it was not ten minutes since they had come below. I ran below to give them the news, came on deck at once just as *Rodney* opened fire. The rain squall had cleared. When I reached the bridge, *Bismarck's* upper works could be seen against the sky; also the flash of her guns and the white columns of water growing near her.

With insignificant gun range we lay off near the cruiser [*Norfolk*], maneuvering with her to keep the battle in sight [and serve as flank markers]. If we could do nothing at the moment, we might be able to torpedo her when her heavy guns were out of action or pick up survivors. It is impossible to imagine our sense of detachment, watching a battle between capital ships as one watches a tennis match or a film. There was now a bright sun in a sky only partly filled with white cumulus. The wind, still fresh, made a great play of blue and green on the water, stippling it, marbling it, whipping the tops from the short high seas, sending a lacelike drive of spray fingering its way over forecastle, guns, and bridge.

Against this dazzle of color and light the whole pageant, itself brightly colored, moved. For it seemed a pageant, majestic, wild, but surely not involving thousands of lives — it looked too clean for such a grim purpose, the daylight too clear. Against the sky we saw the enemy, now in full view, her almost-white, massive upper works, her long forecastle plunging, water lipping and creaming each time she lifted her head. By contrast, our ships, a darker blue-gray, their funnels white with salt from the heavy weather, the battle ensigns startlingly conspicuous. [*Bismarck* was sighted at 8:43; *Rodney* opened fire at 8:47; *King George V* immediately after; and *Bismarck* at 8:50.]

We watched the vivid orange-red flame shoot from the guns, saw the clouds of yellow smoke disperse in the wind, heard the silky sounds of the shells occasionally down the wind. The shell splashes mounted up, white, monstrously high, hung, and slowly drifted away like a clinging mist. *Bismarck's* gunnery was at first good, but although she already straddled *Rodney*, *Rodney* was closing her rapidly, and the enemy could not hold the range. *King George V* (being farther from us) we could not see clearly, but the flash of her guns was always on or near the horizon. *Rodney* soon had the range and was hitting hard. A dull red glow showed for an instant where a shell had hit. Soon *Bismarck* could no longer

manage controlled firing and, judging from the spasmodic shooting, went into local control. She was engaging both *Rodney* and *K.G.V.* and using her secondary armament for smaller fry.

How long the firing had been going on, one could not say. After she had gone into local control she fought on, but not with persistent fierceness or accuracy. The silences between her salvos became longer. There was a heavy hit aft. A light smoke trailed out astern. She was hit again aft. There was a great sheet of flame, after which the whole ship abaft the bridge was hidden in a cloud of black smoke. At times she turned directly toward us, and when she brought her beam to us again the smoke cleared for a moment, so that we could see that her afterpart now had a far different silhouette than earlier.

Fire had apparently broken out forward. A line of flame ran along her fo'c'sle and disappeared, but shortly afterwards, two forward magazines went up with a burst of flame that seemed to move quite slowly as high as the bridge. First one magazine went, then the other immediately afterwards. By then her guns had almost ceased. Only her secondary armament was firing, and now that stopped. She appeared no longer to be making way through the water. Her long fo'c'sle rose and fell heavily in the seas, but little white water was breaking over her. If she was moving at all, it was only very slowly. Her foremost turrets were awry and derelict. No detailed damage could be seen — except that she looked different. Her upper works looked unusually massive when first we sighted her; now she looked a very large ship, although she was half enveloped in the smoke of her own burning. All the time more ships were opening fire. The splashes of the sixteen-inch guns were about twice *Bismarck's* height.

With that sort of detachment, we watched through our glasses, calling the fall of shot as an announcer calls the strokes of a cricket match. But all the time there was running through my mind a vivid picture of the people in that ship. It made the sunlight and color unearthly and nightmarish. I could see men, dazed with lack of sleep, rolling out of their hammocks, running along the decks to action stations; or had the gray dawn and the early rain found them, as it had us, sleepless and cold at their guns and ammunition hoists? For days they had been driven and harried by ships and aircraft. The respite of thirty hours would give them little peace of mind or confidence. An afternoon of aerial torpedoing, and then, when the darkness came, it brought with it, throughout the night, the wolfish attacks by destroyers that brought her speed down, smashed her rudder, and for a time made her unmanageable.

After what her men had come through, these intermittent attacks must have left them with raw nerves. But they did their best to beat off each attack. If they were lucky, they did not know how close we were to her that night, that we were only waiting for the light, that there was no possible escape. When they saw *Rodney* and *King George V* that morning, they must have known; that was soon enough. I don't know what men think or do or look like when they know what those men knew. But I fancy they opened fire as one sees our chaps in action. They look the same men, they do their jobs automatically, they curse fluently and joke and laugh in the lulls, and two of a supply party will be talking quietly to each other. But these men would be tired, and shortly they would be dazed and numb with the concussion. What that ship was like inside after an hour and a half of shelling does not bear thinking of: her guns smashed, the ship full of fire, her people hurt; and surely all men are much the same when they are hurt. It was a great relief that we were not sent in to torpedo, a dirty job.

We stood by for half an hour or so after our ships had ceased firing. The cruisers and destroyers were closing her when we turned away and shaped for home. The black cloud of smoke grew indistinct and disappeared beyond the horizon. The sea had moderated, but it was bad weather for picking up survivors. We did not see the end. It was 10:30 when we turned away [and started for home independently, at economical speed of 15 knots: it seemed unlikely that our fuel would last to get us around the north of Ireland]. Shortly after 11:00 we heard that it was all over. [*Bismarck* sank at 10:36, after being torpedoed by a cruiser.] Those who could, slept — anywhere; for myself, under a table in the wardroom beside the radio, and was not wakened until three P.M. for the first Dog.

Looking back over those twenty-four hours, I remember coming down to the wardroom flat, at about 3:00 on the morning of the battle, to fetch something from my cabin. The supply party were asleep there, waiting for a call. It was almost impossible to walk through them without treading on someone. They were all in duffle coats, sleeping, as only a sailor can, in any attitude, wherever he happens to be. There was a complete silence, a sense of no soul about; only the sound of the ship in a scaway, the creaking sounds, the wash, the drumming of the screws. There was no light except that coming through the slats of the pantry door. It fell across the still shapes in bars and moved across the duffle coats and outflung arms as the light swung to the ship's motion. It was strangely still and beautiful and ominous.

When I turned in at one A.M. the night after the action, it was said that the weather was moderating. I am no authority, being busy at the time with sleep. But scarcely, it seemed, had I rolled into my bunk than I found myself pulling on my sea boots and reaching for my cap. There was a sound of urgent ringing. It slowly dawned on me that it was [the alarm gongs for an] aircraft attack. As I dodged forward against the gun crews who were running aft, I noticed that the sea was still considerable, that the wind still gave us a list to starboard, and that there were four aircraft in sight.

We were soon no strangers to the rising whistle of bombs and the crunching gurgle of their entry into the water. The close ones made a pronounced *ping* against the ship's side. You will have heard how *Mashona* was lost and how a providential lull in the bombing made it possible to pick up most of her people. It was sad that it should be the ship with whom we were especially friendly, from the mess decks up; yet we also felt that, if it had to happen, we should prefer that we were there rather than any other ship.

In an air raid on land, one feels that the attack is objective and of diffused purpose. Air attack on a ship is very different. There is an unpleasant strain of personal malice in it. You know that the enemy is trying to get you and nobody else. They attacked methodically and with determination. Our fire kept them high, but even so, there must have been someone looking after us. The captain's avoiding action saved us on several occasions. The nearest stick, about fifteen to twenty yards off our stern, failed to explode.

So the day went on. When the planes were overhead, we were busy; and when there was a lull, I wandered aft to yarn with the gunner on the torpedo tubes. We had aboard then nearly 150 survivors crowded onto the mess decks, dressed in the most extraordinary clothes imaginable, or blankets only [and the wardroom and sick bay full of wounded]. It seemed that if there were any justice, the bombs would not get us with our precious cargo. But each cry of "Aircraft port quarter" became more like cold air on an exposed nerve and made the survivors thoughtful. At about ten in the evening we managed to get some food — since dinner the night before, two cups of tea. We were still drowsing over the finished meal when the last alarm sounded at 11:30 P.M. The enemy's bombs fell wide, and one of our aircraft drove him away.

I stayed up for what was left of the night and from the bridge saw the dawn come cold and gray over the land. How solid and comfortable the land looked — and how unconcerned. Everybody asleep ashore; and if they had been awake,

they could never have guessed what incoherent prayers of thanksgiving had risen that day from a salt-weathered little ship with proud lines. Nor could they have guessed how others were waking to find no comfort in the dawn, hoping that they would wake again from a dream within a dream. There were many who never came aboard *Tartar*, and there were others who did who never reached the land. Late in the afternoon, after a rain squall had been hiding the ship for half an hour, tired men shambled aft in blankets and borrowed clothes. They passed me at the torpedo tubes; a long line of men who walked in silence and did not look up.

EPILOGUE JUNE 1960

I think the horrors that normally confront an infantryman in action must be very terrible and take perhaps a long time to live down. A ship heavily hit in action is not pretty, certainly; neither are her people, particularly if you see them in the sea, where shock and the cold quickly reduce them to infantile helplessness. But, for the most part, naval fighting is relatively clean; killing — if one must — at a distance. But the bodies of drowned men, whether killed outright and with intent by an enemy, or by some futile error of judgment like breaking one's neck with a life jacket, or at length after a very long struggle with cold and the darkness, or caught in a squall in a mishandled sailing boat, whether crusted with burnt oil scum in the bitter Atlantic water or lolling idle as seaweed under a Mediterranean sun; the bodies of the drowned men eventually lie face down in the sea, humped up in a posture of uniform and poignant ungainliness, suggesting no image of life. Of *Hood's* ninety officers and more than twelve hundred men, there were three men only who survived; over a hundred of *Bismarck's* people lived, but her complement was near two thousand, and many men had to be left in the water when the U-boat warnings came.

The engineer officer of *Tartar* got his brass hat soon after the *Bismarck* action, and his ship was torpedoed on the Murmansk run soon after: he would have lasted only a few minutes in that water. The first lieutenant of *Tartar* in 1944 was given command of *Icarus*, one of the destroyers that hunted for *Hood's* survivors. I am told that on one of those restless, still summer nights off the Normandy coast, flank guarding and patrolling to the northward of the assault anchorage, *Icarus* was lost without a trace. It was at night, so nobody saw the breaking of the ship or the breaking of the bodies; and no man turned from his plow furrow to remark with placid wonder so meteoric and mundane a disaster.

SYLVIA PLATH

A WINTER SHIP

At this wharf there are no grand landings to speak of.
Red and orange barges list and blister
Shackled to the dock, outmoded, gaudy,
And apparently indestructible.
The sea pulses under a skin of oil.

A gull holds his pose on a shanty ridgepole,
Riding the tide of the wind, steady
As wood and formal, in a jacket of ashes,
The whole flat harbor anchored in
The round of his yellow eye-button.

A blimp swims up like a day-moon or tin
Cigar over his rink of fishes.
The prospect is dull as an old etching.
They are unloading three barrels of little crabs.
The pier pilings seem about to collapse

And with them that rickety edifice
Of warehouses, derricks, smokestacks, and bridges
In the distance. All around us the water slips
And gossips in its loose vernacular,
Ferrying the smells of dead cod and tar.

Farther out, the waves will be mouthing icecakes —
A poor month for park sleepers and lovers.
Even our shadows are blue with cold.
We wanted to see the sun come up
And are met, instead, by this ice-ribbed ship,

Bearded and blown, an albatross of frost,
Relic of tough weather, every winch and stay
Encased in a glassy pellicle.
The sun will diminish it soon enough:
Each wave tip glitters like a knife.

A SUMMER ON THE DON



BY PAUL HYDE BONNER

A retired banker, soldier, singer, and diplomat, PAUL HYDE BONNER came to his writing career when he was in his late fifties with his first novel, SPQR (1952). His two collections of stories, THE GLORIOUS MORNINGS and AGED IN THE WOOD, display his characteristic zest for fishing, hunting, and the wonders of life outdoors.

THE day I returned to my home in South Carolina, I ran into a friend with whom I am apt to play poker on Thursday evenings. "Well!" he exclaimed, with a welcome grin. "Where have you been these last two months?" I started to tell him that my wife and I had taken a cottage on the Don, with three and one half miles of the river to fish, but he let me get no further. "So you were one of those who went to Russia, eh?" he interrupted, and the grin faded into a look of suspicious distrust, as if he had suddenly realized that I was one of those damyankees who might well have leanings that were too liberal for the good of the community. I had to explain to him carefully, and I hoped convincingly, that not all the Dons that gently flow are Cossack. The Don on whose banks I had lived and fished during the month of July gets its start in the southern hills of Banffshire, near Glen Avon on the edge of the Cairngorm Mountains, and flows in a wandering easterly course through Aberdeenshire, emptying into the North Sea within the city of Aberdeen. But I did not go into these details with my poker pal. I merely told him that I had been in Scotland.

Although the Don has its beginnings in the peat of heather-covered moorland hills, nine tenths of its eighty-two miles of flow is through rich farm-

land. This fact undoubtedly accounts for the presence in its waters of a large and thriving population of wild brown trout. There is little larval fly life in peat-flavored water, nor are there other trout foods, such as fresh-water shrimp and crawfish; and in consequence, one finds few brown trout in such renowned salmon rivers as the Dee and the Spey, and those that are occasionally taken are apt to be lean and poor. The Don, however, has a fine run of salmon and grilse from the middle of February to the end of May, and from June until October it is probably the best brown trout stream in all of Scotland. What little peat there is in it at its source is soon dissipated by the volume of sweet water that drains into it from fields of oats and barley and lush pastures where feed some of the finest herds of pedigreed Aberdeen-Angus cattle in the world. The country through which it flows is hilly for the first thirty miles and rolling from then on to Old Aberdeen. It is broad country, big country, with wide fields, a great sweep of sky, and a horizon of high purple mountains to the west and south.

As the source of the Don is at an elevation of two thousand feet, simple arithmetic will tell us that its average decline is twenty-four and one half feet to the mile. But simple arithmetic does not

always give an appropriate answer. It is a far faster stream for the first third of its length than it is for the final two thirds. In the beginning it is a rushing mountain torrent, but the moment it reaches the fertile farms it slows down, becoming a stately river that matches the dignity of the scenery. I do not wish to imply that it is in any sense a slow-flowing meadow stream like the Test of Hampshire. It has throughout its lowland journey long pools and shorter rapid stretches that are rocky and boulder-strewn. In other words, it is the classic salmon river, which happens also to be the perfect trout stream — one that can be waded most of the way and fished from the bank or a boat in the wide, deep pools.

I HAD met John Paton several years ago, while shooting at Findrack on Deeside, so when the Laird of Findrack wrote in answer to my inquiry concerning the name of some pub on the Don where my wife and I could spend the month of July fishing for trout, the name rang a bell. He suggested that we might prefer to rent one of John Paton's two furnished cottages at Grandhome, which is the Paton estate on Donside, with three and one half miles of the north bank of the river. I wrote at once to the Laird of Grandhome, and after receiving his detailed description of both cottages, we opted for Invergara, which is the smaller of the two and the nearer to the river bank. It was a choice that we did not regret. Invergara, with its three bedrooms, large living-dining room, two bathrooms, kitchen, and pantry, was completely and attractively furnished.

Shortly after our arrival, I asked John Paton if the name of the cottage was an ancient one. He laughed and admitted that he had concocted it himself after remodeling the building which enclosed the garage. The prefix *inver*, he told me, is the Gaelic word for "mouth," or "entrance" (hence, Inverness means the mouth of the river Ness), and as the cottage embraces the entrance to the garage, he merely dropped the last two letters of that word and attached it to *inver* — Invergara. One of the most attractive features of Invergara is its proximity to Grandhome House (about two hundred yards away), the tennis courts and swimming pool and the magnificent kitchen and cutting gardens. The charm of proximity has its foundation in sympathy, one might even say empathy, for the ones who are near. The instant liking that we took to the Patons quickly developed into an intimate affection. They are, both of them, witty, wise, literate, and traveled, all of which made them joyous and stimulating neighbors and landlords.

Grandhome House was built by George Paton in 1680 and has been lived in by successive eldest sons of his line ever since. It is a handsome, dignified structure, with three wings mounted by stepped gables on the entrance side and a smooth face of many windows and curved doorsteps on the side which faces the River Don.

It was not more than three hundred yards from Invergara to the bank of the Don. A cinder path led past the kitchen wing of Grandhome House, then across the lawns and down the terraces to the little boathouse. At this point the river is wide and deep and almost as motionless as a pond because of a dam about half a mile downstream that supplies power for the paper mill below. Although Grandhome has the north bank for a good mile or more below the dam, we only fished that part of the river once or twice. It is the best salmon reach in the spring, having many fine, deep pools, where they hold for a day or two before starting the long run upstream to the spawning redds, which are among the heather hills of the upper reaches and in the tributary mountain burns. It is rare indeed to see a red salmon on the Don as far downstream as Grandhome.

One day, Davidson, the Grandhome keeper and gillie, reported seeing a bright salmon leap in the Haugh, the pool at the spill of the paper mill dam, about a mile and a half below Grandhome House. John Paton came hurrying to Invergara to tell us about it, and I made quick work of assembling our salmon rods and attaching them to the roof of the car on a pair of magnetic rubber holders. We drove down the road to Aberdeen, parking the car on the edge of a spinney opposite the mill and walking down the path to the flat rock below the dam. Alternately we cast into the fast water, letting our flies float down over the spot where the salmon, according to Davidson, had shown a few hours before. We tried several patterns of low-water flies, but nothing paid any attention to them, nor did any salmon show while we were there.

The drought that had started in April over the British Isles grew ever more pronounced on Scotland's east coast. On each succeeding bright and sunny day we could mark the shrinkage of the Don. New rocks would appear in the fast runs, and the large boulders that had always shown seemed to grow in size as the water receded. The waving beds of weed on the bottom, which had been too deep to be seen when first fished, became gradually visible until, by the time we left, they were undulating on the surface. The larger trout that had had their stands behind the rocks in the fast runs moved down into the deep pools, their places being taken by little fellows, too small to keep. During the first week of our stay we had had our best success in the run at the top of the broad

water above the boathouse, but that soon became unfishable, so we took to wandering upstream through the pastures of the Home Farm; four of them in all, with each barbed-wire fence mounted by a sturdy stile and each pasture with a good bench by the bank. The distance from the boathouse to the top of Grandhome water is about two miles, but it seemed far less when we strolled along intently with a fly rod. As on most rivers, there was much to observe, and observation has a way of shortening time and distance.

A PAIR of swans with three cygnets were a daily source of delight. Each morning they could be found together near the boathouse, the cygnets trailing dutifully in single file behind mother; three fluffy gray miniatures peeping as they paddled. The ability to speak apparently disappears when they are full grown and their gray down has been replaced by sleek white feathers. This adult silence is the reason the species is known as the mute swan. The only sound I ever heard from father or mother was an angry hiss when I came too close to the children. Mother and her brood never ranged further than three or four hundred yards, but father, typically, left every afternoon to fly about a mile upstream, where he had a special rock in the middle of the river on which he preened himself and slept. Every evening about half past six he would take off from his rock and fly downstream to join the family. With his long neck stretched rigidly out front and his feet flat under his tail, he would sail along only a foot or two above the water, his wing tips almost hitting the surface on their slow and even downbeat.

Evidently this pair of swans considered the Grandhome reach of the Don theirs by squatters' right, or eminent domain, or whatever law prevails *du côté de chez swan*, for one day when I was fishing the Brown Cow Pool, which is directly below father swan's resting rock, I saw him jump to his feet, flap his great wings, stretch out his neck, jump into the water, and swim swiftly upstream against the current, with his wings arched over his back in the attitude of attack. For a time I could not see what it was that had aroused his anger. Finally I made them out—a pair of whooping swans drifting downstream around the bend that marks the top of Grandhome water. The moment they saw him, they beat a hasty retreat, but he remained in the top pool for a long time, swimming about with his wings arched, making certain that they had no intention of returning to invade his territory.

There was a large flock of lapwings that could always be found in one of the pastures, or, after

the grain was cut and stooked, on the hillside of the farm on the opposite bank. They are dainty birds, with their gray-green backs and white undersides and little crests of feathers pointed backward from their heads.

A far flashier, noisier, and more assertive bird on the Don is the oyster catcher. He is an exhibitionist, forever attracting attention to himself by flaunting his costume, which is strikingly loud, being black and white in an arrangement that makes him appear to be wearing a dinner jacket without sleeves and set off by a prominent and gaudy red beak. Not content with this visual display, he is constantly letting forth a shrill call that sounds like a little boy whistling with two fingers in his mouth. But I am unfair in blaming it all on the male. His wife, who, as if it were a music hall act, wears the same costume, is equally after the spotlight. They are vulgar, flashy vaudevillians who travel the circuit together. Whatever it is they catch in the Don, it certainly is not oysters. It may be fish and chips, for all I know.

WHETHER one is fishing for salmon or trout, a river takes knowing before one can be sure of success. Places that look as if they were perfect spots for a trout to pre-empt for his dining room, or a salmon for his resting place, may be scorned by fish for reasons of undersurface currents not visible from above. With a good gillie who knows every inch of his water, all you have to do is put the fly where he tells you to, and if salmon is your game and your visit to a strange river a brief one, he will certainly save you a lot of disappointments.

The true trout fisherman, on the other hand, would much prefer to come home with an empty creel than to listen to the advice of a gillie. The trout man is one who likes to solve the streams' secrets in his own fashion. Because trout, unlike salmon and sea trout, spend their entire lives in the river, their habits follow a fairly well-defined pattern; a pattern with which the practiced angler is familiar. He knows, for example, that when dorsal fins and tails silently cut the surface of a pool, trout are feeding on nymphs ("nymphing," he will call it), and it would be quite useless to float a dry fly over them, as their eyes and attention are directed beneath the surface. He also knows that a long ripple on the otherwise smooth surface of a pool means that there is a submerged rock and that both above and below this rock are current vacuums where trout can feed without having to swim hard to maintain their positions.

On his initial tour of strange water, a trout fisherman looks first for the dimples and bubbles of feeding fish and second for likely places where,

as experience has taught him, a big trout is apt to command the spot and attack all smaller fish who try to invade his kingdom. Often this private territory of a large trout will be a deep hole by the bank where the current revolves in a circle, gathering froth and flotsam. It is practically impossible to float a fly on a place like that without getting a drag. The trout commanding such spots are large, because plenty of feed floats in to them and remains to be taken at leisure, and because — the main reason — no angler has been able to deceive them with an artificial insect. That fat old trout has become accustomed to the fact that there is no cause to rush at any food entering his precinct. The revolving current will keep it there long enough for him to examine it slowly and carefully before sucking it in. Many a time I have had the maddeningly frustrating experience of watching a monster trout take flies from the surface of such a whirlpool, yet never touch mine because I could only let it remain on the water for a few seconds before it began to drag. He saw no reason to rush at mine, as he might have on the open stream.

As I have said, we concentrated our attention on the two miles of river that are above Grand-home House. Had we been spinners, we might have spent more time on the deep lower pools, in one of which Davidson, the year before, had hauled out a ten-pound brown trout while spinning with a Devon and had it mounted and hung over the mantel in his cottage for all to admire. I will not deny, however, that scenery played a strong role in our choice. Pastures, dairy cows, grain fields, and cozy gray stone farmhouses, surrounded by trees and garden walls, are pleasanter sights for a contemplative and camera-toting angler than dams and factory walls. Furthermore, the pastures were carpeted with yellow clumps of tansy, which cows, for some reason best known to them, will not touch.

GRADUALLY, as the days passed and we learned more and more about the river, we began to center our attention on those pools and runs where we had had the best luck. There was one exception to this. I became stubborn about a particular spot facing the bench in the second pasture. It was one of those minor riffles on the smooth surface of a long pool which, as I have already pointed out, indicates the presence of a submerged rock. Because of the convenience of the bench, I took the habit of stopping there each day for five or ten minutes to watch for a rise, and seeing none, would cast a fly down the riffle to make sure before moving on. Then one afternoon

toward the end of the second week, I thought I detected a slight dimple on the rippling water. I waited. The dimple appeared a second time, though I had not seen a fly. Putting on the smallest fly in my box, I set it down above the riffle. The moment it reached the first of the curving wavelets, it disappeared. I tightened the line, thinking I had hooked the rock itself. Then the leader moved slowly away from me, toward the far bank. No rush or angry jerking, just a slow determined pull that took line off the reel with a steady, rhythmic clicking. A farmer in the field across the river, who had been stooking sheaves of barley, stopped when he saw my arching rod and stood watching with a sheaf in each hand. When I saw that the fish was headed for a patch of reeds, I put more pressure on the rod tip. That slightly extra deterrent apparently infuriated him, for he suddenly sprang into action, dashing back to the middle of the river and taking a mighty leap. The size of him quickened my heartbeat. I was determined to have him in my creel if it took all afternoon and evening. It did not take that long, but it was a good half hour of racing up and down the pool before he was exhausted enough for me to slip the net under him. As I raised him on the hook of my pocket scales, the farmer called. "What'll he weigh?" he asked. "Four and a quarter pounds," I answered truthfully, reading the figure. "A bonny trout!" he called back, grinning.

But he was not the biggest fish I caught that month in the Don. The larger one was a surprise that brought me triumph and very nearly disaster. It happened one afternoon when I was alone on the river. It was another of the succession of warm, sunny days that we had experienced since we arrived in the British Isles, and the Don had shrunk to the point where it was useless to fish except in a very few places. I had reached the top of the beat with nothing to show for my work, although I had floated a dry fly over every spot where I had learned that trout were apt to lie and had been changing flies in the desperate hope that I would chance on one that might be tempting. There was no use; the water was too warm and the trout were hiding from the bright sun. This discouraging thought gave me an idea. Instead of packing up and walking home, I would rig up a couple of wet flies and fish them down to the boathouse. I tied a fancy little blue and yellow fly on the tail and an insignificant March Brown on the dropper. Having small hope, I did not fish very carefully, merely flinging them across the stream and letting them float down as I walked along.

At the top of the Brown Cow Pool — so named because of a large sprawling rock that resembles

a reclining cow — there is a lip where the water glides over a ridge of small rocks before descending the rapids and on into the deep water. On the cast, which took my flies in an arc to the edge of this lip, I saw the leader stop, which made me give the line an irritable jerk, thinking one of the hooks had caught on a rock. To my astonishment, the leader swung rapidly upstream, and I realized with satisfaction that I had at last hooked a fish. As the pull was neither strong nor violent, I assumed it was a smallish trout. When I started to reel in, he came docilely enough, and I reached to disengage my collapsible net from the ring of my creel. At that moment, the fish changed his mind about the situation, having either seen me or become annoyed with the hook in his jaw, for he made a sudden dash downstream through the rapids and into the pool below, while the reel screeched as all the line went out and the black silk backing appeared.

I scrambled along the bank, which is high at this point and riddled with cow paths and high hummocks, trying, as I stumbled along, to regain line as fast as possible. When I reached the big pool, he made another dash, this time toward the opposite bank (the Don is about fifty yards wide at Grandhome), ending in a magnificent leap. Only then did I realize that I was attached to a salmon. Now, mark you, I was fishing with an eight-and-a-half-foot trout rod that weighed a mere five and a half ounces, and the tip of my leader was three-pound test nylon. I have a hunch that even Lee Wulff, who likes to fish with light gear, would scarcely recommend my equipment for salmon fishing. There was nothing for me to do but let him carry the fight in his own fashion. And this I proceeded to do, scrambling upstream when that was his direction, racing downstream when he headed that way, and trying my frantic best to keep the leader away from rocks and the fish away from weed beds. Had he lain on the bottom and sulked, thus conserving his strength, I might still be there on the bank of the Don, but he fought so hard, raced about so much, that he finally defeated himself.

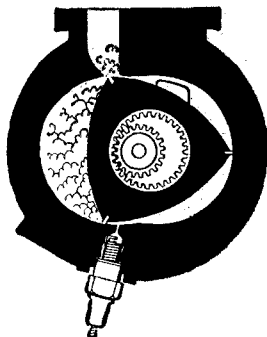
Now that he was tired, gasping for oxygen and rolling helplessly from side to side, the problem was how to land him. My trout net was patently useless. Only half of his length could enter it, and any attempt to scoop that half would undoubtedly dislodge the hook and lose me that fish. I had no gaff, and I looked upstream and downstream in vain for a sign of someone who could help me. I had the north bank to myself. My only hope was to beach him, but where? There were no beaches; nothing but the steep pasture bank made uneven by Ayrshire cows.

I recalled having passed a muddy break in the bank where the cattle had descended to drink, but it was upstream, which meant dragging the fish against the current on a 3X leader that had already been overstrained. However, as it was the only hope, I marched him along slowly, foot by foot, around rocks, around weeds, until I could ease his head onto the mud of the shallow. Holding the line taut by lifting the rod as high as my left hand could reach, I reached down and stuck two fingers of my right hand under his gill cover and ran up the almost perpendicular bank. My plan had been to place him on the cow path half-way up the bank, where I could give him the *coup de grâce*. But when he felt himself being hauled through the air by the gills, he gave a violent flop and shot off my fingers. I tossed my rod aside and fell on him almost at the moment he hit the grass. There we wrestled for a good five minutes, I on top of his squirming body, as I searched frantically for the priest in my jacket pocket.

By the time I found it, he was beyond grace — a splendid, shining, fresh-run grilse lying beside me. I was so happy, so thrilled, so replete with a sense of triumph that I lay there for quite a while just gaping at him. It was only when I rose to weigh him that I felt the first sharp stab of pain in my left knee. In my falling on the fish, that knee must have hit a stone, for it was virtually out of commission. But the analgesic of victory was enough to help me to limp the mile and a half to Invergara, lugging my seven-pound trophy.

The quiet Don, as it flows across the rich farmlands of Aberdeenshire, holding fine salmon in the spring and plenty of fat brown trout at all seasons, has many excellent reaches available to the touring fisherman. There are fishing inns at Glenkindie and Alford, and rods are let by the day at Kenmay, Kintore, and from the Bridge of Balgownie to the sea, which is within the city of Old Aberdeen. The first step that I would suggest to an itinerant angler is to write to the Scottish Tourist Board at 2 Rutland Place, West End, Edinburgh 1, enclosing the equivalent of three shillings (make it fifty cents to cover the postage) for a copy of the latest edition of "Scotland for Fishing," a most complete and comprehensive compendium of rivers, hotels, and fishing availability, including costs, open seasons, and species of fish to be found. As a second step, it might be well to acquire a glossary of Scottish words in order to ease communication. It will be useful to know, for example, that "burn" means "brook" and "brae" means "hill" when a farmer points out that "There be a guid pool where the burn comes in by yon brae."

KEN W. PURDY



Will the Wankel engine, a German design sponsored in the United States by a major aircraft producer, revolutionize automotive power plants? KEN W. PURDY, who is widely known for his books and articles about automobiles, describes the new engine and its possibilities.

AN ENTIRELY NEW ENGINE

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, a German book salesman named Felix Wankel entertained a revolutionary, if not heretical notion: he fell to wondering if the standard gasoline engine, man's commonest prime mover, might not be replaced by something better. The announcement a few months ago that the Wankel engine is in being may presage a period of notable excitement in the automotive field.

The internal-combustion reciprocating engine is basically so unsuited to its task that its universal acceptance and success are a source of wonderment. Driving behind a Rolls-Royce or a Cadillac engine, one may marvel at the oily-smooth, almost silent flow of power, but the sensation is illusory: in the heart of the beast, volcanic violence is being done, and quiet is achieved only by almost infinite refinements of muffling and insulation. It is when a gasoline engine is operated under conditions of optimum design efficiency, as in a racing model, that the nature of the animal reveals itself in the howling of gears, the continuous roar of the exhaust, wild clatterings, and bone-jarring vibrations. A reciprocating engine seems always to be trying to destroy itself. And so it is.

The word "reciprocating" is the key. A reciprocating engine is, in effect, a multibarreled cannon, with the fuel charge the gunpowder, the piston the projectile, the spark plug the primer, or the trigger, to oversimplify the matter. The charge

explodes; the piston, driving its connecting rod, starts to fly out the barrel; but at the end of only two or three inches of flight, it must stop, reverse itself, and come flying back toward the breech of the barrel. It is this repeated reversal of movement, taking place thousands of times a minute, that is at the root of the reciprocating engine's savagery. A high-performance engine may move each of its pistons a total of 4000 feet up and down the cylinder bores in one minute. Every engine has a speed limit beyond which the strain of beginning, stopping, and reversing the piston movement becomes too great, and the engine destroys itself.

Because the piston movement is so violent, and because each stroke, for all its violence, produces little power — all the energy used in accelerating and stopping the piston is wasted — the internal-combustion engine can deliver useful effort only when it is running at high speed. At low speeds, as everyone who has stalled an automobile knows, it produces inadequate twisting effort, or torque. Thus, in order to drive a vehicle, the internal-combustion engine must be harnessed to a system of gears and there must be some form of clutch to connect and disconnect the flow of power to the road wheels. It was this necessity for gears and clutches, plus the gasoline engine's inability to start itself, that convinced early steam-automobile builders that victory would surely be theirs in

the contest between the two forms of propulsion. That it was not was no fault of the steam engine, which could start itself, could produce tremendous torque when turning almost imperceptibly slowly, and in itself was almost the ideal automotive power plant. Lack of efficient steam-producing equipment, coupled with the stubbornness and short-sightedness of its masters, betrayed the steam engine.

From the beginning, internal-combustion engine designers have striven to achieve the smooth power flow characteristic of the steam engine. The steam engine was a reciprocating engine, true, but a smooth, easy-running one, because the expansion of steam is slow and inexorable, while the expansion of burning gasoline and air is sharp and violent. The rotary movement of the universe has appeared to be the ideal. The steam turbine and the water turbine produce wonderfully constant, even power flow, but neither is suitable for automotive use. The gas turbine, in which the expansive force of burning kerosene and air is directed against the many tiny paddle-wheel blades of a turbine, is a possibility. The first gas-turbine car was run by the Rover company of England in 1951, and the major Detroit houses have since then produced their own versions, but the device suffers in some particulars: to produce adequate power it must turn at approximately 40,000 revolutions per minute, with consequent hazard and severe wear; the extreme temperature of the burning gases enforces the use of exotic metals in the turbine, the blades of which may have to run red-hot without losing strength or shape; it lags on acceleration, offers no engine-braking power when the foot is lifted from the gas pedal, and its fuel consumption is relatively high.

The idea of an engine rotary in basic motion but fueled and fired in the same manner as a reciprocating engine is most attractive, and many designers have struggled with the problem of how to make a paddle wheel turn by exploding gunpowder against its blades. The conundrum is an intriguing one. The turbine wheel must be sealed in an airtight casing to contain the explosion; the explosion must be directed against one segment of the paddle wheel, not its whole circumference; the fuel mixture must be drawn in at one place and its residue exhausted at another; since the charge must be compressed before being fired and allowed to expand afterward, the shape of the space provided between paddle wheel and casing must be altered as the wheel turns, but even as it is being altered, it must be tightly sealed. These considerations have defeated some good men, and in consequence the announcement by Curtiss-Wright last November that it had a workable internal-combustion rotary engine was held to be

news of the first importance. Here was a 29-horsepower engine weighing only $26\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. It had no valves, no pistons, no connecting rods, no reciprocating parts of any kind, no crankshaft. It was comparatively cheap and easy to make.

THE Curtiss-Wright announcement conveyed the impression that the engine is largely an American development, and not until the last sentence was the name of the inventor revealed. Felix Wankel is a German associated with the NSU Werke of Germany, a firm notable heretofore as maker of sewing machines, motorcycles, and ultra-small automobiles. Dr. Wankel is a designer who has specialized in sealing problems, and since the sealing of a rotary internal-combustion engine is crucial, it was logical that he should attack the problem. His solution was ingenious in the extreme.

Externally the engine is round, or drum shaped. Within is a rotor, triangular in configuration, but with its three sides belled outward in gentle curves. The rotor is fastened to a shaft, as a water wheel is fastened. It turns within a chamber that can be described as a circle slightly squashed at top and bottom, shaped as an inflated balloon would be if held lightly between one's hands. It is the epitrochoidal shape of this combustion chamber, together with the gearing of the rotor to its shaft in such a fashion that it revolves off center, that enables the Wankel engine to work, for as the rotor revolves, its tips or corners constantly follow the contours of the chamber, and the spaces they enclose serially expand and contract. They must: when a flat side of the rotor faces one of the outward bulges in the end of the chamber, the space is greater; when a sharp side of the rotor faces the bulge, the space is smaller. Precisely, the revolving rotor does what a reciprocating piston does. It inhales fuel, compresses it into a small space, fires it, and allows it to expand in a big space. The fuel mixture is drawn in at one side of the engine, compressed as the rotor turns, carried past a spark plug which fires it, allowed to exert its expansive effort on one flat side of the rotor, thus spinning that component, and then carried to the exhaust side of the casing and allowed to escape into the atmosphere. Thus the Wankel engine produces three power strokes for each revolution it makes.

At first glance, the Wankel engine is so simple and appears to work so well that it was understandably hailed as revolutionary. Said the magazine *Sports Cars Illustrated*: "Tomorrow is here. It came on November 23rd, 1959. This design is truly the work of a genius." The Curtiss-Wright

announcement of that date envisioned the development of units ranging from 100 to 5000 horsepower and foresaw their use in every kind of application, from stationary work engines to power plants for vertical take-off and landing aircraft. It was said that the engine produced 3.8 horsepower to the cubic inch of capacity, against the long-held ideal of one horsepower to the inch. It could produce one horsepower to .83 pounds of weight. One horsepower to the pound has long been held to be a ratio realizable only by the best aircraft and automobile racing engines.

The rotary internal-combustion engine will run well on low grades of gasoline and is very quiet. Since it is fully balanced, it produces minimal mechanical vibration. As an automobile engine, it would seem to possess attractive virtues, and the unqualified enthusiasm with which it was greeted would seem to have been fully justified.

The voice of the skeptic was soon heard, however. John Bond, publisher of *Road and Track*, was vehement: "Our opinion on the Curtiss-Wright-NSU engine?" he wrote. "It will never be heard from again." Bond, an automotive engineer of more than two decades' experience, based his attitude of skepticism on the engine's sealing. Since the rotor's tips must accommodate themselves to the varying chamber wall, they carry sliding, spring-loaded vanes which bear against this wall. "If you have good sealing and adequate lubrication," Bond said, "the oil consumption is extremely high. Cut down on oil flow and the seal scuffs and fails to seal. Wankel reduces his problem by a unique and clever configuration that may work in very small sizes where the rubbing velocity at the sealing point or points is kept low. However, I doubt very much if the oil consumption can be anywhere near 'commercial' even in the small size unit . . . furthermore it is significant that there is no mention of internal cooling for the rotor. Any large unit would definitely have to have internal cooling and this would be very difficult to arrange."

Bond's point about tip speed in large rotary engines is significant. A large-diameter rotor can achieve speeds of a very high order, as in the case of the blades of a helicopter, which appear to the eye to be turning lazily but are, at their tips, moving at tremendous speed. However, Curtiss-Wright engineers, who envision horsepower in the

higher ranges as produced by comparatively small engines coupled together rather than by one big one, say that their models, of which nine have been built, show a satisfactory oil consumption in 100-hour tests. One C-W engine which produces 100 horsepower at 5500 revolutions per minute has a rotor about twelve inches in diameter. It consumes, according to factory figures, a little less than half a pound of fuel per horsepower hour, an economical rating. Curtiss-Wright anticipates production for industrial use within a year or so.

The suitability of the Wankel engine for propulsion of a small automobile was cited by the NSU people in demonstration runs of one of their Prinz models. The Prinz has a 79-inch wheelbase and weighs 1200 pounds. Gordon Wilkins, a noted British motoring journalist, reported the engine to be one of the very small ones, a drum nine inches in diameter and six inches deep. He said that the performance of the car was slightly better than that of the same model equipped with the regular engine. "The complete lack of vibration was uncanny," he wrote. NSU has since announced that the engine may be used in two models of the Prinz in 1962.

In March, 1954, hard thinking and much paperwork had convinced Dr. Wankel that his engine would work on the classic four-stroke Otto cycle (intake, compression, power, exhaust). Since 1926, when the problem had first intrigued him, he had made a complete survey of the field of the rotary engine. Hundreds of designs had preceded the Wankel, and they had all failed. He and his assistant, Ernst Hoeppe, had classified the rotaries into species and subspecies. Thus, he knew that his design was no simple restatement of an old idea, but a wholly new conception. In February, 1957, the first engine ran in Germany. In October, 1959, the first Curtiss-Wright version of the Wankel was tested.

These dates may have marked a revolution in men's means of moving across the earth. We may have moved closer to what seems now to be the ultimate: a fist-sized engine. The bulky, vibrating, noisy reciprocating engine that has, despite its flaws, served so well for half a century may have begun, barely begun, its journey to the industrial museum to join the paddle-wheel steamer, the electric streetcar, and the hydraulic elevator.



BOOKS AND MEN

Now an associate editor of FORTUNE, WALKER EVANS has claim to the double distinction of writer and photographer. In 1936 Mr. Evans was a roving photographer for the New Deal government, and his sharp, telling photographs complemented perfectly James Agee's text for LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN. This extraordinary study of Southern tenant families will be republished this fall by Houghton Mifflin Company.

JAMES AGEE IN 1936

BY WALKER EVANS

AT THE time, Agee was a youthful-looking twenty-seven. I think he felt he was elaborately masked, but what you saw right away — alas for conspiracy — was a faint rubbing of Harvard and Exeter, a hint of family gentility, and a trace of romantic idealism. He could be taken for a likable American young man, an above-average product of the Great Democracy from any part of the country. He didn't look much like a poet, an intellectual, an artist, or a Christian, each of which he was. Nor was there outward sign of his paralyzing, self-lacerating anger. His voice was pronouncedly quiet and low-pitched, though not of cultivated tone. It gave the impression of diffidence but never of weakness. His accent was more or less unplaceable, and it was somewhat variable. For instance, in Alabama it veered toward country-Southern, and I may say he got away with this with the farm families and himself.

His clothes were deliberately cheap, not only because he was poor but because he wanted to be able to forget them. He would work a suit into fitting him perfectly by the simple method of keeping it on most of the time. Eventually the cloth would mold itself to his frame. Cleaning and pressing would have undone this beautiful process. I exaggerate, but it did seem sometimes that wind, rain, work, and mockery were his tailors. On another score, he felt that wearing good, expensive clothes involved him in some sort of claim to superiority of the social kind. Here he occasionally confused his purpose and fell over into a knowingly comical inverted dandyism. He got more delight out of factory-seconds sneakers and a sleazy cap than a straight dandy does from waxed calf Peal shoes and a brushed Lock & Co. bowler.

Physically, Agee was quite powerful, in the deceptive way of uninsistent large men. In movement he was rather graceless. His hands were

large, long, bony, light, and uncared for. His gestures were one of the memorable things about him. He seemed to model, fight, and stroke his phrases as he talked. The talk, in the end, was his great distinguishing feature. He talked his prose, Agee prose. It was hardly a twentieth-century style; it had Elizabethan colors. Yet it had extraordinarily knowledgeable contemporary content. It rolled just as it reads; but he made it sound natural — something just there in the air like any other part of the world. How he did this, no one knows. You would have blinked, gaped, and very likely run from this same talk delivered without his mysterious ability. It wasn't a matter of show, and it wasn't necessarily bottle inspired. Sheer energy of imagination was what lay behind it. This he matched with physical energy. Many a man or woman has fallen, exhausted, to sleep at four in the morning, bang in the middle of a remarkable Agee performance, and later learned that the man had continued it somewhere else until six. Like many born writers who are floating in the illusory amplitude of their youth, Agee did a great deal of writing in the air. Often you had the impulse to gag him and tie a pen to his hand. That wasn't necessary; he was an exception among talking writers. He wrote, devotedly and incessantly.

Night was his time. In Alabama he worked I don't know how late. Some parts of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* read as though they were written on the spot at night. Later, in a small house in Frenchtown, New Jersey, the work, I think, was largely night written. Literally, the result shows this; some of the sections read best at night, far in the night. The first passage of *A Country Letter* is particularly night permeated.

Agee worked in what looked like a rush and a rage. In Alabama he was possessed with the business of finding out everything he could about the

lives he intended to describe. He must not have slept. He was driven to see all he could of the families' day, starting, of course, at dawn. In one way, conditions there were ideal. He could live inside the subject, with no distractions. Back-country poor life wasn't very far from him, actually. He had some of it in his blood, through relatives in Tennessee. Anyway, he was in flight from New York magazine editorial offices, from Greenwich Village social-intellectual evenings, and especially from the whole world of high-minded, well-bred, money-hued culture, whether authoritarian or libertarian. In Alabama he sweated and scratched with submerged glee. The families understood what he was down there to do. He'd explained it, in such a way that they were interested in *his* work. He wasn't playing. That is why in the end he left out of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* certain completed passages that were entertaining, in an acid way. One of these was a long, gradually hilarious aside on the subject of hens. It was a virtuoso piece heightened with allegory and bemused with the pathetic fallacy.

He won almost everybody in those families — possibly too much — even though some of the individuals were hard-bitten, sore, and shrewd. Probably it was his diffidence that made them accept him. That nonassurance was, I think, a hostage to his very Anglican childhood training. His Christianity — if an outsider may try to speak of it — was a punctured and residual remnant, but it was still a naked, root emotion. It was an ex-Church, or non-Church matter, and it was hardly in evidence. All you saw of it was an ingrained courtesy, an uncourtly courtesy that emanated from him toward anyone, perhaps excepting the smugly rich, the pretentiously genteel, and the police. After a while, in a roundabout way, you discovered that, to him, human beings were at least possibly immortal and literally sacred souls.

The days with the families came abruptly to an end. Their real content and meaning has all been shown. The writing they induced is, among other things, the reflection of one resolute, private rebellion. Agee's rebellion was unquenchable, self-damaging, deeply principled, infinitely costly, and ultimately priceless.

THE TIGER

By JOHN MOFFITT

A tiger creeps this love
Flat on his belly
Through the dusk light
Raptly, inch by inch,
Toward the gazelle this mind,
Which, coolly
Feeding on rank hopes,
Heeds neither crush
Of leaf nor windward scent
But shows its flank
To the whole hill —
When, from behind,
Leaping an arc
Of supple, deathly aim,
The flame-clad beast
Sinks its fangs
Into the smooth neck,
Mauls to the ground
That prancing shape,
Tears apart the flesh
And gluts itself on spurted
Life at the source.

Each day's end strays
A fresh gazelle
Toward a fresh
Patch of greening hopes;
Crouches, leaps
The noiseless hulk again,
Mouths the convulsed limbs
And, ravening,
Strips them to the
Fragile, gleaming bone.



BOOKS AND MEN

JOHN CARTER has been in and around the rare book business most of his working life. His *ABC FOR BOOK COLLECTORS*, widely hailed as the answer to the book collector's prayer, is now in its second edition, and since he last contributed to the *ATLANTIC* he has become vice president of the Bibliographical Society. Mr. Carter is at present associate for American operations at Sotheby's, the Bond Street auction house.

WHAT HAPPENS TO AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPTS?

BY JOHN CARTER

HARDLY a week passes without an earnest editor's appealing through the *London Times Literary Supplement* for news of the whereabouts of some lost but essential piece of script. And even the more popular newspapers nowadays judge it newsworthy that the original manuscript of *The Algonquin Round Table* has been sold at auction for a mess of money, or that John Doe has acquired a precious series of unpublished letters written by Richard Roe (1887-1914) to his sister-in-law during the throes of composition of his second volume of verse, or that the dean of the English faculty has given a sensational talk on the occasion of the deposit of the Dr. Richard Gullible archive in the library of Canarsie University. "Deposit," by the way, is a favorite word with rare book and manuscript department librarians: it carefully does not specify whether the transaction was a purchase, a gift, or a loan. "Archive" is another jargon word, of fairly recent application in the singular. It was first adopted, I believe, by the ingenious director of the Pierpont Morgan Library, and it can be used for anything from a collection of a hundred or so papers by or about the author or his work to the fifty tons of manuscript and typescript by and about Upton Sinclair recently acquired by Indiana University.

In earlier days, most writers — professional writers, at least — gave short shrift to the raw material of manuscript once its matter was in print. Shakespeare did not leave us a single line. Even today, I imagine, most reasonably unself-conscious writers do what I have always done: throw away the manuscript when it has been typed, throw away the typescript when the proofs have been corrected, throw away the proofs once the book is out. But though these may have been the majority, there has always been a large minority. Pope handed his manuscripts around among his

friends and patrons, and since he was famous early in life, they kept them. Boswell was not the only hoarder of every draft: William Beckford kept his and rewrote them more elegantly in his old age, to the confusion of posterity.

A good many of Trollope's novels survive in manuscript, as Professor Tinker of Yale and Robert H. Taylor of Yonkers can bear witness. We have a fair amount of Dickens, with the Forster Collection at South Kensington and the Pierpont Morgan collection of three of the Christmas Books and *Our Mutual Friend*, and although only a chapter of *Pickwick* has been preserved, by the Rosenbach Foundation, *Great Expectations* in its entirety is safely immured in the town library at Wisbech, Cambridgeshire. Arnold Bennett was vain of his elaborate script — *The Old Wives' Tale*, the original of which is in the J. K. Lilly collection, was actually published in facsimile — and he had his manuscripts handsomely bound in morocco. Hardy was not vain of his beautiful hand, but he kept most of his manuscripts, and in due course Sir Sydney Cockerell had them bound for him by Katherine Adams, bespeaking one by way of *douceur* — "The Three Strangers" from *Wessex Tales*, which later sold for £620 at Sotheby's.

Authors' habits with their original manuscripts, in fact, have been as various as authors. Some have preserved from sentiment, many from mere dilatoriness in throwing things away, some no doubt out of canniness. Conrad sold many of his manuscripts to John Quinn, the New York collector, and a few to Thomas J. Wise, who parted with them before his library was bought by the British Museum. H. G. Wells never bothered with his, but his faithful secretary did, and most of the result is now at Urbana, Illinois. Some authors jettison without thought, some deliberately — once the book is out, their only interest is the next

one; some doubtless find that, like so many other possessions not in daily use, they have just "become gone."

But today, hardly any author of pretension to eminence can be unaware that if he puts the manuscript of the latest novel, the latest sonnet sequence, even the latest literary essay into the wastebasket, he may regret it. He will in due course, if not as soon as the reviews are out, be reminded by some librarian of his duty to literary history, to textual criticism, to scholarly research — and to alma mater. He will be reproached by some bibliophile who has been loyally collecting his first editions for years and now yearns for a bit of holograph. Worst of all, some dealer will make him what would have been a tempting offer.

The author will then recall, too late, the story of the bookseller who pestered John Ruskin time and again to sell him manuscripts or signed copies of named works. Ruskin's refusals got angrier and longer. Shortly after he gave up answering these repeated requests, someone showed him the bookseller's latest catalogue, in which was listed, at a fat price, "A magnificent series of autograph letters of John Ruskin, mentioning no less than fourteen of his own works." There is also the story of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, who wrote to his mother from Oxford asking for five pounds. Queen Victoria replied that he had his allowance, which should be more than sufficient for his proper needs, and she proceeded to give him a lecture on the desirability of avoiding horses, drink, chorus girls, the theater, low company, and other inducements to reckless spending. When he came home to Sandringham for Christmas, the Queen said she hoped he had taken her advice to heart. "Well," said His Royal Highness, "I don't need the five pounds after all, because I was able to sell your letter for ten."

THERE have been, of course, collectors and preservers of manuscripts ever since the days when they were the only texts. If it had not been for the exertions of men like Giovanni Aurispa, the Renaissance scholar-dealer who scoured the Levant for manuscripts after the fall of Constantinople, we should today be without large sections of classical literature. In the post-Gutenberg era, it may be true that Archbishop Matthew Parker collected manuscripts partly for the ulterior motives of sectarian controversy. But he was only the precursor of such giants as Sir Robert Cotton in the seventeenth century, Robert Harley in the eighteenth, and Sir Thomas Phillipps in the nineteenth, that disagreeable baronet who gloried in the name of vellomaniac.

As the centuries of print progressed, the attention of bibliophiles, if not of archivists, was increasingly concentrated on printed books; and within the last hundred years, first editions have come to represent to the average collector the natural expression of his enthusiasm for a general subject or period, a particular author or a favorite book. When I was first in the rare book business, thirty years ago, not one private collector in twenty extended his devotion into the manuscript field, and I doubt if the proportion is much different today. I emphasize *private* to mean the man who collects not only according to his own taste but strictly for his own, and his friends', pleasure. For the renewed interest in manuscript material derives not so much from the private cabinet as from the institutional — usually the university — library. Plenty of collectors, certainly, have of late joined that existing minority who have always sought manuscripts even if their contents have been published and would not rather own some unpublished fragments of Sarah Orne Jewett than the fair copy of *Moby Dick*. But most of the recruits, I fancy, are of that comparatively new school which thinks in terms of ultimate institutional ownership of its collections.

I do not know when literary manuscripts of published works, as distinct from unpublished, or raw, material, began to engage the acquisitive interest of book collectors. The earliest example known to me of the sale of a living author's manuscripts I owe to my old friend Mr. A. N. L. Munby, who has recently been disserting on the history of bibliophily to the Bibliographical Society of America. On August 19, 1831, Mr. Evans, the London auctioneer, offered for sale "the original manuscripts of the Waverley Novels and Tales of My Landlord . . . all in the handwriting of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., to which is added a most curious and interesting collection of autographs of Princes, Popes, Cardinals, Statesmen, Literati and Artists from the XIIIth to the XIXth Centuries." Sold, no doubt, as a result of poor Sir Walter's heroic efforts to pay off his creditors, his thirteen manuscripts brought £317, *Rob Roy* making the top price of £50. *The Antiquary* and *Peveril of the Peak* shared second place at £42; *Waverley* was seriously incomplete and made only £18. Seven of the manuscripts sold that day are now in the Pierpont Morgan Library, along with four others of Scott's novels.

Between this sale and that of another Scot, Sir Compton Mackenzie, a hundred years later and for the same reason, there were probably not many public sales by a writer of his own manuscripts. But there have been many of the manuscripts of dead, often recently dead, authors and of manuscripts of living authors consigned by owners

other than themselves. The autograph manuscript of Bernard Shaw's *John Bull's Other Island*, for example, brought £2800 at Sotheby's a couple of seasons ago (it is now in Wilmette, Illinois), and that of Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence*, £2600. Until quite lately, modern literary manuscripts have more often been sold by private negotiation, usually conducted by a bookseller: thus, for example, Robert H. Taylor bought both the first and the final draft of *Zuleika Dobson* from the author, and the University of California at Berkeley the three versions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* from the widower of Lawrence's widow.

The manuscripts of *Lord Jim* and of *South Wind* are in the library of the Rosenbach Foundation in Philadelphia; so is *Ulysses*, which John Quinn bought from Joyce piecemeal as it was completed, in circumstances vividly recalled by Sylvia Beach in *Shakespeare and Company*. The manuscript of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* is split between the Pierpont Morgan and the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library, which also has custody, in the Arents Collection, of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. *The Prisoner of Zenda*, that best of all romantic adventure stories, was sold at Sotheby's two years ago for a paltry \$2000 and is now in the private collection of Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., of New York. *Of Human Bondage* was given by its author to the Library of Congress, which also owns the poetical notebooks of A. E. Housman, sold by his brother to a New York dealer and in due course bought and presented by Mrs. Elizabeth Whittall. Housman had himself presented the fair copy manuscript of *A Shropshire Lad* to Trinity College, Cambridge, and that of *Last Poems* to the Fitzwilliam Museum.

Of the two original manuscripts of *Peter Pan*, the one Barrie gave to Maude Adams was bought by J. K. Lilly of Indianapolis. Conan Doyle gave all his available manuscripts for a sale in aid of the Red Cross during World War I; they were bought by William Randolph Hearst, but subsequently resold, and *The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter* was recently presented to the British Museum by a loyal task force of the Baker Street irregulars. The manuscript of *The Waste Land* once belonged to John Quinn, but it was not in his sale in 1924, and nobody, not even Donald Gallup or John Hayward, let alone the bard himself, knows its present whereabouts, though there have been rumors that it survives in the possession of a Quinn descendant in one of the Western states.

The Man of Property and *Saint Joan* are, appropriately, in the British Museum. So is T. E. Lawrence's *The Mint*, if anyone really cares. The Joyce Cary manuscripts, by a rare English adoption of American practice, have gone to the

Bodleian. Mr. Hanley has pretty well cornered the three Powys brothers, not to mention Samuel Beckett. Roger Casement's diaries are the uncomfortable property of Her Majesty's Home Office. Baron Corvo's notorious Venice Letters belonged successively to Christopher Millard, A. J. A. Symons, Maundy Gregory, and Sir Hugh Walpole, but where they are now, those who know won't say.

Of American authors, it would no doubt be an exaggeration to say that any literary manuscript of importance which has come onto the market within the past twenty years has found its way into the library of the redoubtable president of the Grolier Club, C. Waller Barrett, which means that it will end up at the University of Virginia. There are exceptions: William B. Wisdom bought everything of Thomas Wolfe he could lay hands on — I remember the score of crates in one of the Scribner attics, each crammed with yellow sheets covered with that sprawling script — and the result is now at Harvard. Henry James's manuscripts and letters are widely scattered, but Harvard is probably in the lead. Most of F. Scott Fitzgerald is at Princeton. The Gertrude Stein papers are at Yale, along with Carl van Vechten.

Dreiser gave *Sister Carrie* to Mencken, who offered it first to the Library of Congress, which declined it, and then to the New York Public Library, where Harry M. Lydenberg had more sense. Nearly all Mencken's own manuscripts are in the Enoch Pratt Library at Baltimore. Only one important Hemingway manuscript has appeared on the open market, "Death in the Afternoon," and that was bought, at the fancy price of \$13,000, for the University of Texas. John P. Marquand, Harvard 1915, recently donated his literary manuscripts to Yale. John O'Hara has given his to Harvard. What Dashiell Hammett, Wallace Smith, and Damon Runyon did with theirs, I wish I knew.

THE examples offered in the preceding paragraphs are a random selection, for the sufficient reason that very few libraries — the Pierpont Morgan and UCLA are honorable exceptions — and, naturally, still fewer private collectors have published any list of their holdings in the field of literary manuscripts. Bibliographies and studies of individual authors sometimes cite their whereabouts. Catalogues of exhibitions contribute occasional information. The auction records provide infrequent, and booksellers' catalogues still more infrequent, help to anyone setting out on a systematic quest.

Yet, if my examples are a random lot, they are

nevertheless representative, I think, in one important respect. For they indicate that a high proportion of literary autograph manuscripts are already in, or are destined for, institutional libraries. Wilmarth Lewis has cornered Horace Walpole, but Farmington is in this context an enclave of New Haven. The private collection of T. E. Hanley, of Bradford, Pennsylvania, was rich in manuscripts of, among others, Bernard Shaw — no less than seventeen of the plays — and D. H. Lawrence, but they are now in the Research Center at Austin, Texas. Edward Beinecke has let very little Stevenson slip by in twenty or thirty years' devoted collecting, but the collection lives at Yale. Arthur Houghton has dominated the Keats market for almost as long, but the books and manuscripts are housed at Harvard. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hyde's collection of Dr. Johnson is unsurpassed and, short of another cache on the Malahide Castle model, by now unsurpassable; it is their private property, no matter how generously available to scholars, and it is shelved under their own roof at Somerville, New Jersey. But I should think the odds are a hundred to one against its ever coming under the hammer at Sotheby's. And that, crude though it sounds, is the acid test of a truly private collection, a collection wholly personal to the man who has formed it, the architecture and composition of which are idiosyncratic to him.

This is by no means to disparage the connoisseurship of the collectors I have named, for all of whom I happen to have the highest personal esteem and several of whom have private, as well as their more publicly known, collections. It is rather to suggest that, in the ever-developing course of bibliophily, the systematic collecting of manuscripts has become more and more an institutional duty and less and less either the responsibility or the passion of the private collector. It is hard to believe that Mr. Houghton bought the entire working material and manuscripts of Professor Toynbee's *Study of History* in the same mood as he bought the Shuckburgh copy of the Gutenberg Bible. In one case he was impelled, surely, by alternating current, in the other by direct. And with the way things have been going in the last twenty years or so, it is probably all the better for the health and happiness of the private collectors that this particular responsibility is being widely and energetically assumed by the institutions, so that their native passion can feed the more freely elsewhere.

IT HAS been interesting to watch the tactics of the institutional librarians in the pursuit of their

quarry. The frontal attack is simple — buy the stuff in bulk. But it is also sometimes expensive. The indirect approach has accordingly been much favored and adroitly developed. Under the revenue laws of the United States, anyone in a high tax bracket, collector or not, can write off up to 20 per cent of his annual declared income for charitable gifts, in cash or in kind, or 30 per cent if the beneficiary institution is educational. And if he either owns or can be induced to buy an archive or a group of manuscript material, or even a single manuscript, which his alma mater wants to add to one of its special collections, the librarian can usually suggest some qualified person who will be only too glad to put a generous appraised value on it. Mr. Goodfellow thus gets his name in capital letters on the library wall, or at least in the alumni bulletin, at, conservatively, a dime on the dollar. The library has added to its proper resources. Some deserving young man gets his teeth into the raw material for a Ph.D. thesis. Uncle Sam — to date, anyway — hardly notices the tax deduction. Everybody is happy.

Of late, however, this enfilade attack has begun to be superseded by what might be called the bulldozer attack from the rear. This consists in letting it be known to the authors themselves, whether by public manifesto or, more often, by private circular letter, that an honorable home is ready and waiting for their archive. If they are American authors, or foreign authors liable to U.S. income tax, they presumably qualify for the handsome bonus from the Internal Revenue Department. Even if they are not, they are understandably flattered to think that Hale or Harvard wants their stuff and grateful for an easy answer to the question of what to do with those boxes and folders.

It would undoubtedly have been a great convenience to the editor of the complete variorum edition of Emily Dickinson's poems if all the manuscripts had been in one place instead of being scattered amongst warring factions. It would be a great convenience to the potential future editor of the complete edition of Dylan Thomas if all his manuscripts were in one place instead of being divided, for the most part, between Buffalo, the Hanley collection, and Harvard.

It will clearly be a convenience for the political historians of the future to have Walter Lippmann's files together at Yale, for the historian of the American theater to find the Theatre Guild's files at the same handy distance from New York, for the historian of American literature to know that most of the surviving early files of Harper and Brothers have been deposited just up the avenue in the Pierpont Morgan Library. The Roseberys

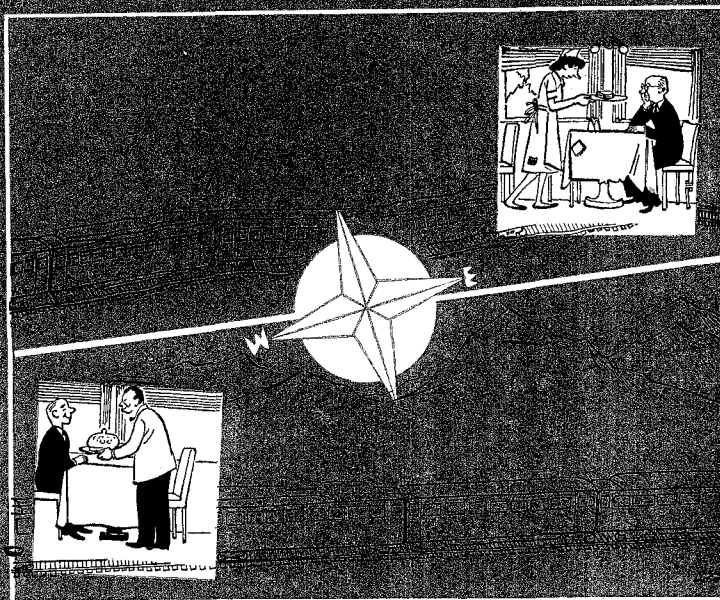
of the 1960s will have a legitimate excuse for a prolonged stay in Havana, where Señor Julio Lobo has assembled the most important collection of Napoleonica outside the Archives Nationales in Paris. And if the Bollingen Foundation's editors leave anything to be done on the *oeuvre* of Paul Valéry, which is doubtful, later students will find their paths in Paris well marked. But any of Mrs. Mina Curtis' successors in the exegesis of Proust who had hoped to justify a trip to Normandy will be disappointed to know that microfilms of all the novels except *À l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs*, which was dismembered for sale piecemeal with copies of a de luxe reprint, have been lodged in the British Museum, the Library of Congress, and Harvard.

IT is a hundred and twenty-five years since Alexis de Tocqueville, who sometimes seems to me to have made all the generalizations about things American, wrote: "In fifty years it will be more difficult to collect authentic documents concerning the social conditions of the Americans of the present day than it is to find remains of the administration of France during the Middle Ages; and if the United States were ever to be invaded by barbarians, it would be necessary to have recourse to the history of other nations in order to learn anything of the people that now inhabits them. . . . No methodical system is pursued; no archives are formed; and no documents are brought together when it would be easy to do so." He could relax today. The Manuscript Society of America has 748 members: 426 of them private collectors, 105 dealers, 200 institutional librarians or libraries, and 17 "Non-Collectors — Writers, etc."

The question posed in my title has really answered itself: practically all authors' manuscripts end up in American institutional libraries. All that remains is to furnish manuscript collectors — and librarians — with a terminology for dis-

tinguishing between the different kinds of typescript, which every year more heavily outweigh handwritten copy as more and more authors exchange the quill for the Olivetti or the Remington. Alger Hiss learned to his cost that twelve good men and true cannot identify the hand which operated an identified typewriter. How are we to distinguish an author's own typing from his secretary's? Who will be able to tell whether the typescript of *Hamlet, 1960* was executed by Bill Shakespeare or one of the Shubert office boys? What about secretarial typescript with manuscript corrections by the author?

On an evening of the year 1946, in the British Embassy in Washington, Winston Churchill was giving the final polish to a speech he was due to make the next day at a place called Fulton, Missouri. It was his practice to have his speeches typed out on small sheets of writing paper, spaced for breath rather than for syntax. And now the fair copy, to be used for delivery, was before him. A few corrections, a few ultimate felicities were dictated to his secretary, who set them down on her carbon copy in shorthand. She then typed them onto the top copy, which I hope the great man still has. But the carbon copy, which in this case remained technically the more original of the two, was handed to the young man detailed by the ambassador to attend Mr. Churchill and to prepare an advance summary for the press. This was not an official speech, nor the copy official paper, so when the young man was clearing off his desk a few days later he put this intimate memento of what had by then become a thunderous explosion into a bottom drawer. A few years later, back in London and hard up, he was tempted, I regret to say, by a bookseller. I cannot now lay hands on the catalogue description that I subsequently prepared — I remember it as full of technical subtleties — but Scribner's sold the memento all right. I wonder where it is now. I am not a collector, but that is one piece of carbon copy typescript I wouldn't mind owning.



Accent on Living

A FRIEND who has just returned from San Francisco brings astounding news of rail travel in the West. Such findings as "excellent meals" and "plenty of pleasant service" are hardly imaginable to a New Englander, yet the traveler, as if from the other side of the moon, went on to tell of Vista domes, dining car seats at an hour of his own selection and without standing in line, and lounge cars in the plural. Most impressive of all, he reported, was the conductor, a watch-in-hand type who was deeply interested in whether the train was on time. The carrier in this case, a round trip between San Francisco and Denver, was the Denver and Rio Grande and Western Pacific; its only dereliction was its insistence on calling its comely stewardess a "Zephyrette." "I'm sorry about that," said my friend. "She was really very attractive."

No such fine points need be made about rail travel in New England, where passengers and train crew alike are long accustomed to roughing it, with the prospect of worse to come. The Bostonian bound for New York is grateful if his train even departs on time, let alone gets anywhere; meeting one of these trains at either end is a gamble against long odds, and it's bad form to ask for an arrival hour since the attendant won't know the answer anyhow. A conductor looking at

his watch, in this neighborhood, would be checking the interval before his next dyspepsia tablet.

The cafeteria car of one of the Boston-New York trains is memorable for the odor of the much-used and fiercely overheated grease in its galley (the air-conditioning system has broken down — temporarily, of course) and the robust prices on its menu, prices sufficient to deceive the stranger into expecting a correspondingly substantial meal. The entire staff are new not only to their tasks but to each other: they are usually preoccupied in getting acquainted by conversation among themselves. Here, as in the terminals and wherever railroad employees are conversing, one gets the impression of pessimistic conjecture. Will the service shut down tomorrow? Maybe tonight? Is the cook capable of putting together an egg sandwich? How come we're on time?

The best meal we had anywhere in Italy last summer was a luncheon in the dining car of the *rapido* from Rome to Florence. A vast offering, yet moderately priced, it seemed a cut above what one found at hotels and restaurants, and three of the courses — the pasta, the sliced beef tenderloin, and a huge, flavorsome fresh peach at the instant of perfect ripeness — were the finest in my experience. The diner was a large car, handsomely appointed, and al-

though every place was occupied, the whole meal was served in great style by only two waiters.

It would be hard to overstate the speed and dexterity with which the two waiters went about their work. They seemed determined to show that they were the most excellent of all dining car waiters in the world, and it is reasonable to believe that they were in fact just that.

British trains are notable for the antiquity of their battered rolling stock and the impeccable manners of all personnel. The conductor making his rounds in a third-class carriage of a suburban train from London exemplified both characteristics. He was elderly, and his livery or uniform, of a faded maroon as I recall it, was distinctly shabby, but he entered the compartment with a great air of mission, assurance, and professionalism.

"Good afternoon," he said.

There were polite murmurs from the half-dozen passengers.

"Please," said the conductor, "may I see your tickets?"

He examined the tickets, and as he returned the last to its owner, he said, with a bow that included all of us, "Thank you so much."

The conductor turned and opened the compartment door to the corridor, then faced us once again. "Good afternoon," he said.

CHARLES W. MORTON

Giveaways

BY LUTHER STEWART

British author LUTHER STEWART here concludes the discussion of his adventures in a Florida supermarket, which he began in the June ATLANTIC.

As you read these lines, a supermarket in Florida is almost certainly giving away free of charge, at the rate of, say, one every fifteen seconds, an aluminum-plated bulletproof cherry pitter or some like object, and my only regret is that I shall not be around to claim mine. I have been away from Florida for some months, but I still cannot help wondering, as with a woman one has loved and lost, what the supermarket is giving away now.

On my first encounter with the market, I remember that I shook hands with an elephant in a checkered-cloth hide. The man thus decked out represented, I was told, a firm which gives away little trading stamps to all the citizenry passing through the turnstiles. I had, naturally, thought that he was selling elephants.

It was not until my next visit that I embarked upon the great spatula campaign which consolidated my relationship with the supermarket. At this distance, I feel a bit squeamish about exposing the whole sequence of events. But confession is good for the subconscious, they tell me, and truth will out. Be it known, then, that the market held me in thrall by means of a spoon with holes in it.

I had returned to the market with my hosts two days after our initial visit, in order, they explained, not to miss the weekend specials. Since my friend worked as a university professor when he was not engaged in shopping, his salary demanded a close attention to bargains. It was a Friday afternoon. Neighbors chatted amicably together by the serried ranks of push baskets that lined the entrance, while their young children stole rolls of toilet paper and tried to eat them. Concealed loudspeakers gave off a Bayreuth Festival Company cavorting with *Ride of the Valkyries*.

All was as usual, save that a new premium had been added to the supermarket's galaxy. For a mere nickel — with a food order of five

dollars or more — one could receive quite a nice pancake turner and a rack of hooks to set up on the wall. Naturally, my party took advantage of this largess. As we passed through the cash line, we happened to be remarking how sad it was that we couldn't take two sets of these implements, so that I could carry one set back to the Old World with me. The cashier, a fresh young thing with her hair swung permanently to the left by the aid of a sort of mucilage American women affect, suggested that we break into two parts the order she was violently converting into a chime of cash; if we divided into two consumer units, she would be able to give us an additional pancake turner and rack. I felt somehow that this was not quite what the owners had intended, but I was attracted to the gleaming implements and went along with my friends' enthusiasm for these new arrangements.

I left the store, then, with the start of a kitchen service, and as a bachelor I felt that I had done wonders for my marriageability, as it is called in America.

All would have been well if my hostess had not let slip a piece of information I had failed to note on the placard advertising the giveaway, that these exciting things go on and on, like installments of *The Perils of Pauline*, and like that vacant-faced victim in the films I should always be left hanging by my finger-



nails from a cliff at the end. Next week, again for a nickel and a minimal purchase, one might claim a serving spoon; the week after, a potato masher; and so on until all the hooks of the rack had dangling from them some more or less useful machine.

Now, originally I had planned to push on north in two weeks, but suddenly the thought of leaving,

which had never been far from my mind heretofore, became hateful. I should have a serving spoon, true, and a potato masher, but never, never would I own a wide spatula, a cooking fork, a spoon with holes in it. The last item hurt especially. In subsequent visits to the market, I lingered long and sorrowfully over the sample holed-spoon displayed. It was beautiful.

The thought of the cookery stuff I would miss if I ended my visit as planned began to prey on my mind. On succeeding weeks, my friends again managed to have their food order split in two, thus supplying me with extra implements. And the more I looked at them, the more of them I wanted. It seemed such a shame not to continue being showered by such largess. I had an image of the young lady in Nottingham whom I hoped someday to marry spurning me for another fellow who had put down roots on his trip to America and managed to stay in one place long enough to collect a full dowry of kitchen tools.

The upshot of all this brooding was that I decided to dally a week longer. My friends were sympathetic. By the end of the extra week, however, as I went around mumbling about how silly it was to think that one could only get research done at Princeton, and that north-central Florida, after all, was as good a place as any for a long siege of work, my hosts announced the imminent arrival of one of their mothers and I found myself on a north-bound train, straining to get a last view of the supermarket as we steamed past palmetto groves and the alligator-soup factory.

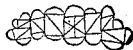
I came to my senses only as we reached the brisker air of Maryland and realized how essentially graceless my life had become since I had fallen victim to the supermarket and its siren charms. I had learned, to my horror, that I could not be trusted to retain my moral vigor on American soil, and though I know there must be lovely markets in Hightstown and Trenton, Cranbury and Princeton Junction, I have learned enough now to keep my distance. I shall henceforth have my goods and chattels shipped in by air from Fortnum & Mason's, curl up in my burberry, and keep constantly at hand my illuminated edition of the poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson.

The Neurotic's Notebook



MIGNON McLAUGHLIN

No one has ever loved anyone
the way everyone wants to be loved.



Most of us could scrape by on
twice our present income.



We are always baffled and an-
noyed by a happy marriage between
two people we dislike.



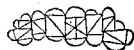
*Mea culpa, mea culpa, tua maxima
culpa.*



It's unnerving to find out whom
your children most admire.



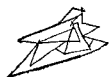
One day you are a beginner and
everybody's pet; the next, you are
coldly expected to deliver. There is
never sufficient warning that the
second day is coming.



God is less careful than General
Motors, for He floods the world
with factory rejects.



"Grow up," we say, calmly suck-
ing our thumb.



Doodles courtesy of Charles W. Morton.

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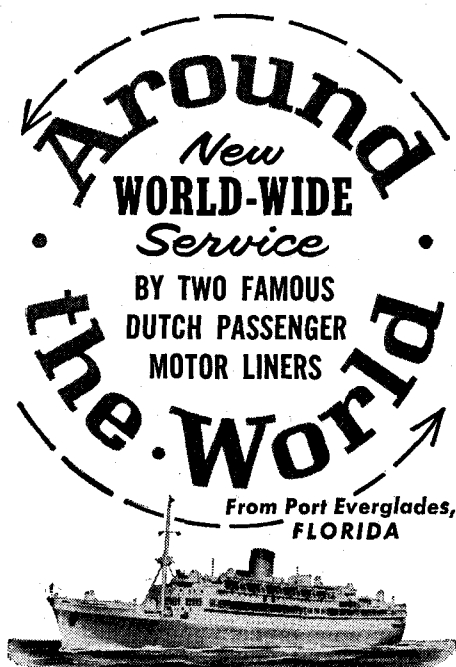
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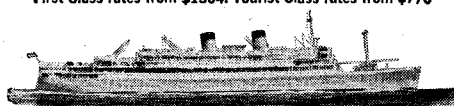


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Holland-America Line

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Off with the Dance!

BY DAVID L. GRAHAM

I can't dance, never could, and no one will ever be able to drum it into me. I have known this from the day my parents first stowed my patent leathers in a little cloth bag and dragged me off to Miss Lockwood's dancing class.

Luckily I am growing older, and not too slowly either. People are less and less inclined to expect me to dance. But the dance studios, relentless in their quest for pupils, have shown a lot of old gaffers how to get their paws on young females by teaching the dotards to totter through a few simple steps. Graying hair is no certificate of immunity.

Needless to say, I never ask anyone to dance. But my deficiency seems to attract dance lovers the way cat haters attract cats. I feel worst when some energetic character with her aggressions surfacing—some seasoned party who wants to prove how young she is—issues the ultimatum, because I know she is going to hate me.

"Come on, honey, let's dance," she cries, swooping down, it seems to me, like a hawk on a field mouse.

The ladies think I am lying, shirking my social obligations, deliberately spoiling the fun, when I protest that I can't dance. "Well, come on anyway," they insist (the ones who have never "danced" with me be-

fore), "because of course you can, a natural athlete like you."

"No, honestly, honestly I can't."

But the woman, the newly met woman who is simply dying for a dance, won't be put off. She thinks I am shy. "Oh, come on. If you can't dance, I'll teach you."

Wobbling to my feet, I shuffle forward like a suspect in a police lineup. My would-be partner meets me halfway, and more than halfway. We close. One, two, three—pump, and we're off.

The preliminary mechanics of the art have been beaten into me: left, right, left—glide. I glide, I glow. In these first four movements I can hold my own with any woman, if she ignores the music. I cannot keep time to anything more subtle than a bass-drum solo. For me all music is background music; it never intrudes on my inner voices. I am tone deaf and rhythm dumb.

But that bighearted woman will not believe it yet. And if she is any dancer at all, she will hang back with me, confident that I shall soon synchronize my hoofbeats with the orchestra.

"Why, that's fine," she coos, patting me encouragingly, "that's just fine. Who said you couldn't dance?"

And then, expecting me to join

MEMO TO MR. FROST

BY PHILIP WYLIE

On "A-Wishing Well," April, 1960, Atlantic

Robert, I think you'll find your moon
Up with the old one, pretty soon —
Even bigger, twice as bright,
Rounding earth six times a night —
But I doubt your added satellite
Will rock you with your dreamed delight.
I mean, no matter which side wins
(And disregarding relative sins),
I'm sure some sputnik in this race
Will wear a hammer-and-sickle face
And Madison Avenue, too, will foal a
Moon that reads, "Drink Coca Cola."



her, she goes her way — the orchestra's way — and I go mine, so that with one big foot or the other I come down hard on her toes.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she sings out gamely, masking a cry of pain. "That was my fault."

"No, it wasn't," I mutter between clenched teeth — the dialogue in this recurrent nightmare varies but little. "It was my fault."

Stiltedly amiable, we pause to argue, she swaying with the music clockwise, you might say, I counter-clockwise. Then, after mutual assurances of trust, admiration, and affection, off we go again: one, two, three — crunch!

This time she does not say she is sorry but screams "Ouch!" and rears back like a rattlesnake.

And so, bobbing, weaving, and crunching, my partner and I circle the dance floor. I am still hoping to locate the rhythm and get aboard it. This preoccupation keeps me from paying much attention to the other couples present, so we collide with them frequently.

It is a plucky woman who can finish one dance with me without taking refuge in some phony pretext. The pitiful little escape stratagems fall into three main categories: 1. The personal emergency fib ("My, it's hot in here. I've got to get some air!"), 2. The mutual benefit pitch ("Are you as starved as I am? Let's grab some food."), 3. Intense concern for the other fellow ("You need another drink. I'll get it for you.").

I have had to swallow all the palpably fraudulent excuses, choking them down with wrath rather than humility. Because, after a few moments on the dance floor, I begin not to like dancing — oh, no — but to entertain the shy, happy notion that I am not so awful after all. This time I am going to break through the rhythm barrier.

Deep down I realize, of course,

that only her nimbleness has saved her, that pillar-of-smoke quality that so many women dancers achieve. With me she hasn't been dancing; she has been swiveling, side-stepping, and backpedaling.

Nevertheless, my partner's wanting out is always a blow to me. Damn it, I fume inwardly, I told you what to expect. But you insisted. Now you want to quit, leave me flat.

"You got a cigarette on you, honey?" the last one asked me, knowing that I don't smoke. "I've just got to have a cigarette." And off she skittered to the sanctuary of the ladies' room. Two minutes before, she had yanked me out of my corner with an imperious, "You can't dance? Okay, Sonny, here comes your first lesson."

She failed where the top people in the field have failed. Some of the most agile and talented young professional teachers maneuvered me through no less than twenty sessions, and I still could not dance — although for a while they had me *thinking* I could. They did that for me.

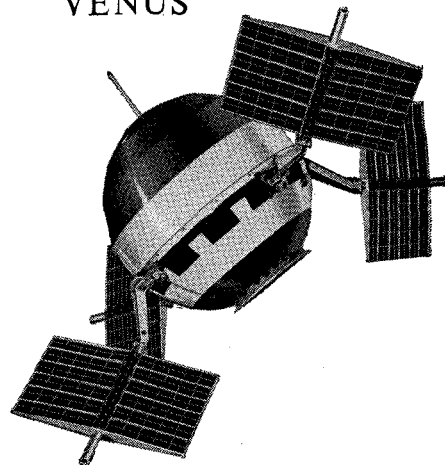
That was because the professionals are such wonderful dancers themselves. I could step up to any young lady on the dance floor — any young lady on the teaching payroll — and with her cunning arms and glib tongue she would pilot me harmlessly around the room, using only hand pressures, digs of the elbow, and scarcely audible commands. I finished the course bursting with enthusiasm and confident of whipping my weight in debutantes.

My first test came a few evenings later, when I had the foolhardiness to take a girl to a night club. The place was packed. And if I could only have let myself go, the crowd would have danced us around like wash in an automatic washer.

But in my arrogance I wanted to strike out on my own. The girl was agreeable, and the basement floor was strong: one, two, three — and suddenly I realized that the girl in my arms was not a dancing teacher. By a nasty coincidence, she was not even normally supple. Her emotional reactions were normal enough, however, because she soon begged off, whining, "Don't you think it's too crowded to dance?" And I was right back where I started.

DAVID GRAHAM is a former Philadelphian who now divides his time between Freeport, Maine, and Mexico.

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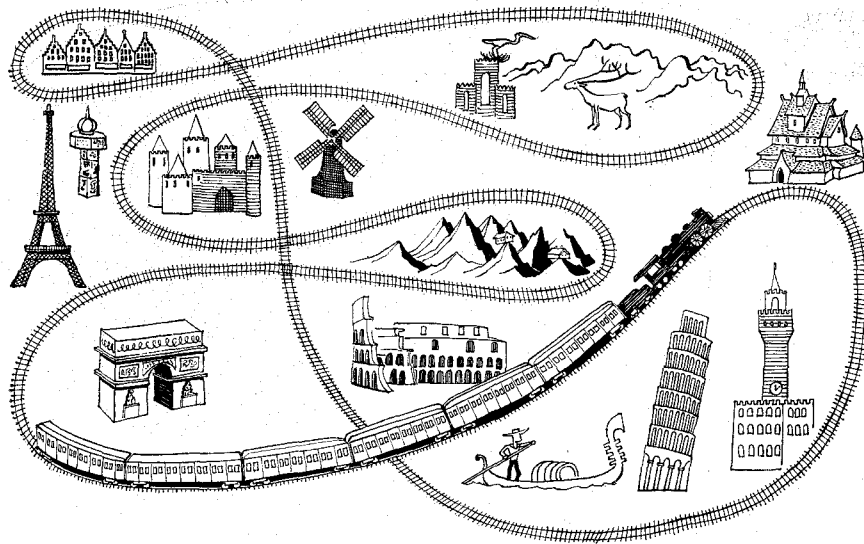
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pleasures and places



EURAILPASS

BY ROGER LEE VERNON

I have just returned from a two-month, 13,000-mile trip through thirteen European countries, from the Arctic Circle to the Mediterranean, and my total transportation cost was only \$125; that is, less than one cent a mile, although I traveled exclusively by rail and always first class. What's more, I frequently had a whole compartment to myself and often rode the more expensive expresses. I did all this with a Eurailpass, which, for \$125, is the greatest travel bargain ever offered.

Now this is quite a claim, but I believe I can prove it. The 13,000 miles I traveled is a distance greater than halfway around the world. I landed at Cherbourg, France, and took a train to Paris. From there I took a TEE (Trans Europe Express), and in three hours I was in Brussels. My itinerary from this point on was as follows: Luxembourg City, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Oslo, Stockholm, Narvik, Hamburg, Bonn, Frankfurt, Munich, Vienna, Venice, Rome, Naples, Reggio (at the tip of the Italian peninsula), Messina (across the strait in Sicily), Florence, Pisa, Zurich, Bern, Geneva, Nice, Barcelona, Seville, Granada, Lisbon, Madrid, and back to

Paris, arriving on the evening my pass expired.

I stayed only one day in most of the cities mentioned but spent two days in Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Hamburg, Vienna, Venice, Naples, and Nice, and three days in Rome and Madrid. Arriving back in Paris at the end of my journey, I could take time to recover from the trip and see the city at leisure.

Considering that a first-class round trip across Europe from Naples to Stockholm costs \$130 if you use no supplementary fare trains, and as much as \$168 if you do, I feel that I got my money's worth. I doubt very much whether any of the more than five thousand Americans who purchased and used Eurailpasses in 1959 followed my exact route. But my itinerary does show what can be done.

The Eurailpass may well bring a much greater influx of American travelers to Europe. It is easy, for instance, to use the pass for night riding instead of paying for an expensive hotel room. One simply takes an overnight train and sleeps in a compartment. This is especially good off-season when the first-class

traveler can frequently obtain a whole compartment to himself and stretch out on the seat quite comfortably.

France pioneered the idea of the Eurailpass, and it was French officials who struggled through long conferences to convince the other nations of Europe that the project was sound. Some of the countries that now take part in the program at first refused to consider the plan at all. They wanted to keep their railroads independent and were satisfied with prevailing conditions. For three years meetings, discussions, and arguments went on. Even after the plan was agreed upon, it took an enormous amount of explaining to ticket collectors, conductors, and platform attendants — it was new to them and not very easy to understand.

As a Eurailpass user, I was curious and even a little concerned over whether the pass would transcend the language barrier, but it was accepted everywhere. On most of the ordinary runs, the pass was acknowledged with careless ease. On the less frequented lines, there was at times paging through the rulebook, but always I was allowed to continue without delay. On several occasions, the conductors got together over my pass, mumbled incantations or exhibited it around for others to see, but it was returned unharmed, and I was allowed to go my way.

Sometimes, I will admit, there was a show of annoyance at a prevalent nuisance. In the trial year of 1959 the ticket collectors on all the trains were required to copy down the name of the pass holder, the number of the pass, where it was purchased, from whom it was purchased, and the destination of the pass holder. The information was recorded and sent back to Paris, where it was tabulated on IBM cards. However, the future users of the Eurailpass will be greeted more pleasantly, for the ticket collectors are no longer required to copy this information.

Representatives of the railroads of the thirteen countries involved in the program — France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Spain, and Portugal — met last December 9 and agreed to continue the Eurailpass program indefinitely. The price will remain the same, at least for the present. The object of the pro-

gram was never to earn money but to encourage more American travel in Europe.

Although the number of users is expected to double in 1960, the 1959 statistics will be used, and percentages of the \$125 fee will be apportioned among the various countries concerned, on the basis of the trial year. Each country involved in the program will receive a proportion of the money, depending upon what part of the tourist's trip was made in that country and the average price per kilometer charged by that country. As you can see, this is a mathematical problem for a computer.

And even the computer is working overtime. The results for 1959 will probably not be known until the middle of 1960, but it is expected that France will have received somewhat over one quarter of the tourist travel, Italy somewhat less than one quarter, and Germany about one seventh. The big three would then take two thirds of the money, which is resting quietly in a French bank account. This expectation is based on the prevailing tourist picture: France has always been first, Italy second, Germany third.

To buy a Eurailpass, one sends a check for \$125 to a travel agent, and the agent writes to one of the seven places in America where the passes are sold. New York has five of these: the New York offices of the French, German, Swiss, Italian, and Scandinavian railroads. There are also French railroad offices that sell the passes in San Francisco and Montreal. It is hoped that more sales offices will be opened sometime in 1960, especially in South America.

One big improvement in the passes has come this year. Since February, 1960, all Eurailpasses have been sold without a date. This prevents the difficulty experienced last year by a few Americans whose ships arrived in Europe late, so that the validity of their passes was lessened by several days. From now on, Eurailpass purchasers will buy the passes in America, and then when they arrive in Europe and are ready to begin using their passes, they will go to any railroad ticket window and ask to have the date affixed.

Eurailpasses cannot be bought in Europe, but the main railroad offices in capital cities of countries involved in the program will extend them for an additional two months upon the payment of another \$125.

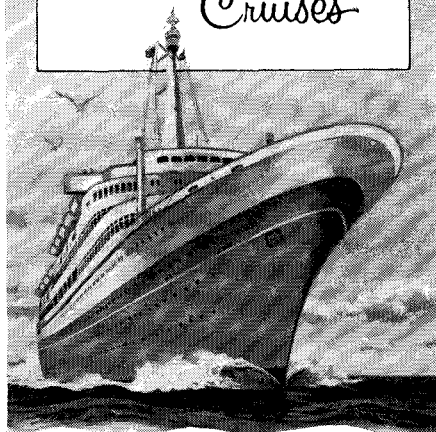
I asked M. Masméjean, who is currently in charge of the French end of the Eurailpass program, what route he would follow if he were an American tourist. He said he would naturally go to Paris first, then to the French Riviera, Rome, and Naples, and back through Switzerland. He would take a steamer trip on the Rhine and go on to Scandinavia if he had time; otherwise he would go directly to Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg, and return to Paris. Naturally M. Masméjean was speaking as a Frenchman, but this is the trip many Americans make. The Eurailpass is also good for the steamer trip on the Rhine, steamers on the Danube, various ferryboats connecting the Scandinavian countries, and steamers on the Swiss lakes.

M. Masméjean's projected trip does not include the Spanish peninsula, and unless the service in that section improves, which it shows no sign of doing, I would suggest that Eurailpass holders avoid the Spanish railroads entirely and skip Spain and Portugal. True, living costs in Spain are cheap, but all transportation, other than flying, is primitive. On my trip I did not follow a pre-arranged schedule but inquired only after reaching each city on my list as to trains for the next place. I had intended going to Algeciras and Gibraltar, but I found that to do so I would have to wait for two days for the train. So I went on to Seville, instead. Considering that in other European countries there are many trains between main towns each day, Spain's railroad connections seem backward. For instance, between Naples and Rome there are, even in the off-season winter months, seven *rapido* or express trains and twelve locals operating daily.

One of the advantages of the Eurailpass is its simplicity. While other travelers are struggling with complicated tickets, the pass holder has one little card that does it all for him. Another virtue of the Eurailpass is that, if the traveler wants to get back and forth onto the station platform, he merely shows his card. An attractive plastic folder and maps of the European railroad lines are given with the pass. The folder is just the right size for an American passport, and the railroad timetables and travelers' check booklets can also be stored neatly within. In fact, one package is all that is needed for the trip.

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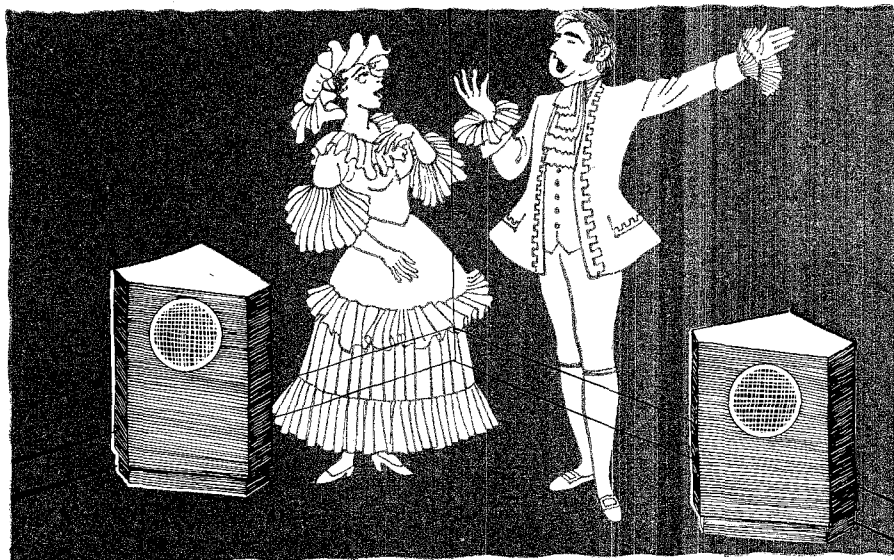
"It's good to be



on a well-run ship"

they shall have Music

BY JOHN M. CONLY



Some months ago I described the way in which I used a living-room corner for the disposition of a pair of loudspeaker cabinets, to deliver stereophonic sound. Apparently — to judge from my mail — I did not describe it very well. And apparently, also, there are a goodly number of music lovers interested in this topic. Having devoted a corner to their sound source originally, in monophonic days, and perhaps having arranged other furniture for listening, they do not want to make a drastic change now if they needn't.

Probably they needn't, and indeed they shouldn't. Unless a room is perfectly square, a corner seems to me the best place for a loudspeaker, or a pair of loudspeakers. From almost anywhere in a living room, a speaker will stir up some random resonances, but this happens in any concert hall as well and is not offensive. It is the natural sound of music.

What is offensive, and not natural, is what may happen when speakers are placed foursquare in a rectangular room — a standing wave. This means simply that the sound waves from the loudspeaker and those rebounding from the opposite wall meet each other somewhere near the middle of the room and either neu-

tralize or reinforce each other. The effect is never uniform, either. The cellos playing two octaves under the violins will come out *fff*, while the violins come out *ppp*, whatever the intentions of Mr. Beethoven and Dr. Walter may have been. I don't mean to sound frightening. This does not happen always, or even often, but it does sometimes, and it is ruinous to music. The general rule to follow is that, in sonics, symmetry is to be avoided. Commonly, corner placement can help, since few rooms are perfectly square or scaled to develop bad resonances on the second bounce, so to speak.

It is probably silly for me to talk here about single-cabineted stereo phonographs. Any man who has bought one, in its French provincial casing, has already yielded to his wife and will do so again. She will put the thing where it looks best, whether it sounds best there or not. It is not likely that she will let him try the benefits of a corner. And, further, there is no sense in tucking the thing into a corner with its back against one wall; that will simply help one loudspeaker overpower the other. There will be no stereo effect. It would have to be placed *across* the corner, like the base of a triangle, facing into the center of the room.

However, it might look awkward there, which is the basis of my mis-giving.

For the do-it-yourself high fidelity man, or woman, the prospect is better. I have proved by ear two good ways to use a corner. They do not involve, to my eye, any unsightliness. (I must admit that I do not find phonographic equipment unsightly, any more than I find a Steinway baby grand unsightly. Both look as if they are supposed to make music. Why should a cupboard or a lowboy be deemed more acceptable to the view?) One of these systems I use myself. In fact, I use it in duplicate, having a second, smaller stereo setup in my study. This is the system I described and will now describe again.

Diagrams would make it easier to do but are not necessary. Imagine a corner loudspeaker cabinet, triangular in shape as seen from above. It is snuggled in a corner. Now go and take hold of it, manfully. Wrestle it and slide it out of the corner, along the left wall. Maintain the orientation of the cabinet, so its left rear side (as reckoned from a front view) is still flush against the left wall of the room.

You have now, standing somewhere about, a second speaker cabinet, an exact duplicate of the first, which some tireless local carpenter has built for you in a mere six weeks. You needn't actually put this second enclosure in the same corner, but visualize it there. This also you would seize and slide, but along the right wall. All this shoving should stop when the fronts of the two enclosures are in line, like a broken base line of an isosceles triangle, of which the room corner is the apex. The two loudspeaker ports now will stare out across the room from the corner in parallel, like the headlights of a Cadillac. I specify a Cadillac because the two speaker ports should be a fair distance apart. I use about nine feet of spacing in my living room, which is twenty-seven by thirty feet, and about six feet in the study, which is smaller. My criterion is the separation at which a good stereo record of a grand piano or a chamber group sounds real.

With this amount of spacing, there is enough corner room left behind the speaker cabinets to contain a dictionary stand or a record cabinet. In other words, there can be a pleasant little enclave there, not only usable but attractive to look at. For

some reason, this is important in the stereo illusion. Sometimes, in the space between and behind the speakers, I almost fancy I can *see* Figaro and Susanna, or Mr. Clifford Curzon's piano. Stereo has a compulsive force that monophony has not; you are made to want to turn toward the source of the music. And a corner has a little more mystery about it than a flat blank wall; it is easier for your imagination to people it and to stretch it out into a concert or opera stage.

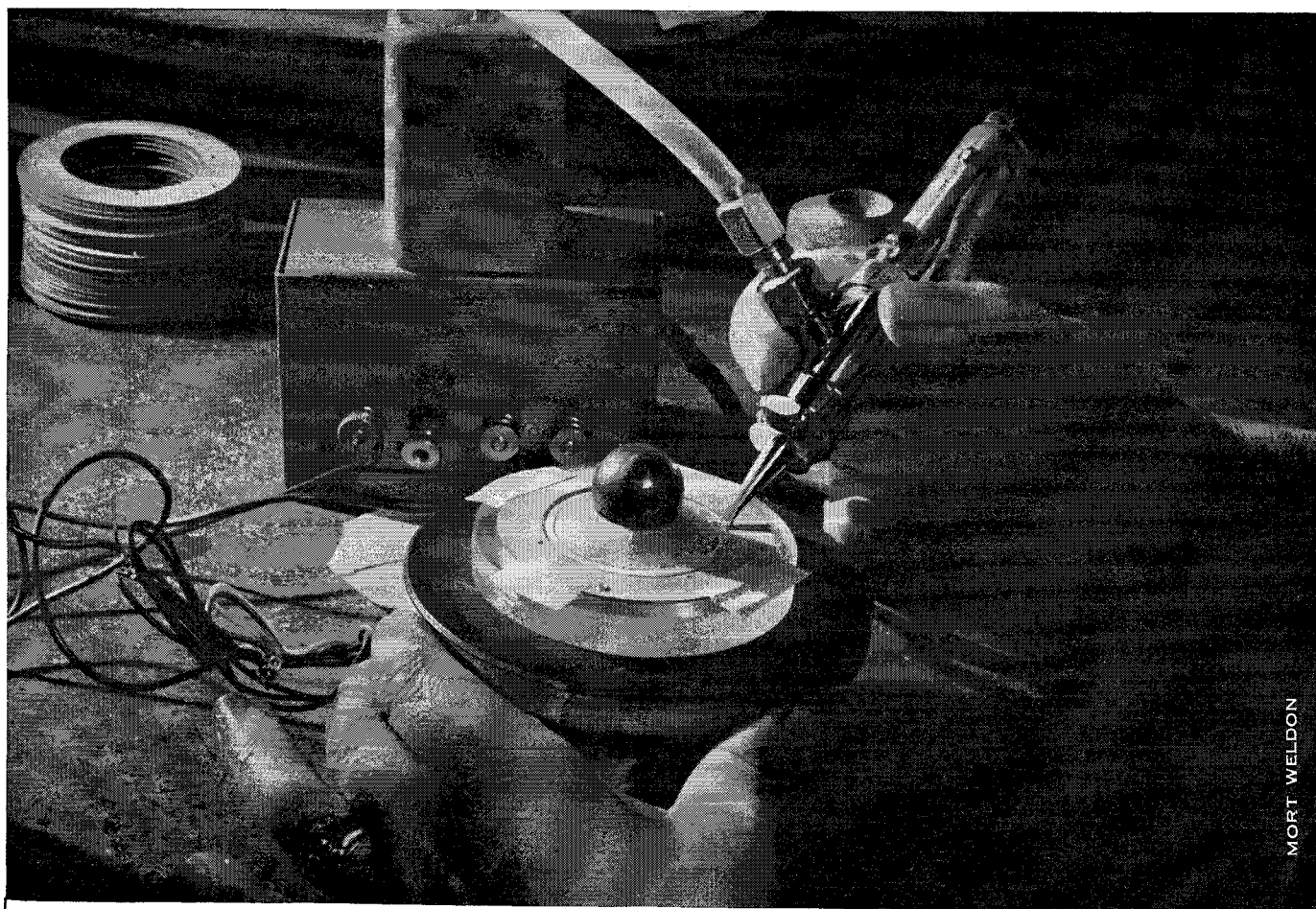
The second use of a corner is one for which I am indebted to Edward Tatnall Canby, the reviewer, who introduced me to the charms of reflected sound. He discovered them by happy accident, I think, though accident and ingenuity are hard to

tell apart. At any rate, he pointed his loudspeaker (this was long before stereo) at the side and top-board of a piano, and the reflected dispersion was a delectable illusion. The tweeter twang vanished, and the spatial effect was admirable.

The stereo-corner application of reflected sound is especially suitable to people who want to use what are now called "compact" loudspeaker systems, in which the speaker elements and their rectilinear enclosures come as integral sealed units. The Acoustic Research and KLH boxes are the best-known examples. These are small enough to fit a bookshelf but are amply powerful.

For corner use, position two of these vertically and back to back. I suggest also some kind of low stand

under them, to raise them to somewhere near ear level, for sitting listeners. Now place the pair diagonally across the corner (again, like the base of a triangle) and from three to four feet out from it. Thus, the loudspeaker cones will be projecting at the walls, from about two and a half feet away. The sound will hit the walls, of course, at a forty-five degree angle and will be reflected into the main part of the room from apparent sources seven or eight feet apart. A little treble is lost in the reflection, but most of these small speaker systems have switches which can raise the tweeter output. The twin flank of the array that faces out into the room can be disguised with a piece of tapestry or something of the sort, if the lady of the house so wishes.



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This device also helps dispel awareness of the sound source, which is a prime essential of good listening in a living room.

Lovers of good music have been lukewarm about stereophony thus far, as record and equipment sales prove. I need not say that I think this is a mistaken attitude. Stereo does even more for the best music — especially small-scale music — than it does for sports car sounds, Ping-pong games, or locomotive noises. The Juilliard Quartet, playing Schubert's *Death and the Maiden*, sounds better in my living room than it does in the Juilliard auditorium (I drove 130 miles to make this comparison). But the stereo has to be good stereo, and the goodness depends largely on creative imagination in speaker placement. When you do have good stereo, you can listen to a Maureen Forrester song recital and forget that you are missing *Wagon Train*. What more can I say?

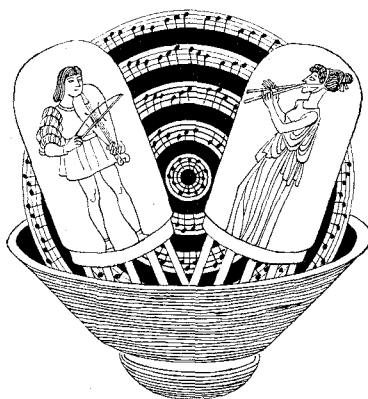
Small Record Companies

In the early years of LP, there was an exciting development. Encouraged by the ease and economy of tape recording, a spate of small record companies came into being. They recorded a wealth of music that their founders simply wanted to hear and that no big company could afford to touch — esoteric works by everyone from Sammartini to Samuel Barber. Later, these small companies either grew big or were forced out of business, as the larger firms spread their territories.

Now the onset of stereo has forced the big companies back into the standard repertoire, which they are remaking from A to Z (with special emphasis on T for Tchaikovsky). And, perhaps partly as result of this, new small companies are springing up again. Their ideas are interesting, and their standards are high. I am going to report on them from time to time. Some of them are headed by artists. Eleanor Steber has launched a company named St/And, mainly to put forth a Bach-Mozart-Berg series. About Richard Dyer-Bennet's company, I have written already; its next project is to record all thirty-two Beethoven piano sonatas, with Jacob Lateiner as soloist. Max Goberman, of *West Side Story* fame, aims to produce the entire music of Vivaldi on one hundred and twelve stereo LPs, with

scores, under a label called Library of Recorded Masterpieces. There are others, too.

One of the most interesting is an outfit that calls itself American Society Concerts in the Home. It is a subsidiary of Bell Records. Heretofore Bell has devoted itself prin-



cipally to popular "cover" records. This means that when Mitch Miller, for Columbia, would score a hit with the *River Kwai* march, Bell would rush out, hire a band that could whistle, and make another *River Kwai*, as much like Mitch's as possible. That's "covering."

Lately, Bell has been prospering. Indeed, it hit the best-seller list with a "pop" tune known as *The Madison*. It decided it would like to acquire prestige, have some highbrow fun, and get in on the stereo classical ground floor. "We won't sell millions," Arthur Yale, the sales manager, says, "but we're enjoying it."

The executives pondered and decided that they would try a cycle of nineteenth-century chamber music. Accordingly they called up Daniel Saidenberg, the founder and conductor of the Saidenberg Little Symphony.

Saidenberg will be remembered by veteran record collectors for some delightful recordings of the mid-1940s, notably the Mozart and Cimarosa oboe concertos, with Mitch Miller as soloist, and the Griffes *Poem for Flute and Orchestra*, with Julius Baker at the flute. Saidenberg, now fifty-three, was leading cellist with the Chicago Symphony in 1935, when he decided there was a need for good chamber orchestras. He formed one from the symphony's string sections (just as Arthur Zimbleman has done from the Boston Symphony's string choir). It was such a success that, paradoxically, Saidenberg left it in 1941 to go to New York and recruit a new orchestra.

This also has been a success, up and down the whole Eastern seaboard. Incidentally, it has remained independent of the big managements; it makes its own business deals. "This may lessen the fees," Saidenberg says, "but we can program just what we want to. Nobody gives us instructions."

What Saidenberg likes to program is music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He was pretty firm about this with the Bell people, and they acquiesced readily. The result is their first issue of a planned half dozen. It is numbered American Society SAS-1003 (stereo) and AS-1003. Its contents are Purcell's music for *The Gordian Knot Untied*; a Pergolesi trio sonata in G; a Telemann trio sonata in C; and Boyce's Eighth Symphony. All are played with the winning grace and robust humor of the time, a time when it must have been fun to live. And the Bell engineers, perhaps tired of "covering" Elvis Presley and Michel Legrand, have done a very fine job with the Little Symphony. Withal, the variety on the record is the thing: it really is a chamber orchestra concert for the living room, credible in sound and varied to the taste, a complete and lasting pleasure.

Record Reviews

Beethoven: Sonatas No. 9, "Kreutzer," and No. 1

Robert Casadesu, piano; Zino Francescatti, violin; Columbia MS-6125 (stereo) and ML-5453

These two long-time fellow players are going to make the whole Beethoven piano-violin canon for Columbia. They play in a French way, with a wonderful feeling for grace and contour. I am not sure the structure and dynamics are always made clear, or perhaps I should say they are not emphasized, but this is a perfectly valid approach; these works have more grace and vivacity than drama anyway.

Haydn: London Symphonies, Vol. II

Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Capitol SGCR-7198 (stereo) and GCR-7198; three records

Here are the second six of the symphonies Haydn wrote for Mr. Salomon in London. Beecham is a

great Haydn conductor in his own way; the music comes out fresh, crisp, elegant, and — if you will accept an orthographical exactitude — merrie. This was indeed the flavor of Haydn's reception in London, where two ambassadors asked him to dinner the first day and where he was welcomed by the Prince of Wales. The baronet's proud trumpets sing this out. My only cavil about the set is the unrelieved gaiety in No. 100, the *Military*, wherein the dark ironic hues found by Hermann Scherchen are completely sunnied over by Beecham. Otherwise, wonderful.

Lehár: The Merry Widow

William Reid conducting the Sadler's Wells Opera Company and Orchestra; Angel S-35816 (stereo) and 35816

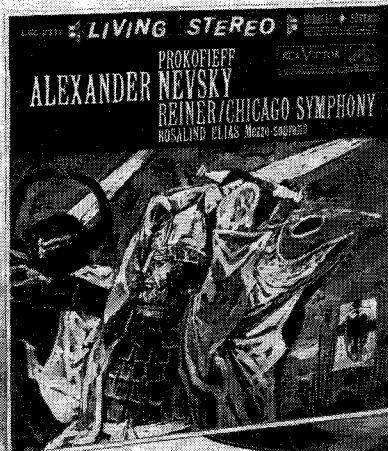
Perhaps I am not alone in that one disc of *Merry Widow* excerpts is all I can take at a sitting, and even so I am impatient until the widow gets around to singing *Vilja*. This always persuades me that I enjoy the whole thing enormously, and maybe I do. It's not hard to, in this lilting English translation by Christopher Hassall and in Angel's lucent stereo. A worthy companion piece, from the same company and with kindred virtues, is Noel Coward's *Bitter Sweet*, also on one record (35814), in which the treasure is *Zigeuner* out of a wholly tasty dish. At the same time was issued *The White Horse Inn*, but the less said about that, the better.

Mahler: Songs of a Wayfarer; Songs on the Death of Children

Maureen Forrester, contralto; Charles Munch conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2371 (stereo) and LM-2371

Maureen Forrester seems to me the long-sought successor to Schumann-Heink, a true and natural dramatic contralto with boundless flexibility and a real thrilling quality in her voice. Mahler is a good composer to bring this out, and he does. The two cycles of longing and grief come beautifully to life, assisted by the gorgeous sonic glint of the Boston Symphony. Munch distinguishes himself too; I won't say he is as good as Bruno Walter at Mahler, because nobody is, but he can make a threnody throb when he has a mind to. This record is mainly an exercise in the beauty of pathos, and as such it is a success.

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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

TWICE in the course of the past three years, as I have reported in these columns, attempts have been made to desecrate Walden, one of the most beautiful great ponds in New England and a permanent memorial to Henry Thoreau. The first encroachment occurred when the Middlesex County commissioners, encouraged by the citizens of Concord, cut down three hundred yards of fine trees and bulldozed the topsoil into the water to form a raw, sloping hardpan convenient for young bathers. The second was when the authorities of Concord, in search of a new site for the town dump, finally dug the odoriferous hole at a distance of less than half a mile from the reservation.

Concord is a town more conscientious than most; its citizens and Historical Society have been vigilant in preserving its Revolutionary and literary remains. Yet its attitude toward Walden seems that of an exasperated guardian, and part of the exasperation is doubtless caused by the picnickers (only a few of whom come from Concord), who follow that common American trait of throwing all rejected tin cans and hardware into the nearest available stream. (I remember seeing in one of the loveliest stretches in Upper Connecticut not only an iron bedspring under water but also the top half of an upholstered leather chair.) Walden has long suffered from the population pressure of suburbia, and I suppose that it was only human nature for Concord's citizens to give first thought to their own privacy and to leave the pond to the mercy of the tourists.

But the county commissioners should have known better, and I am pleased to say that in a recent ruling of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court they have been ordered to halt their bulldozers and to replant trees felled at the site of Thoreau's cabin. The concrete ramps must be uprooted; a modern roadway must be restored to the semblance of a forest path; and one hopes that the hot dog stands will go too.

In short, the court found that the commissioners, in enlarging the recreation area, were not acting in accordance with the terms of the original gift made by the grandsons of Emerson when they presented Walden and the woods to the commonwealth. More than ten thousand dollars has been expended by the Thoreau Society in the legal fight for this victory, and it is heartening to know that the dollars, dimes, and pennies came from people the world over for whom Thoreau is still alive.

THE LUNGS OF LONDON

This struggle to preserve the pastoral beauty of Walden, one of the most beautiful green areas in the neighborhood of Boston, sharply underscores the fundamental difference between the English and ourselves. The word "park" signifies a tract of land intended for confining beasts of the chase within a wall or fence, and the London public parks came into being as monarch after monarch, particularly the Stuarts, gave over his hunting preserves for the public use. Greenwich Park, where Queen Elizabeth loved to hunt the deer, and St. James's are two of the oldest. Hyde Park, once a forest reserved for Henry VIII's hunting, was opened to the public by James I, and Kensington Gardens, Regent's Park, and Green Park followed.

The happy thing to remember is that these "lungs of London," these clean, lovely breathing spaces, are still being created. The largest post-war addition has been Holland Park, of fifty-four acres. The most amusing of the new additions is the fun park, or the Festival Gardens, at Battersea, and it should be noticed that when polo was no longer feasible at Hurlingham, the park of twenty acres was converted into a splendid new sports arena with a 220-yard sprint and accommodations for 2500 spectators. So the process goes on, aimed at the idea, proclaimed in 1943 by the



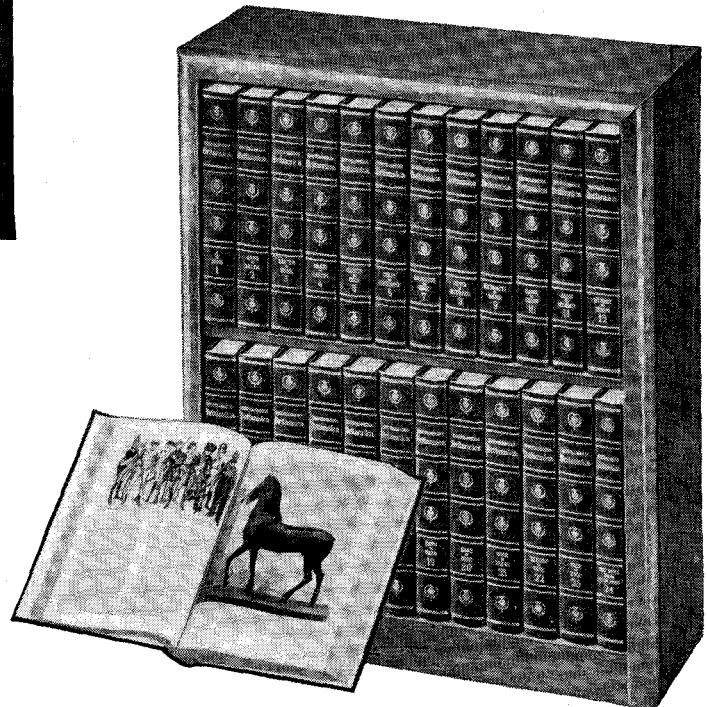
WHEN MOST PEOPLE SAY "I THINK..." DO THEY REALLY THINK?

A THOUGHTFUL DISCUSSION by Dr. D. Alan Walter

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The London parks bring out the character of the city. There are the pedestrians, those who amble and those who stride with swinging arms as if just out of a regiment. There are the equestrians still in view on Rotten Row. And one portly gentleman whom I saw humping along on a Sunday put me in mind of Samuel Pepys and of how, on May Day of 1663, Pepys planned to catch the eye of the King and the powerful Lady Castlemaine. He dressed himself up in new clothes with "painted gloves, very pretty and all the mode," and then, riding into the city on his own "dull jade," he changed to a livelier beast at Chequer Inn. This proved his undoing, for the spirited animal brought him swiftly into the royal view — and then bolted.

The parks are a happy meeting place for the dog world: I have seen seven frisky Sealyhams being exercised by their sportsman in Green Park, and only a hundred yards away I noticed the approach of an ancient perambulator; in it were three cuddlesome dachshunds who were being trundled to their favorite piece of turf by an impressive spinster. The small streams and brooks which once flowed into the Thames have been piped underground and diverted to form great ponds such as the Serpentine, where whole families row themselves about in sculls and where the bird lovers congregate to feed and observe the waterfowl and the migrants who are protected here in such profusion. The parks, once opened, have never been restricted. Queen Caroline, the wife of George II, proposed to improve and then restrict the whole of Kensington Gardens for the use of the royal family only, and she asked the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, what it would cost to do so. "Only a Crown, Madam," he replied, and the estimate restrained her.

Travelers with my curiosity should secure a copy of *The Royal Parks of London* by Richard Church (H.M. Stationery Office), an appetizing little guidebook which delights one with its history. And it is well to remember that attached to many of these parks are famous houses, such as Apsley House on Hyde Park Corner, which was Wellington's home and is now a most enticing museum. Here one sees the trophies, the gold plate, and the 165 canvases which the great duke recaptured from Joseph Bonaparte, bogus King of Spain. Here in the Waterloo Gallery, a room ninety feet long, were held the reunion banquets, attended, of course, by the King and by Wellington's famous veterans. A sight to remember.

These large royal parks in central London are what might be called the inner green islands. Beyond them, at a distance of four to six miles

from Piccadilly, is a green belt of more open, less manicured turfs and woods, such as Wimbledon Common, where one can picnic or ride for miles or walk in privacy; or Hampstead Heath, with its woods and wild flowers, from whose heights one sees the whole sweep of the city and the great eggshell of St. Paul's, a heath forever associated with John Keats. This spring I stood where he must have stood many times gazing at the city. Then I spent a quiet, reflective hour in the little house — a double house, really — where he and his friend Brown lived on one side of the partition and Fanny Brawne and her mother on the other. The heath and the house are inseparable, and Keats's letters and books, which are so clearly displayed in this poignant little dwelling, make us feel his presence as much as the yellow brocade sofa on which he lay by the window in his last illness and the three-hundred-year-old mulberry tree under which he wrote in fair weather.

Still further out is the third tier, and now you are in Epping Forest with its six thousand virgin acres, where the deer and trout are still wild; Hainault Forest with its eleven hundred acres; Wanstead Flats; Hampton Court; or the recently restored Lesnes Abbey and woods with its two hundred acres of woodland and its meadows of wild daffodils. In all, there are more than 140 parks and open spaces now under the control of the London County Council, a vaster, more diverse, and more beautiful acreage than in any other city of the world. It may have been providential to have such Crown lands available, but it took wise planning back in the 1870s to piece together and preserve the small commons, the little gardens, and the parks, which taken together make up this great green mosaic.

FAMILIES TAKING ROOT

IN *SOUTH OF THE ANGELS* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.75), JESSAMYN WEST is telling the story of a newly founded community in California. The tract, with its bare barley-brown slopes and arroyos, was opened for settlers in 1916 by the silver-tongued promoter Sylvester Perkins, and swift they came from many states and in varying conditions. They came lured on by the promise of growing things, of water with which to irrigate, and of staking out a fresh domain for their hopes. And it is Miss West's purpose to make us familiar with these many households, to show us the interlacing of their lives and how the little community in which they were the pioneers achieved its identity. Many of them must live under canvas until their new frame houses are built; all of them suffer from the lack of water, which does not gush forth as freely as Mr. Perkins promised; a few

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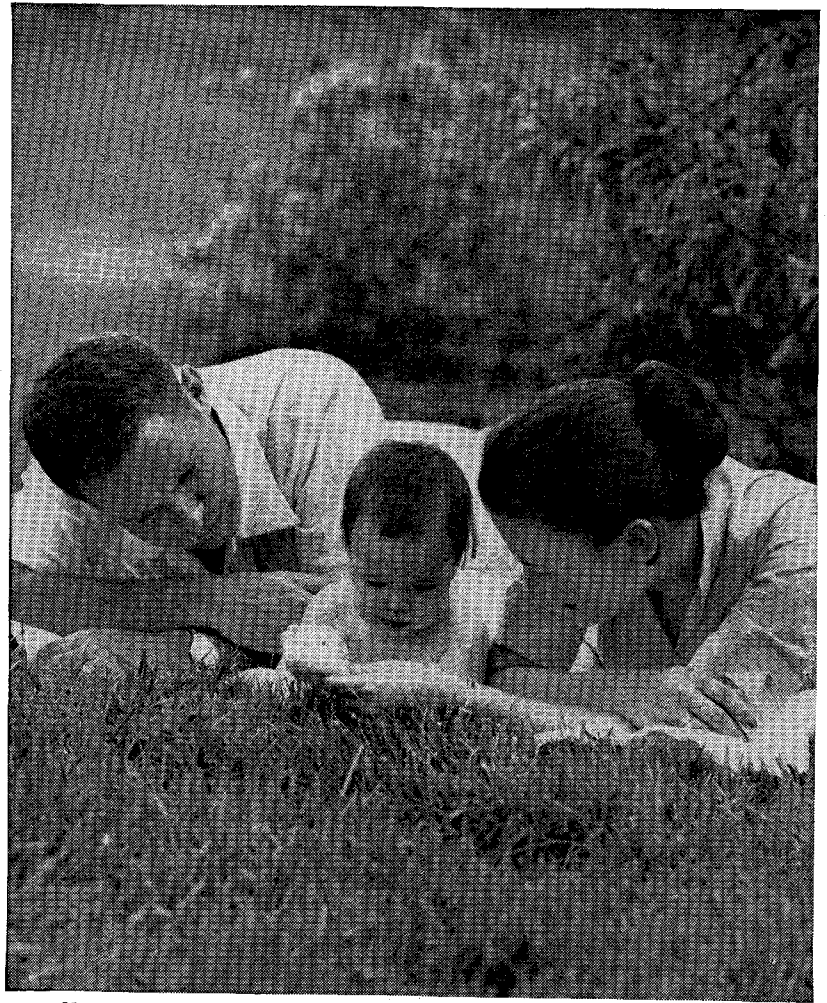
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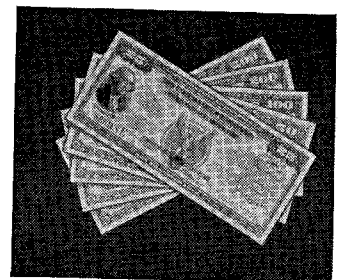


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hear the overtones of war in Europe, which is beginning to claim its American volunteers.

This is a novel of Chaucerian dimensions and certainly the most ambitious which Miss West has attempted. Her method is to move from household to household: from the spinsters Opal and Eunice, each in her way so hungry for love, to Asa Brice, the bachelor with his ingenious plans for developing the arroyo; from the Reverend Raunce, the revivalist who has found God, to Tom Mount, carpenter and philanderer who has found sex, from Shel Lewis and his lovable wife and children to Base and Elizabeth Cudlip, the embittered Southerners. These are a precious few of the many whom she has brought to life and who respond in their varying ways to the two magnetic poles of love and hate.

Miss West is the master of the swift descriptive phrase and of the intimate revelatory action. Her story has many gleaming moments; I think she is at her best in writing of young love and of adolescence; I think she gauges her women more acutely than her men; and I am not myself too much put off by the constant change of perspective which her method necessitates. Yet sometimes it is a wrench to pull oneself out of a scene which is just beginning to reach its depth and to reopen one's mind to a different and less compelling situation. This is not a book to be read at a canter; it must be taken up and put down and started afresh; and it would have been kinder for the reader had a cast of characters been supplied.

In *THE EDGE OF DAY* (Morrow, \$4.00), LAURIE LEE is writing with dewy freshness of his boyhood and of how his family settled into a thatched village of the Cotswolds forty years ago. They were poor, and the most they could afford was part of a three-family cottage; subsistence came hard, yet here was the innocent love of life which the author has recaptured in the smell and taste of the smoky kitchen, in the buoyancy of his older sisters, and in the warmth and stout self-reliance of his mother, who had once served as a barmaid in the Plough Inn and had there learned how to apply the frog's march to the biggest bully. Such pastoral recollections are not everyone's dish, but for me they form a period piece, gay, sensuous, and so authentically remote that one can hardly believe that the poet-author is only in his forties.

There are occasional outbursts of violence, but the scenes I prefer might have been written by Hardy: the singing of the carols in the deepening snow; the rivalry of the two grannies who lived next door; Laurie's recovery from pneumonia, when every taste and dainty mattered; and lastly, Mother's reception of a suitor who would not be turned away.

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

MEMOIRS

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The spirited, liberal-minded sister of the novelist Nancy Mitford describes her adventures as the wayward child of parents who were, to put it gently, difficult. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN, \$4.00.

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THE PAST REFURBISHED

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BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

Written at various times and for various reasons, these essays on the classical mind, the nature of poetry, and the problems of translation make a coherent, interesting whole when combined by the editor, R. H. Super. UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN PRESS, \$6.50.

Velazquez BY E. LAFUENTE FERRARI

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The Saragossa Manuscript BY JAN POTOCKI

This is a long-neglected but fascinating collection of weird tales translated by Elisabeth Abbott, jumbled as the *Arabian Nights* and closer in tone to Poe than to the Gothic revival, to which it belongs by date. ORION, \$5.00.

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The Infant with the Globe

BY ROBERT GRAVES

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Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

WILLIAM STYRON's new novel, *SET THIS HOUSE ON FIRE* (Random House, \$5.95), is essentially religious in intention, its title derived from a splendid passage of John Donne on the horror of separation from God. Mr. Styron believes, or fears, that America is today altogether separated from God. His book is a study of the unconscious search for religion in a society that has repudiated it and the effect on the human mind of the attempt to live by purely material standards.

Mr. Styron's story concerns the collision, in Italy, of a drunken, penniless, half-mad painter named Cass Kinsolving and a rich, altogether mad dilettante named Mason Flagg. The struggle between the two is described by yet a third American, whose chief function is to permit the author to tell his story with a Conradian indirection that extracts every possible twitch of suspense from a plot equally complicated in its psychology and its action.

The action includes unpredictable Italian police, a disorderly Hollywood outfit making what will undoubtedly be the worst film in history if it ever gets done, theft, rape, murder, and the death of Mason Flagg. Enough excitement for several novels, in fact, and all of it controlled by Mr. Styron with immense ingenuity. He has a habit of introducing what appear to be minor characters and developing them with baroque flamboyance, an elaboration that at first seems merely exuberant literary doodling. A hundred pages further on, the reader discovers that each of these gilded scrolls and curlicues is an architectural necessity.

Mr. Styron is not one of those novelists who assume that serious purpose constitutes a license to bore.

Flagg is the devil in this morality play, a synthesis of all the evils that Mr. Styron sees rampant in our society; but this poisonous nuisance, with his money and mistresses and cheap swindles and neurotic lies, with his mania for pornography and his lack of any real sexual feeling, his suspicious loneliness and bullying attempts to control everyone within reach, is also an amusing wit and a sharp caricature of a particular type of artistic dabbler.

The scene in which Flagg, confused by a similarity of names, says all the right nonrepresentational things to the wrong representational painter can only be described as memorable. There is a nightmarish episode in which Kinsolving, drunk and dependent on Flagg's mean charity, is compelled to make an idiot exhibition of himself for the tag end of a cocktail party. Part of the act is the rebel yell which, committed and repeated late at night in a heavily populated house, raises a Persian cat, previously invisible and never seen again, servants from the kitchen, and guests from their beds. The place is, as Mr. Styron puts it, "Like a churchyard transfigured by the trump of Judgment Day," and while the whole incident is horrifying, it is also wildly, savagely comic.

It is typical of the logical framework supporting Mr. Styron's gorgeous palace of words that the actual material of Cass's performance, which at the time seems a random muddle, includes everything in American life against which the author is protesting: disregard of history, frivolity in religion, destruction of human dignity, and the reduction of sexual love to the level of a vaudeville turn. Moreover, Cass is jumping through hoops, if not directly for money at least for what money will buy.

What goes on in Kinsolving's head is explained in detail, a goulash of dreams, mystical visions, drunken fantasies, and fits of remorse or self-pity. Mr. Styron can undoubtedly justify every line as a step in the progress of Cass Kinsolving from darkness to light, but if this admirable book has a weakness, it is in the assumption that every step of that progress must be recorded. It is clear from the beginning that Cass is a good man trying to escape his own nature, that the hound of heaven will catch up with him, and that he will be saved. Cass's visions are never dull — some of them have a hair-

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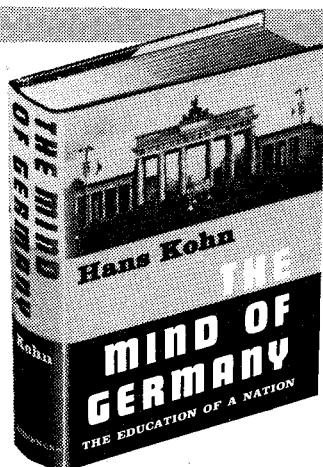
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raising poetical power — but at times they come dangerously close to being redundant.

LORD RUSSELL'S OPINIONS

BERTRAND RUSSELL SPEAKS HIS MIND (World, \$3.50) consists of thirteen dialogues which came into being as unrehearsed television programs. It is hard to imagine Lord Russell being anything but brilliant, but the interviewer, Woodrow Wyatt, deserves credit for asking the right kind of questions and then getting out of the way of the fireworks.

As the title suggests, the book is nothing like a system of philosophy, and no great application of mind is required to enjoy it. Lord Russell talks about philosophy, religion, peace and war, fanaticism and tolerance, and other large topics, his peppery opinions based on a common sense so superb that it verges on the Olympian. His style is a masterpiece of simplicity, never using two syllables where one will do, never using a generality when a specific example is available, never indirect, and never oratorical. His only concession to the foggiest of normal conversation is an occasional "well."

"Well," he begins, on the difference between philosophy and science, "roughly, you'd say science is what we know and philosophy is what we don't know." On the uses of philosophy: "One of them is to keep alive speculation about things that are not yet amenable to scientific knowledge. . . . But there's another use that I think is equally important, which is to show that there are things which we thought we knew and don't know. . . . If you're certain, you're certainly wrong, because nothing deserves certainty . . . and what I should look to philosophy to do is to encourage people to act with vigor without complete certainty."

Despite this high regard for doubt, Lord Russell is, or sounds, certain about a number of things: "I still think that a great many people enjoy a war provided it's not in their neighborhood and not too bad." "Only about one per cent of my writings are concerned with sex, but the conventional public is so obsessed with sex that it hasn't noticed the other ninety-nine per cent of my writings." "There are a great many bad actions which people are very anxious to perform efficiently. I

think one might say that the human race has survived owing to inefficiency, but inefficiency is now diminishing and therefore the human race is threatened with extinction."

Now, of course, these opinions are lifted out of context and are far from representing the whole book, but they do, I think, represent its general character, which is a magnificent projection into ideal realms of what used to be known in this country as cracker-barrel philosophy. At times Lord Russell contradicts himself, or seems to; the filmed interview undoubtedly imposed its own limitations. At times Mr. Wyatt asks a sensible question when a silly one might have been more rewarding — that matter of stealing spoons, for instance. But on the whole, *Bertrand Russell Speaks His Mind* is like a walk in a sleet storm. It prickles a bit, but how it stirs up the blood!

A PAST THAT NEVER EXISTED

WRIGHT MORRIS' CEREMONY IN LONE TREE (Atheneum, \$4.00) is another complaint that this country is going to hell in a hack, a novel mixing outrage at current foolishness, nostalgia for the good old days of the frontier, and the tart suggestion that those good old days never really existed anyway.

Lone Tree is somewhere east of Ogallala, the ghost of a town that never amounted to anything when it lived. The railroad still runs by it and the hotel is still standing, and on his ninetieth birthday old Mr. Scanlon, who owns the place and lived alone in it until his daughters dragged him off to soap and civilization, is brought back to celebrate the occasion. Old Scanlon, to hear him tell it, was born in a covered wagon, fought at the Alamo, rode for the pony express, and outshot Wyatt Earp. This is a lot of malarkey and his whole tribe knows it, but since they are as quiet a group of eccentrics as can be found at large, they rather enjoy the fiction of grandpa's gaudy past.

They don't enjoy much in the present. The beautiful Scanlon daughter, married to a man who has spent his life making money for her, is now the doting grandmother of an exceptionally nasty small boy. The undistinguished daughter married oil wells by accident; she has a witless husband and a pedigreed boxer. The homely one married Bud Mo-

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meyer, mailman, inventor, archer, and uncle of a gentle youth who has just distinguished himself by running down several classmates in an earnest attempt at murder by hot rod.

Mr. Scanlon represents a past that never existed; his daughters and their husbands live in a present that makes no sense to any of them; and the grandchildren have escaped into anarchic worlds of their own. On the edges of the family hover a writer of pulp Westerns who is looking for material but never gets a word out of old Scanlon and a malcontent friend who has picked up, in a Nevada motel, the phrase that runs like a refrain through the whole book: **WAKE BEFORE BOMB.**

Mr. Morris never makes quite clear who is going to wake these people or what good it would do if they did wake, but he gets some fine effects with the empty landscape, with long scenes of disjointed family chatter, and with the contrast between the rather stupid surface presented by his characters and the odd, sometimes quite subtle ideas that lurk below it.

YORKSHIRE MINERS

CLANCY SIGAL, author of **WEEK-END IN DINLOCK** (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00), is described by his publishers as an American, and his book indicates that he has considerable knowledge of mining and labor unions in this country. Dinlock is an imaginary coal-mining town in Yorkshire, created by Mr. Sigal as background to what he saw during a one-man investigation of the lives of Yorkshire miners.

Despite Mr. Sigal's sympathetic efforts, his miners seem to me a dreary lot, a dreadful example of what comes of too many generations' devoting their pride and intelligence to making the best of a bad situation. Ingrown, arrogant, deliberately ignorant of everything outside mining, at once envious and contemptuous of anyone who escapes to an easier life, with no amusements but Saturday night drinking and a steady round of adulteries, the Dinlockers are much the sort of self-satisfied provincials who, when found on a higher economic level, are unhesitatingly denounced by all observers. They have on their side the excuse of hard, terribly hard, and very dangerous work, for which they are certainly underpaid, because no

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JOHN J. ROWLANDS

also writes of New England in his new book, **SPINDRIFT: From a House by the Sea** (\$3.95). After many years at M.I.T., the author of *Cache Lake Country* fashioned a seacoast house to his liking at Cohasset, and now invites you to be his guest there. He is a most civilized host, living not in the present alone but in the present with a sense of the past. As one shares the round of seasons with him, he evokes the pleasures both of memory and of the immediate moment. Mr. Rowlands has found life so well worth living that you will find his book, which has been beautifully illustrated by Henry B. Kane, well worth reading. *Welcome!*

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wages could really compensate for the working conditions Mr. Sigal describes down in the mine. It is not a bad mine, incidentally; he reports no particular complaints about it from the men, and the detection of gas is made the occasion for a little fast political knifework by the union politicians.

The book omits any analysis of the practical financial position of the miners. One never discovers how much the weekend sprees cost or whether the people could afford less hideous furniture if they left Dinlock to look for it or what they pay for the fish, chips, and jam on which they seem to subsist. Mr. Sigal's most interesting acquaintance, a part-time painter of considerable ability, virtually lives on pills to pep him up, pills to make him sleep, and pills to stop his headaches. Whether these are paid for by the health service or the addict is never revealed.

Mr. Sigal is as thorough on manners, morals, ideas, and union maneuvers as he is vague on money. His own trip into the mine is almost unbearably vivid, the normal discomforts of the place complicated by his guide's childish taste for hazing the tenderfoot. Mr. Sigal maintains with great success the rather difficult role of reader's surrogate, more than a reporter yet slightly less than a participant in the world that he describes, which emerges solidly, unobscured by the author's presence yet enlivened by his insights.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TOM WOLFE

In her introduction to **THOMAS WOLFE: A BIOGRAPHY** (Doubleday, \$5.95), **ELIZABETH NOWELL**, the author, tells how Maxwell Perkins once remarked to her: "if there ever was a writer who didn't need a biographer, that writer is Thomas Wolfe." Miss Nowell was Wolfe's agent, and at the time she agreed with his editor, but she has since reconsidered the matter. Her biography of Wolfe probably contains more direct quotation from its subject than any similar work in history.

Tom Wolfe's novels were based, unmistakably and to the fury of his family, on his own experiences. Miss Nowell's method is to give Wolfe's account as far as possible and balance it with information from less subjective sources. There were times when Wolfe invented things that

never happened, as he had every right to do, and times when he concocted wild distortions of things that had actually taken place. Since he was a touchy fellow, prone to take offense at any hint that the universe did not revolve around the works of Thomas Wolfe, Miss Nowell has quite a few imaginary plots to disentangle and a number of Wolfe's enemies to unmask as harmless and even kindly persons.

Miss Nowell's final picture of Wolfe is, however, little different from that supplied, sometimes inadvertently, by Wolfe himself. He is a little less put upon, somewhat more trying to his friends, and subject at times to a strange compulsion to get in his own way. Miss Nowell's description of his departure from Scribner's, where Perkins had become in effect his substitute father, reveals that he went about finding another publisher with a naïveté and ignorance of the methods of the business absolutely inexcusable in a man who had published two books and was at the moment proposing to write another based on, of all things, a publishing house.

As a correction of the excesses in Wolfe's own record, Miss Nowell's book is valuable, and she does one thing that Wolfe was necessarily unable to do for himself. She describes his death feelingly and well.

THE PERENNIAL WESTERN EPIC

At least once a year, somebody undertakes to write a serious epic of the American West. It is never an epic and seldom serious, but it usually winds up in the movies, and **HARRY BROWN'S THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES** (Knopf, \$4.50) ought to look as well there as any of these exercises. It contains plenty of horses and shootings, a barbecue, a comic trail boss, a woman-crazy youth, a Mexican beauty, and one of those appealingly doomed scalawags whose bad reputation is due to skill with firearms plus a natural genius for doing the wrong thing rather than to a mere vulgar thirst for blood.

There is, surprisingly, a prostitute with a heart of pure unalloyed gold. A disappearing river brings all these troops into battle, but how I cannot explain, for Mr. Brown didn't persuade me to believe a word of it. Perhaps the script writers, when they get around to it, can clear up the whole thing.

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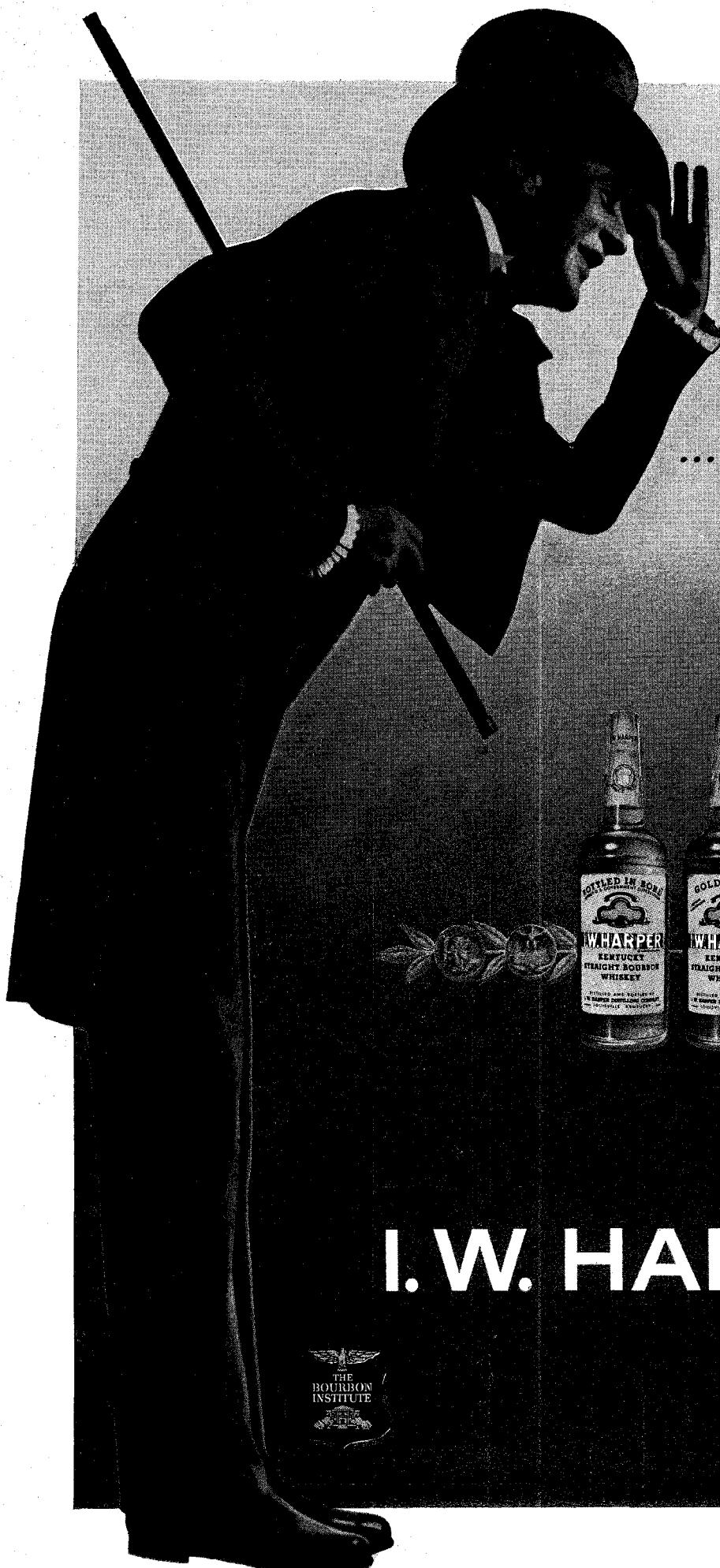
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